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ISABELLA OF CASTILE.

HISTORICAL WOMEN.

"SHOULD we seek," says Mrs. Jamieson, (in her interesting "Memoirs of Female Sovereigns,") "through the pages of history for the portrait of a sovereign, such as the supreme Spirit of Good might indeed own for his vice-regent here on earth, where should we find one

more blameless and beautiful than that of Isabella? Or should we point out a reign distinguished by great events—events of such magnitude as to involve in their consequences, not particular kings and nations, but the whole universe and future ages to the end of time—where could we find such

a reign as that of Isabella, who added a new world to her hereditary kingdom? Or did we wish to prove that no virtues, talents, graces, though dignifying and adorning a double crown and a treble scepter; nor the possession of a throne fixed in the hearts of her people; nor a long course of the most splendid prosperity, could exempt a great queen from the burden of sorrow, which is the lot of her sex and of humanity, where could we find an instance so forcible as in the history of Isabella?"

In the year 1469, there was enacted in the fine old city of Valladolid a *petite romance*, of which the results were to spread through the entire world, and not only to the limits of the known hemisphere, but into that which was as yet undiscovered. A young prince, who had performed the journey to the above town, disguised as a servant, and without state or escort, met here privately the heiress presumptive of the neighboring kingdom to his own; an archbishop blessed the union of the pair, and but a day or two after the unostentatious nuptials, even to defray the expense of which it had been necessary to borrow funds, they parted for an indefinite period, until events should be ripe for the declaration of a marriage which should strike rage, terror, and astonishment into numerous hearts, perhaps end for their territories and themselves in desolation and death. Let us give a short description of this rash couple.

The bride was a girl of eighteen, if not positively beautiful, at least pleasing and attractive, beyond even what the magic pencil of that palmy age generally confers. Her figure, gracefully formed, was neither above nor below the medium altitude of her sex, and possessed an air of extreme dignity and ease. The auburn tint of her hair was accompanied, as it frequently is, by a complexion of dazzling fairness, and eyes of a deep azure, expressive of benevolence, yet not deficient in acumen; but the predominating expression of the countenance declared decision and earnestness of purpose. Who, that has studied the human features, will deny that there is a distinct development appertaining to the large-minded and comprehensive thinker and observer, and the circumscribed follower in the world's footsteps, the trammeled actor after its Procrustean code? This countenance that we are speaking of

declared, as fully as if its lines were words, the very emotions written there—that its possessor belonged to that class which comprehends the bold exponents of untried means and circumstances, whether for good or evil.

The bridegroom, on his part, was scarcely less interesting; certainly as far removed from common-place as his companion. His age was nearly the same, his person athletic, erect, and majestic. His forehead was as boldly proportioned, the actual outline of his visage more perfect than hers. When he spoke, the words came rapidly and easily, and the tones in which they were uttered showed the speaker not less quick of apprehension and judgment. Yet this attractive exterior concealed a soul far less noble of purpose, infinitely less scrupulous of means. Ambition was already too plainly declared, but the frank impulses of youth are scarcely ever thus early perverted to selfishness, or contracted into policy; and that must indeed be a thoroughly odious nature which bears the impress of aught unamiable or disingenuous upon an occasion like the present. The marriage was not only one of state advantage to both parties, but a match of inclination, if not of love. The hand of the young Spanish donna had been sought by numerous applicants, and though it would appear that the fourth Edward of England had some years before foregone an alliance himself with her, "to take to wife a widow woman" from among his subjects, ("an unkindness for which the Queen of Castile was ever turned in her heart from England,") yet this did not prevent his proposing his brother, the Duke of Clarence, (afterward drowned in a butt of malmsey,) for her husband; while the King of Portugal, the Duc de Guienne, (brother of the French King, Louis XI.,) and several other notable competitors, were most earnest in endeavoring to secure her. The son of the King of Arragon, Don Ferdinand, who bore off the envied palm, had, in the moment of their marriage, created an indelible interest in her heart; she not only loved, but thoroughly admired and appreciated his ease and brilliant talents; and if in after-years she saw cause to question his motives, occasionally to repudiate a participation in his craft, and mark her disapprobation of his cruelty, there was at least no foundation for the assertion of

Voltaire, that indifference swayed their actions relatively, so that they "neither loved nor hated each other, and lived together less as husband and wife, than as allies and independent sovereigns." Many instances are recorded of the attachment ever subsisting between them, and, even in her last moments, Ferdinand appears to have been so dear to her that she exacted from him a promise never to marry again—a vow destined, however, to be broken from ambition and jealousy, though not from other impulses.

Before entering upon the history of Isabella's reign, it will be well rapidly to review the circumstances attending the state of Spain at the period, and the nature of such, particularly, as led to her somewhat unexpected succession to the throne of Castile.

Insurrection, treason, and bloodshed unlimited, had marked for a length of time the annals of a country divided into four separate governments;—those of the sister kingdoms, Castile and Arragon, (alike in political institutions, and possessing the semblance of a monarchy, with the spirit of a republic;) that of Navarre; and the Moorish realm of Granada, the last stronghold of Spain of Mohammedan dominion. The Cortes, or parliament, including the representatives of the four orders in the state, was by law convoked every two years; and, when "once assembled, could not be dissolved by the king without its own consent. All questions of peace and war, the collection of the revenues, the enacting and repealing of laws, and the redressing of all grievances, depended upon this assembly. When they pronounced the oath of allegiance to a new king, it was in these striking terms: 'We, who are each of us as good as you, and who are altogether more powerful than you, promise obedience to your government, if you maintain our rights and liberties; but not otherwise.' It was a fundamental article in the constitution, that if the king should violate their privileges, the people might legally disclaim him as their sovereign and elect another in his place, though that other should be a heathen."

It will be thus seen that the power of the sovereign bore a very disproportionate importance compared with that of his nobles. Their edicts were in effect absolute, and wholly without appeal; so that

when Henry the Fourth, King of Castile, after exercising an ill-regulated and sullenly-suffered sway for some years, at length so far disgusted his nobility that they determined to deprive him of his crown, they summoned him in effigy to a ceremony which they chose to consider as a solemn denunciation, and final sentence of dethronement.

In the summer of the year 1465, says Mrs. Jameson:—

"An assembly of the states was convened at Avila. An immense amphitheater was constructed in a plain without the city: in the midst was placed an ill-carved wooden image representing the king. It was seated on a throne, the diadem on its head, the scepter in its hand, and the sword of justice girded to its side. In the midst of a solemn and breathless silence, the articles of accusation and condemnation were read aloud. At the conclusion of the first article, the Archbishop of Toledo advanced to the statue and lifted the royal crown from its head. Upon the reading of the second article, the Count of Placentia snatched away the sword of justice. At the third article the Count of Benavente tore the scepter from its hand. And at the close of the last article, Don Diego de Zuniga hurled the image from the throne; and, as it rolled in the dust, the whole assembly gave a shout of execration. The next moment, the young Alphonso, brother to Henry, was raised to the vacant seat of power and proclaimed king; he was then about twelve years old. The sublime farce, or pantomime, or whatever else it may be called, had not the effect that it was expected to produce. Henry raised a large army, and opposed his brother's party; but a negotiation was set on foot, and the Marquis of Villena, who was at the head of the malcontents, proposed, as one article of reconciliation, the marriage of Isabella with his brother Pacheco. The feeble Henry consented; but Isabella, then but fifteen, resisted the union, which she deemed degrading to her rank. She had also a personal dislike of the man proposed to her, and who, in spite of her open repugnance, persisted in pressing this marriage. The king, urged by Villena, was on the point of forcing his sister to the altar, when the sudden death of Pacheco released her from this hated alliance; and during the next two or three years, while her brothers Henry and Alphonso were carrying on a furious civil war, she remained in retirement, quietly and unconsciously preparing herself to grace the crown for which they were contending. At length the young Alphonso, whose spirit, bravery, and opening talents offered the fairest promise of happiness to the people, died at the age of fifteen, and the party of nobles opposed to Henry immediately resolved to place Isabella at their head. When their deputies waited on her with the offer of the crown, she replied, 'that it was not theirs to bestow, and that while her brother Henry existed nothing should induce her to assume a title which was his by the laws of God and man.' At the same time she claimed her right of succession, and the

title of Princess of Asturias, which belonged to her as heiress of the throne. The chiefs were astonished and disconcerted by a reply which left them without an excuse for revolt. Having in vain endeavored to overcome her scruples, they concluded a treaty with Henry, the most humiliating that ever was extorted from a father and a king. By this treaty, he acknowledged his daughter Joanna to be illegitimate, he consented to set aside her claims entirely, and declared Isabella his heiress and successor."

From these occurrences we gather that Henry, scarcely a king in more than name, stood upon such very uncertain ground, that it was necessary to strengthen his position by all available means. It was his interest to throw every impediment in the way of his sister's marriage with the heir of Arragon, and when the news reached him that the Church had just united the youthful lovers, his rage knew no bounds; reckless of treaties and edicts, he revoked the promises he had subscribed in Isabella's favor, and again declared his daughter Joanna sole heiress to the kingdom. For a time, war again ravaged and desolated the realm; but Isabella at length proposed an interview with her brother at Segovia, when, making use of all the endearments as well of her sex, as of a sincerely tender heart, she exercised the power the strong mind ever holds over the weak, to promote a reconciliation. She so far succeeded, that, as she rode through the city, her brother, the king, was seen to walk beside her, holding the bridle of her palfrey; and, shortly after, Ferdinand was summoned to Segovia, where he was welcomed by a succession of splendid fêtes, which appeared to promise a complete and lasting amnesty. Not long, however, did matters retain this favorable complexion; the mind of Henry was afresh poisoned by evil tongues against his sister, and he planned a scheme for seizing and placing her in durance, which narrowly failed of execution. A few months later, the incurable malady under which the king had some time pined, terminated in his demise, and, as he left no will, (a remarkable and unusual omission, the more peculiar from the disputed nature of the succession,) Isabella received the reward of her patience, and found herself, with little difficulty, universally proclaimed Queen of Castile.

And now a question arose which, allowing due importance as well to the im-

memorial prejudices of her subjects as to the temper of the man with whom she was allied, might have shipwrecked the young queen's domestic happiness, as well as endangered her new dignity, had it not been at once and forever set at rest by the decisive, but gentle conduct of Isabella. Mary II. of England, under nearly similar circumstances, preserved peace by complete submission, and the total repudiation of a divided interest: Isabella managed to settle the delicate point, and reconcile her conjugal and regal duties without compromising either. When Ferdinand, dissatisfied with an arrangement (carried out, be it remembered, upon principles provided by the same marriage contract he had joyfully subscribed) which gave his consort the absolute powers of royalty, threatened to return to Arragon, Isabella tenderly assured him that his will was hers; reminded him that their interests were identical; and, by plainly showing that her elevation was rather nominal than real, placed in so just a light the Castilian character, incapable of brooking any national dishonor, that the young husband's outraged dignity was calmed and satisfied. Another strong reason, which paternal affection could not fail to acknowledge, was successfully pleaded in prohibiting the exclusion of females from the succession. Isabella was already a mother, the little *infanta*, named after her, who afterward became Queen of Portugal, having been born about three years previous to this period; and, as she was the only child, and a princess, such a proceeding might probably bring the present line to a conclusion, and was therefore not to be contemplated.

All matters of precedence being thus happily arranged, tranquillity and comfort might have been expected to accompany the accession of the new sovereign; but it was not so ordained. The prelate who had assisted mainly in the elevation of Isabella, the old Archbishop of Toledo, jealous of the influence of any other upon her councils, retired from court, despite all the queen's efforts to detain him, and it speedily became apparent that he had embraced the interests of her rival niece, the Princess Joanna, who, recently affianced to Alphonso the Fifth of Portugal, (Isabella's former suitor,) found her cause thus warmly espoused by a nation proverbially detested by the Castilians; nor, as usual,

was treachery wanting to aid the efforts of the belligerent host. The declaration of this marriage, and the subsequent proclamation of Joanna and Alphonso, were succeeded by an invasion, for which Isabella and her husband were completely unprepared; hence, her active talents were called into immediate requisition. Writing dispatches often during the entire night; securing the allegiance of doubtful cities by personal visits, frequently performed on horseback, at a time when she was, from the weakness of her health, little able to bear such fatigues, thus she evinced the tactician, and showed the archbishop that the girl of whom he had once said contemptuously, "that he intended soon to make her lay down her scepter and resume the distaff," was not to be so easily superseded. She made, however, one last attempt to win back her new enemy and former minister, for, going to Toledo, she sent to him to express her desire of visiting him at his palace; but the impracticable Churchman, proof against her sweetness and condescension, replied to her messenger, that "if the queen entered by one door, he should go out at the other;" a reply which at once abruptly terminated all further negotiations.

The siege of Toro (commencing under circumstances of signal disaster to the Castilian force) resulted in a complete victory. The people, satisfied of the military skill and personal prowess of their king and his consort, vied, not only in proclaiming their own allegiance, but in bringing over all the disaffected to the conquering side; and a few months after the day when Isabella, walking barefoot, had headed a procession to acknowledge her gratitude to God for the advantageous termination of the battle, no garrison of any importance throughout the realm hesitated to raise the royal standard. Their defeat was deeply felt by the rival prince and princess, who, after many vicissitudes, both sought refuge from the stormy results of their Castilian claims in the seclusion of the cloister. Joanna became a nun, and lived to an advanced age: she never entirely resigned her pretensions, subscribing herself "The Queen," and affecting regal state; but her fiery and chivalric lover, just as he was making preparations for the abdication of his crown, fell ill at Cintra and died, without having assumed the habit of a Franciscan

friar, which he had meditated. Some time before this event, the demise of the King of Arragon had raised Ferdinand to his father's throne, and the kingdom was thus reunited, "after a separation of more than four centuries," with the still more important neighboring one of Castile.

Isabella now seriously set herself to the work of reform and improvement she had so deeply at heart. Ferdinand and herself took care to revive the ancient custom prevalent in Eastern countries, of presiding personally at the tribunal of judgment; and every Friday she might be seen dispensing justice, thus saving her subjects the more costly process of law. She superintended the fulfillment of all her own schemes, a method insuring their success; and was so impartial and spirited in her mode of legislature, that the nobles, whose children were reared under her own supervision, and within her very palace-walls, and the body of the people, alike felt implicit confidence in her opinions. An anecdote, which we give from Mr. Prescott's "History of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella," took place somewhere about this time, and illustrates her characteristics:—

"During her husband's absence in Arragon in the spring of 1481, a quarrel occurred in the ante-chamber of the palace at Valladolid, between two young noblemen, Ramiro Nunez de Guzman, Lord of Toral, and Frederic Henriquez, son of the Admiral of Castile, King Ferdinand's uncle. The queen, on receiving intelligence of it, granted a safe conduct to the Lord of Toral, as the weaker party, until the affair should be adjusted between them. Don Frederic, however, disregarding this protection, caused his enemy to be waylaid one evening, in the streets of Valladolid, by three of his followers, armed with bludgeons, and sorely beaten. Isabella was no sooner informed of this outrage on one whom she had taken under the royal protection, than, burning with indignation, she immediately mounted her horse, though in the midst of a heavy storm of rain, and proceeded alone toward the castle of Simancas, then in the possession of the admiral, the father of the offender, where she supposed him to have taken refuge, traveling all the while with such rapidity, that she was not overtaken by the officers of her guard until she had gained the fortress. She instantly summoned the admiral to deliver up his son to justice; and, on his replying that 'Don Frederic was not there, and that he was ignorant where he was,' she commanded him to surrender the keys of the castle; and, after a fruitless search, again returned to Valladolid. The next day, Isabella was confined to her bed by an illness occasioned as much by chagrin as by the excessive fatigue she had undergone:—'My body is lame,' said

she, 'with the blows given by Don Frederic in contempt of my safe-conduct.' The admiral, perceiving how deeply he and his family had incurred the displeasure of the queen, took counsel with his friends, who were led, by their knowledge of Isabella's character, to believe that he would have more to hope from the surrender of his son than from further attempts at concealment. The young man was accordingly conducted to the palace by his uncle, the constable de Haro, who deprecated the queen's resentment by representing the age of his nephew, scarcely amounting to twenty years. Isabella, however, thought proper to punish the youthful delinquent by ordering him to be publicly conducted as a prisoner, by one of the alcaldes of her court, through the great square of Valladolid to the fortress of Arevala, where he was detained in strict confinement, all privilege of access being denied to him. And when at length, moved by the consideration of his consanguinity with the king, she consented to his release, she banished him to Sicily until he should receive the royal permission to return to his own country."

In proof of her courage, and the influence she possessed over the people, another incident may be cited from the same authority, the period of which was still earlier in her reign:—

"The inhabitants, secretly instigated by the Bishop of Segovia, and some of the principal citizens, rose against Cabrera, Marquis of Moya, to whom the government of the city had been intrusted, and who had made himself generally unpopular by his strict discipline. They even proceeded so far as to obtain possession of the outworks of the citadel, and to compel the deputy of the *alcayde*, who was himself absent, to take shelter, together with the Princess Isabella, then the only daughter of the sovereigns, in the interior defenses, where they were rigorously blockaded. The queen, on receiving the tidings of the event at Tordesillas, mounted her horse, and proceeded with all possible dispatch toward Segovia, attended by Cardinal Mendoza, the Count of Benavente, and a few others of her court. At some distance from the city she was met by a deputation of the inhabitants, requesting her to leave behind the Count of Benavente and the Marchioness of Moya, (the former of whom as the intimate friend, and the latter as the wife of the *alcayde*, were peculiarly obnoxious to the citizens,) or they could not answer for the consequences. Isabella haughtily replied that 'she was Queen of Castile; that the city was hers, moreover, by right of inheritance; and that she was not used to receive conditions from rebellious subjects.' Then pressing forward with her little retinue through one of the gates, which remained in the hands of her friends, she effected her entrance into the citadel. The populace, in the meanwhile assembling in greater numbers than before, continued to show the most hostile dispositions, calling out, 'Death to the *alcayde*! Attack the castle!' Isabella's attendants, terrified at the tumult, and at the preparations which the people were making to put their menaces into

execution, besought their mistress to cause the gates to be secured more strongly, as the only mode of defense against the infuriated mob. But instead of listening to their counsel, she bade them remain quietly in the apartment, and descended herself into the court-yard, where she ordered the portals to be thrown open for the admission of the people. She stationed herself at the further extremity of the area, and, as the populace poured in, calmly demanded the cause of the insurrection. 'Tell me,' said she, 'what are your grievances, and I will do all in my power to redress them; for I am sure that what is for your interest must also be for mine, and for that of the whole city.' The insurgents, abashed by the unexpected presence of their sovereign, as well as by her cool and dignified demeanor, replied, that all they desired was the removal of Cabrera from the government of the city. 'He is deposed already,' answered the queen, 'and you have my authority to turn out such of his officers as are in the castle, which I shall intrust to one of my own servants on whom I can rely.' The people, pacified by these assurances, shouted 'Long live the queen!' and eagerly hastened to obey her mandates."

In our next we shall return to her interesting story.

LABOR AND REST.

"Two hands upon the breast, and labor is past."

Russian Proverb.

Two hands upon the breast,

And labor's done:

Two pale feet cross'd in rest—

The race is won:

Two eyes with coin-weights shut,

And all tears cease:

Two lips where grief is mute,

And wrath at peace.

So pray we oftentimes, mourning our lot:

God in his kindness answereth not.

Two hands to work adrest,

Aye for His praise:

Two feet that never rest,

Walking His ways:

Two eyes that look above

Still, through all tears:

Two lips that breathe but love,

Never more fears.

So cry we afterward, low at our knees:

Pardon those erring prayers! Father, hear these!

DON'T TELL ME OF TO-MORROW.

"Do n't tell me of to-morrow,

Give me the man who'll say,

That when a good deed's to be done,

Let's do the deed to-day!

We may command the present

If we act and never wait;

But repentance is the phantom

Of the past that comes too late!"

GOLDSMITH'S DESERTED VILLAGE.

WE begin in our present number a series of twenty-five Illustrations of Goldsmith's beautiful poem. They are copied from Etchings published by the "Etching Club," London. Only a few impressions of that work were printed, the copper-plates were destroyed, and the book, except in the most expensive form, has long been unattainable. Great care has been taken to render the present wood-blocks as like the original etchings as the different methods of engraving will allow. This poem is classic; the world will never tire of it. It has some passages which modern "Temperance," and other reforms, might correct; but its general impression cannot but be salutary. We give it, therefore, entire.



SWEET Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheer'd the laboring
 swain,
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms delay'd.
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,

Seats of my youth, when every sport could
 please,
How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endear'd each scene!
How often have I paused on every charm,
The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm,



The swain mistrustless of his smutt'd face,
While secret laughter titter'd round the place;
The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks re-
prove;
These were thy charms, sweet village! sports
like these,
With sweet succession, taught e'en toil to
please;
These round thy bowers their cheerful influence
shed,
These were thy charms—but all these charms
are fled.

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn!
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms with-
drawn;
Amid thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green:
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage stunts thy smiling plain:

No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But choked with sedges works its weedy
way;
Along thy glades a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;
Amid thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries.
Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the moldering
wall;
And trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's
hand,
Far, far away thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay:
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade;
A breath can make them, as a breath has
made;
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroy'd, can never be supplied.



A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintain'd its man;
For him light labor spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life required, but gave no more:
His best companions, innocence and health;
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are alter'd; trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain;
Along the lawn, where scatter'd hamlets rose,
Unwieldly wealth and cumbrous pomp repose;
And every want to luxury allied,
And every pang that folly pays to pride.
Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that asked but little room,
Those healthful sports that graced the peaceful
scene,
Lived in each look, and brighten'd all the
green;
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet Auburn! parent of the blissful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.
Here, as I take my solitary rounds
Amid thy tangling walks and ruin'd grounds,
And, many a year elapsed, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn
grew,
Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.
In all my wanderings round this world of
care,
In all my griefs—and God has given my share—
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose:
I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,
Amid these humble bowers to lay me down;
I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
Amid the swains to show my book-learn'd
skill,
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw;



And, as a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first he flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return—and die at home at last.

O blest retirement, friend to life's decline,
Retreats from care, that never must be mine:
How blest is he who crowns, in shades like these,

A youth of labor with an age of ease;
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,

And since 't is hard to combat, learns to fly!
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep;

No surly porter stands, in guilty state,
To spurn imploring famine from the gate;
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend;

Sinks to the grave with unperceived decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way;
And all his prospects brightening to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be past.

Sweet was the sound, when oft, at evening's close,

Up yonder hill the village murmur rose:
There, as I pass'd with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came soften'd from below;
The swain responsive as the milk-maid sung,
The sober herd that low'd to meet their young;

The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school;
The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whispering wind,

And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind;

These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And fill'd each pause the nightingale had made.





But now the sounds of population fail :
 No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
 No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,
 But all the bloomy flush of life is fled ;
 All but yon widow'd solitary thing,
 That feebly bends beside the plashy spring :
 She, wretched matron, forced in age, for bread,
 To strip the brook with mantling cresses
 spread,
 To pick her wintry faggot from the thorn,
 To seek her nightly shed and weep till morn ;
 She only left of all the harmless train,
 The sad historian of the pensive plain.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden
 smiled,
 And still where many a garden flower grows
 wild,

There, where a few torn shrubs the place dis-
 close,
 The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
 A man he was to all the country dear,
 And passing rich with forty pounds a year ;
 Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
 Nor e'er had changed, nor wish'd to change his
 place :
 Unskillful he to fawn, or seek for power,
 By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour ;
 Far other aims his heart had learn'd to
 prize,
 More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
 His house was known to all the vagrant train ;
 He chid their wanderings, but relieved their
 pain :
 The long-remember'd beggar was his guest,
 Whose beard descending swept his aged breast ;





The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
 Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd ;
 The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
 Sate by his fire, and talk'd the night away ;
 Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
 Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how fields were won.
 Pleased with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow,
 And quite forgot their vices in their woe ;
 Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
 His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
 And e'en his failings lean'd to virtue's side ;
 But in his duty prompt, at every call,
 He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt for all ;
 And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
 To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
 He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
 Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
 And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd,
 The reverend champion stood. At his control,
 Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul ;





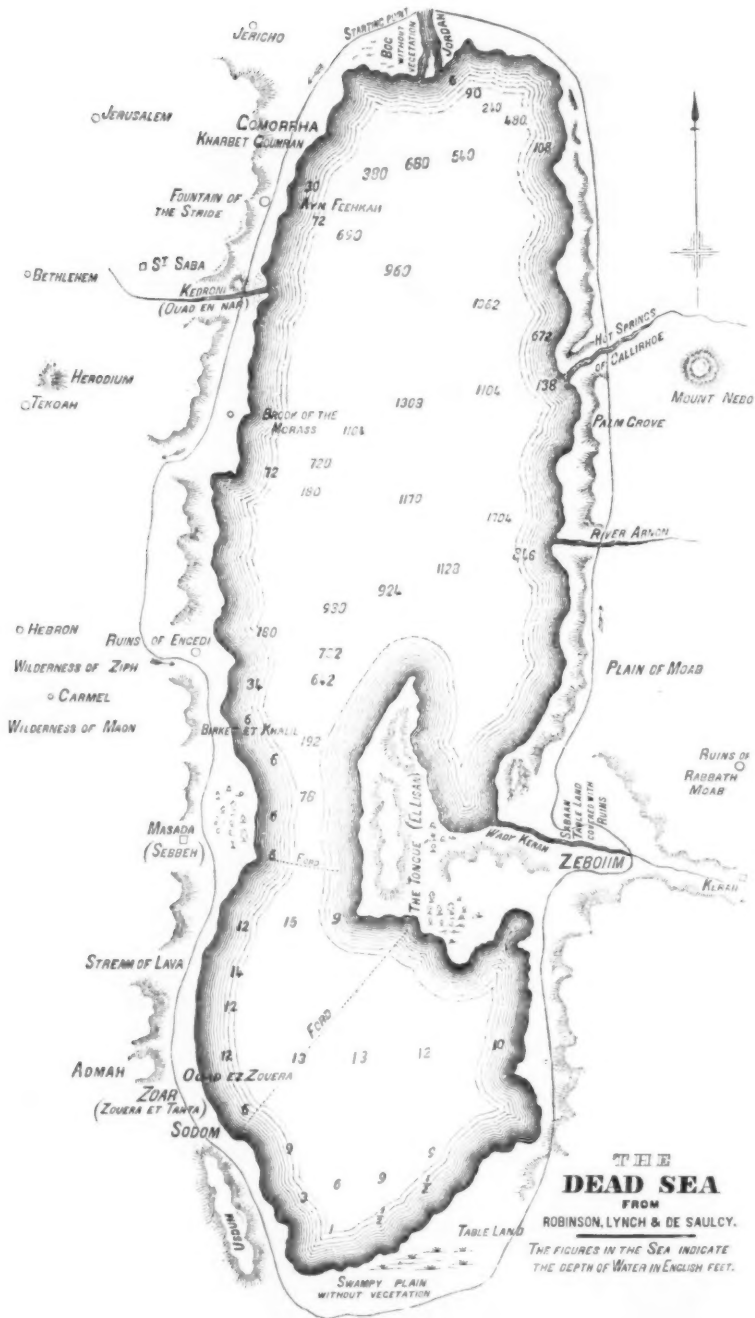
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whisper'd praise.
At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.
The service past, around the pious man
With ready zeal each honest rustic ran:
E'en children follow'd with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile.

His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd,
Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares distress'd:
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

OLD COSTUMES IN MODERN USE.

“THE garb of the old Thames watermen,” says the *London Athenæum*, “still occasionally visible in the streets, is that of the Elizabethan boatmen, even to the brass badge which was then worn by every retainer. The Blue-Coat boys rejoice in the semi-monastic robes of the age of Edward VI., the young founder of their school; and the plain mob-cap and long white gloves of Queen Anne or the earlier Georges. The University dress of the present year varies little from that worn soon after the Reformation, except that the square cap has stiffened and widened, and the falling collar has been clipped into traditionary bands. The judge's coif is a curious absurdity borrowed from the silk cap worn by monkish

lawyers to preserve their shaven heads from the draughts of the courts. The wigs introduced from France by Charles II. are retained by the same judges, by our barristers and coachmen. Our footmen still exult in that powder which gave a heightened lustre to Reynold's beauties. The gipsy hat of the same period is worn by the market-women in the west of England. Laborers now wear the deep-flapped waistcoats and knee-breeches of the Third George, and the smock of a very early age; and one is sure to meet in a day's walk in London the Hessian boots so fashionable during the youth of the Regent. The beef-eaters at the Tower wear the costume of Henry VII.'s body guard, and our grooms the doublet of James I.”



THE DEAD SEA.

WITHOUT going into unnecessary details as to the traditional associations of the Dead Sea, we shall proceed at once to exhibit the results of the various attempts that, of late years, have been made to explore and describe its region. In order to popularize the subject as much as possible, we shall distribute such information as we can compress within the limits of this paper under the following sections:—(1.) A brief historical sketch of the various travelers by whom the Dead Sea has been recently visited and delineated; (2.) A supposed excursion around its shores; (3.) A sail upon its waters; and (4.) An examination of some of the hypotheses that have been entertained respecting its probable origin.

I.

One of the first in the enlightened band of travelers who, during the early part of the present century, have done so much to unvail this mysterious region to the Christian world, was SETZEN. This intrepid man visited the Dead Sea *en route* to Kerak and Petra, at a time when traveling in Palestine was far more hazardous than it now is. To increase the chances of safety, he assumed an oriental disguise, and chose a sheikh as his companion and confidant. As they were obliged to make their observations by stealth, and conceal the papers containing their scanty records, the information derivable from this source is necessarily brief and imperfect.

On a fine May morning, in the year 1818, a considerable party might have been seen emerging from the gate of Hebron, and taking the south-eastern road, that led through Bethlehem and the wilderness of Tekoa to the southern end of the Dead Sea. The principals in the equestrian company consisted of Captains Irby and Mangles, and Messrs. Legh and Bankes, accompanied by both Frank and Arab attendants, all of them being attired in the picturesque costume of the Bedouins. The Englishmen, to carry the disguise still further, were addressed by fictitious oriental names. About mid-day the travelers obtained from an eminence a fine view of the southern extremity of the sea. Stimulated by the spectacle, they pressed on with ardor, and reached the great southern plain by six o'clock; in the shel-

ter of a ravine on the western side of which they baked their evening meal, and spent the night. Rising at dawn on the following morning from their rocky couch, they passed round the southern end of the sea to the eastern side, which they found well wooded and cultivated. Continuing their course northward, on their way to Wady Kerak, they passed through a district inhabited by the Ghorneys—a wild, half-savage-looking tribe of Arabs, who have abandoned a nomadic life, and settled down to the tillage of the soil. After a temporary bivouac in the thicket which shelters the reed-built dwellings of this people, and partaking of their hospitality, the party proceeded toward the opening of a ravine through which the perilous road to Petra winds. Here our travelers disappeared, and, for a period of eighteen days, we see no more of them on the borders of the silent lake. At the expiration of that date, however, having in the interval, at the peril of their lives, inspected the extraordinary monuments of the ancient Nabatheans, they returned and completed the exploration of the southern extremity of the sea. During their researches in this neighborhood, they stumbled upon the vestiges of an ancient city, which Irby and Mangles conjectured to be the ruins of Zoar.

After this expedition, seventeen years rolled by without any fresh recorded attempt, of any importance, to penetrate these shores. The next case led to no practical results. It was attended by the death of the traveler, Costigan, who attempted to navigate the lake.

Only three years elapsed from the occurrence of this melancholy event, before the shores of the lake were trod by the feet of two eminent pilgrims from the New World, urged on by scientific and religious motives. We allude to the well-known American travelers, Messrs. Robinson and Smith. The fruits of their noble mission of research and discovery in Bible lands are in the hands of most of us, and need no commendation. It was on the 17th of July, 1837, that Dr. Robinson left New-York, with the intention of accomplishing the fondly-cherished dream of his early manhood. Having spent a short time in England, taking counsel with some veterans in oriental travel, and wandering for two or three weeks in the classic lands of the Levant, he took ship for Egypt. While

here, exploring its monuments, our distinguished topographer was joined by Mr. Smith on the 28th of February, 1838. This gentleman was an American missionary, who had spent many years in the East, and became accordingly—from his familiar acquaintance with the Arabic language, his knowledge of the native character, as well as his experience in Syrian traveling—an invaluable ally in the mission which his colleague had undertaken. It appears that Dr. Robinson had not contemplated the eminent services to the cause of sacred topography which he afterward found himself capable of rendering. He had never dreamed, he tells us, of anything like discoveries in a field that had been overrun in all ages by so many inquisitive pilgrims of religion and science. Aware, too, that Schubert, an eminent German geologist and botanist, had only just preceded him, he and his associate neglected to take with them all the scientific instruments requisite for the determination of the physical aspects of the regions through which they passed. On reaching Sinai, however, *en route* to Palestine, they found out their mistake; and every subsequent stage of their journey proved that much of interest and importance had been left unobserved and undescribed by their forerunners.

Leaving the land of the Pyramids, Messrs. Robinson and Smith made their way to Mount Sinai, and thence to Jerusalem, which they entered on the 14th of April. About a month afterward, excursions to the Jordan and to Petra were planned. They started from Hebron on the 10th of May—a beautiful season for such a trip. The course they pursued took them through Bethlehem, and the districts of Tekoa, Ziph, Carmel, and Engedi—scenes consecrated by some of the most singular events in sacred story. These regions, from their wild and rugged character, were regarded as the most insecure in Palestine, being inhabited by Bedouins of the worst character. Every attempt being made to intimidate the travelers by terrible stories of danger, they thought it prudent to engage an escort from the suspected tribes. The result proved the wisdom of their course, for the sheikh and men, whose services had been secured, honorably fulfilled their contract. The first view of the sea was gained from the summit of a perpendicular cliff over-

hanging Engedi. Descending here a terrific pass, the travelers reached the celebrated fountain of Engedi, in the vicinity of which they spent the night. On the following morning at daybreak, regaled with the songs of innumerable birds, they rose, and, after re-climbing the hills, pursued their way along the western shore toward the northern or Jordan end of the lake, where, for a time, we quit them.

About a fortnight later, the same travelers, attended by a different escort, might have been seen again defiling from the gate of Hebron, and taking much the same direction as that formerly pursued by Irby and Mangles. Their destination was Petra, while the southern extremity of the sea was to be examined on their way.

The next expedition of any note was of quite a different character from the one just referred to. This consisted of a renewed attempt to navigate the Dead Sea by means of a boat, which was conveyed overland from the Mediterranean coast to Tiberias, and then launched upon the Galilean lake, with the intention of floating it down the serpentine Jordan. The mission was intrusted to Lieut. Molyneux, and was executed in the month of September, 1847. The voyage down the Jordan—the first probably ever attempted—was a series of alarms, disasters, and calamities, terminating at last in the attack and plunder of the boat, and the dispersion of the seamen. After enduring severe sufferings and privations, Lieut. Molyneux, and his servant Toby, contrived to reach Jericho, where they appealed for assistance to the governor of the castle. From this Turkish official, Molyneux procured four well-armed soldiers, accompanied by whom he went in quest of his lost comrades; but he failed to discover them. The aid of the authorities of Jerusalem was next invoked, with no better success. Meanwhile, Molyneux, in a desponding and gloomy mood, had the boat borne to the mouth of the Jordan, and there launched afresh, when he and two attendants ventured upon the waters of the sea, with considerable trepidation. Here he continued, rowing about, for two entire days and nights, without once disembarking. This brave officer, too, like the unhappy Costigan, fell a victim partly to the anxiety and fatigue of the enterprise, and partly to the malaria of the inhospitable sea, a protracted fever having been brought

on, which terminated his life soon after reaching England.

Undeterred by the issue of these two experiments, in eight months from the date of the last, an American expedition, under the command of Lieut. Lynch, was heroically renewing the undertaking. With such melancholy examples of fatality before their eyes, it was a bold thing on the part of this band of earnest men to repeat the attempt. In this case, however, they had the advantage of numbers and suitable equipments.

After procuring the necessary authorization from the Sultan at Constantinople, the scientific adventurers at once departed, and reached Beyrout toward the close of March, 1848. From Beyrout, the party coasted to Acre, where they finally disembarked, and landed their equipments. Among these were two metallic boats, composed of copper and galvanized iron, which were fancifully designated the "Fanny Mason" and the "Fanny Skinner." The first night in Palestine was spent on the shore, beneath the shelter of tents; and in the morning several important additions were made to the party, for the purpose of increasing its strength and efficiency. All preliminaries arranged, the boats were borne on the backs of camels across the hilly country to the Galilean lake, upon the bosom of whose waters they were lowered in the presence of a crowd of wondering spectators. Now that the actual expedition was about to commence, the party was divided into two squadrons, one of which was to proceed by land, and the other by water; at the same time keeping so near to each other as to be able to render mutual assistance in case of danger.

On the afternoon of the 10th of April, the little fleet started. It forms no part of our purpose here to narrate the incidents of the perilous river voyage. Contrary to all former impressions, the Jordan was found to pursue a most tortuous course, flowing through an extent of two hundred miles, while in a straight line the distance between the two lakes is not more than sixty miles. The bed of the stream was also found to be broken down in many parts, thus forming a succession of rapids and falls exceedingly dangerous to navigation. As the party neared the vicinity of the Dead Sea, the atmosphere became intolerably sultry; the occasional vegetation assumed a more tropical character;

and every living thing, exhausted, retired from the withering heat and blinding glare of a sun unscreened by mist or cloud. Eight days after leaving the Lake of Galilee, the adventurers entered the open portals of the Sea of Death. Many important observations and discoveries were made, during their labors, which extended over a period of twenty-two days, besides a further period of nine days, during which the commander took an excursion to Kerak and Petra; on their return from which the company repaired to Jerusalem, and thence to Beyrout, where the vessel soon arrived which was to bear them back, laden with valuable scientific spoils, to their native land. Not all of them, however; for, unhappily, one of the devoted band, Mr. Dale, was carried off by the same low nervous fever that had previously stricken down Costigan and Molyneux.

As we approach nearer to our own day, intelligent visitors to this doomed site thicken. Close upon the heels of the expedition from which we have just parted, followed a company of Frenchmen, headed by M. de Sauley, a distinguished *savant*, and whose knowledge of the Arabic language proved of incalculable advantage to him. A severe domestic bereavement led him to seek solace in his sorrows in foreign travel, which he wished to turn to account, by presenting some scientific fruit to the academy of which he is an eminent member. Another motive that influenced his mind was, a desire to afford to his son, just leaving college, an opportunity of finishing his education by an enlarged acquaintance with men and manners in other parts of the world. After much consideration, he resolved to undertake a scientific pilgrimage to the Dead Sea. Companions were soon found who were willing to join in the exciting and somewhat perilous trip. On arriving at Jerusalem they were hospitably entertained by M. Botta, and on starting for the sea their number was swelled by M. G. de Rothschild, who resolved to share the honors of the visit. These, with the addition of seventeen Arab guardians and guides, and the servants of the travelers, formed an imposing and daring band, and indeed great need there proved in the sequel both for courage and endurance.

The extent of the shore traversed by M. de Sauley and his comrades, approached nearer to a complete circuit of the sea

than had ever before been accomplished. Starting from Jerusalem, they passed through Bethlehem, and taking the pathway by the convent of Mar Saba, came upon the western shore near Ayn-Feehkhah, at which fountain they encamped during the first night of their sojourn here. From that spot they moved in a southern direction along the entire western coast—traversed the swampy plain at the south end of the sea—and then pursued almost the same course as that taken by Irby and Mangles—returning in the same way as far as the supposed site of ancient Sodom and Zoar, where they left the sea, and struck across the country to Hebron, by the route followed by Messrs. Robinson and Smith. On a subsequent occasion, the north-western portion of the shore, omitted in the former journey, was examined, from Jericho to Ayn-Feehkhah, in the neighborhood of which M. de Sauley believes he has discovered the ruins of Gomorrah. He has also contributed many facts and arguments calculated to settle the long-discussed question as to the exact situation of Sodom and Zoar. If his conjectures be correct, it is singular that the very names of several of the perished cities should have survived, under an Arab form, to the present day. About seventeen days were spent by the travelers in these explorations.

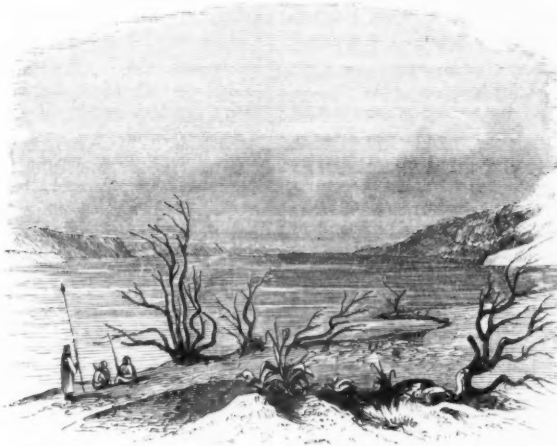
II.

Having thus glanced at some of the more eminent modern travelers who have explored this remarkable region, we shall next endeavor to convey to the minds of our readers as vivid an impression as possible of the aspects and phenomena of the shores of the sea. In doing this, we propose to traverse the entire circuit of the lake, embracing an extent of one hundred and twenty miles, recording our observations as we proceed as familiarly as possible. Of course, in passing along such a lengthened line of scenery, the most that we can do is to select and depict such features as are of commanding interest. We shall freely and gratefully avail ourselves of the services of those who, at great cost, and much personal danger and privation, have preceded us, and left their guiding footprints in the rugged pathway. We at least, in our easy peregrinations, need incur no risk from the hostility of the Arabs, the malaria of the sea, or the break-

neck insecurity of mountain-passes. We shall enjoy all the excitement of the adventure without sharing any of its alarms and losses. The course which we propose to pursue in our imaginary trip is as follows:—Commencing at the northern point of the sea, we will pass along the western shores, in the direction indicated by a line on the accompanying map, till we reach the opposite extremity, when, sweeping across the plain at the south, and continuing our travels over the eastern shores and hills, we complete the circuit by arriving near the point from which we started. If the reader will keep the map before him while the panorama of Dead Sea scenery is passing before his eyes, it will aid materially in fixing in the memory a clearer impression of particular localities.

Supposing our party, then, duly mustered and equipped, we issue, on a beautiful morning in the middle of January, from the eastern gate of Jerusalem, and, passing through scenes of sacred interest, press onward to the banks of the Jordan opposite Jericho. From the character and wealth of the vegetation in the region hereabouts, we infer that the climate of the valley of the Jordan is decidedly tropical, bearing a great resemblance to that of India. Quitting this charming part of the river, we enter upon a muddy plain, destitute of vegetation, and presenting the very image of desolation. Across this plain the ordinary road pursued by pilgrims winds. Let us take heed how we tread, as it was somewhere here that the horse rode by De Sauley, in 1851, sunk up to its nostrils in the miry soil, from which he and his charger were with difficulty extricated. As we approach the northern shore of the lake, we find branches and trunks of trees scattered about in all directions at high-water mark, some looking black, as if charred by fire, while others are white and sparkling with saline incrustations.

At last, after a toilsome march over this unpicturesque and arid waste, we arrive at the northern edge of the sea, which we approach within about fifty yards. At a short distance from the shore is a small islet, covered with the remains of very ancient buildings, and thought to have been coeval with the catastrophe which destroyed the Pentapolis, and which, it is not at all improbable, have given rise to the idle tradition that the ruins of Sodom have been seen under the sea. These re-



maines are called Redjom-Looth, or Lot's Mass of Stones.

Continuing our course between meager and blighted shrubs, over a light soil covered with pebbles, and dead carbonized bushes that snap at a touch, we presently behold the Canaanite mountains gradually approaching nearer to the beach, so as almost to bar our progress. Pressing on, however, close to the sea-margin, we soon fall in with some remarkable ruins, covering a considerable extent of ground, and presenting the appearance of great antiquity. As Ayn-el-Fechkhah (the Fountain of the Stride) is in this neighborhood, let us turn aside for a brief space, and refresh ourselves with its welcome waters. Gladdened by the sight of the bubbling spring, and the copious stream that flows seaward from it, we rush toward the spot with an eagerness which only oriental travelers can fully understand; but, alas! for our panting animals and our thirsty selves, we find that the water, so beautiful to the eye, is bitter and hot to the palate, and evidently impregnated with sulphureted hydrogen. After slaying a lizard of extraordinary size, and attempting in vain to beat off a greedy army of mosquitoes, we leave part of our escort with the beasts and the luggage, and sally forth to inspect the ruins just noticed. An extended examination satisfies us of their importance and vastness. Not only do they lie scattered over an immense track, parallel with the beach, but extend far inland through a valley—the Ouad-Goumran.

This name, Goumran, suggests the probability of these vast ruins being the remains of GOMORRAH—a site that has never before been identified. Indeed, until the beginning of 1851, the ruins do not seem to have been visited by any modern traveler. De Sauley was, we believe, the first to direct attention to them. Let us try and give an idea of their character and extent.

The first mass of ruins that attract our attention by their singular appearance consist of enormous blocks of unhewn stone, forming the foundation of cyclopean walls at least a yard in thickness. The outlines of seven distinct pavilions or dwelling-rooms can be distinctly made out. These habitations were evidently attached to vast inclosures, the use of which will, perhaps, never be determined. Whether they were used for sacred purposes, or whether they were mere parks, in which cattle could be collected at night, M. de Sauley confesses himself incompetent to decide. In favor of the former hypothesis, he remarks that in a building, most probably appropriated to religious uses, discovered by him amid the ruins of Hazor, as well as in the temple of Gerizim, he found pavilions similar in every respect to these, and disposed in exactly the same manner. Advancing still further along the coast, we cross a wide boundary ditch, evidently constructed by human labor, and beyond which ruins again appear, in an abundance that would seem to indicate the skeleton remains of a great city, of which the vestiges before referred



MOUNTAINS OF ENGEDI.

the shore is edged with froth, caused by saline deposits. It was not far from this stand-point, too, that De Sauley first gazed upon what he styles with enthusiasm, "the finest and most imposing lake in the world." He visited it, however, it must be remembered, at the most favorable period of the year—early in January—when the sea is fullest, the tributary streams are flowing copiously into it, and the vegetation is rich and luxuriant on the numerous small deltas formed by the streams. Lieut. Lynch, on the other hand—whose work abounds with pictures of dreariness and desolation, seemingly at variance with the representations of the French traveler—was here at a more advanced season, when the region had assumed an Egyptian aspect, and the atmosphere had become so intolerably sultry as to wither up every green thing.

But we have no time to tarry here. Let us descend to the beautiful fountain that is sparkling below in the morning sun. The pass by which we seek to reach this tempting spot—this "diamond of the desert"—has the reputation of being the most terrific in the country. In descending, we behold what appear to us to be islands in the sea, but which afterward turn out to be merely spots of calm, smooth water, around which the rest of the sea is gently rippling. The same optical illusion has been common to most Dead Sea pilgrims, and will serve to explain the phenomenon of supposed islands existing in

the lake. Even a telescope has often failed to dispel the deceptive appearance. Arrived at length at this famous fountain, we find it indeed a most charming spot. No wonder that Lieut. Lynch should have selected it for his depot and permanent encampment while navigating the flood below. The Fountain of the Kid (its English name) bursts forth at once a fine stream upon a narrow terrace of the mountain, more than four hundred feet above the sea-beach, and rushing down the declivities, is speedily lost in the thickets of trees, and shrubs, and flowers, which spring up in its life-giving and beauty-creating path. The water is warm, but deliciously sweet. So far as it circulates, the plain is covered with gardens, chiefly of cucumbers, which are cultivated by the Arabs; and the soil is so rich that, if properly tilled, it would yield exuberantly, and produce the rarest tropical fruits. The songs of innumerable birds sound strangely amid the solitude and grandeur of this devastated realm; while the gentle surging of the sea falls soothingly upon the ear. The scenery altogether cannot be called lovely, yet magnificently wild it is, and in the highest degree stern and impressive.

The ancient Hebrew name of this site was Hazezon-Tamar, (the Town of the Palms,) which, before the destruction of the guilty cities, was inhabited by the Amorites. Under the name Engedi, it afterward occurs as a city of Judah, giving

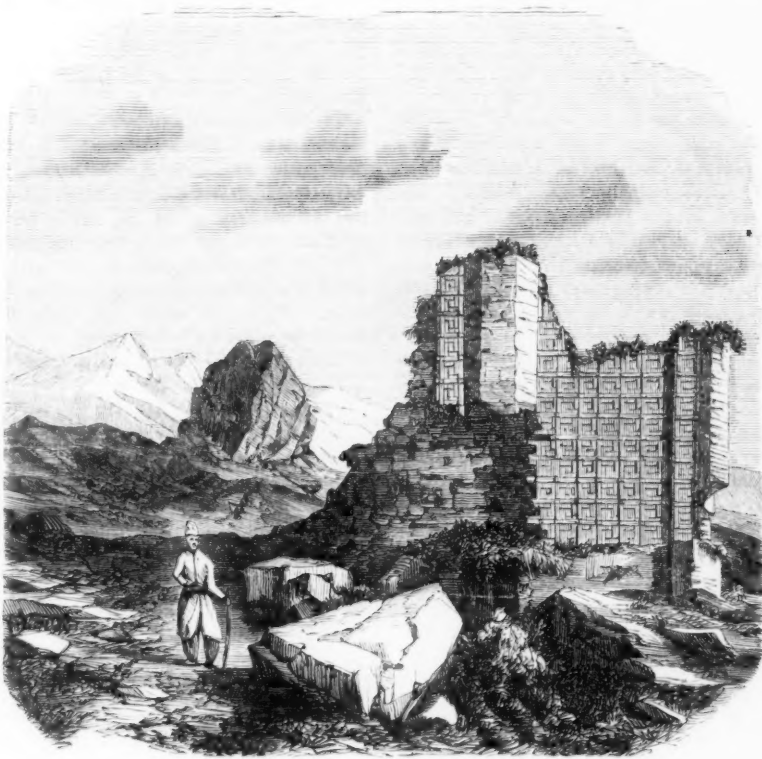
its name to a portion of the adjacent desert to which David withdrew for fear of Saul. Many of the caves in which he probably hid himself, while leading an outlawed life, may still be seen, some of which are large enough to contain twenty or thirty men. They subsequently became the secluded dwellings of the Essenes, and, still later, of Christian hermits. According to Josephus, Engedi was famous for palm-trees and opobalsam; while its vineyards are specially celebrated in the Old Testament. The forests of palms, however, have utterly disappeared, and no balm is collected here now. All that remains as a memorial of past glories, are plentiful fragments of antique architecture, a spring of pure and delicious water, and a splendid spontaneous vegetation.

Having bivouacked for a season on this deeply-interesting site, and refreshed ourselves at a fountain where the old Hebrew patriarchs had probably often quenched their thirst, we descend by another fearful pass to the beach, and resume our journey. Nothing very remarkable arrests our attention for a time, except those extraordinary features common to this region, but which elsewhere would excite wonder and curiosity. We now and then come to spots where we find the air tainted with a sulphureous effluvium, and which we can readily believe, according to the testimony of Lynch and other travelers, is far more offensively noxious in the hotter months of the year. Among the objects that attract our eye as we pass along—now near the margin of the sluggish sea, and now at the base of the Canaanitish hills—are cascades, rushing headlong down the rifted rocks; large pools of water, formed by the retreat of the sea; the rough beds of ravines, through which the waters of the Judean wilderness flow into the lake; calcined fragments of rock, lava, and excoaræ, composing the volcanic ejections of ages past, with which the ground is in places profusely covered; and hills of a fantastical shape, some of them much resembling the round towers of an old Gothic castle, and having their bases half buried under conical heaps of fallen rubbish. Presently, after passing Birket-el-Khalil, as will be seen in the map, we bear westward over a spacious plain, covered with sand-hills of a whitish green color. These hillocks present so strange an aspect that it is difficult

to persuade ourselves that we are not gazing on an extensive city, for we see distinctly what appear to be palaces, mosques, towers, houses, streets, and other edifices, constructed of white marble. Opposite to the spot where we now are, is the peninsula, which is separated from the western shore by a comparatively narrow strait. (See map.) Similar sand-hills appear on this singular tract of land, so that one might almost suppose that two large towns faced each other on the two contiguous shores.

While still pursuing our course along the edge of the plain before referred to, we observe a large rent in the mountain, surmounted by a high peak, crowned with ruins. This is known among the Arabs as the hill of Sebbeh, and these ruins are the remains of the famous Masada—emphatically “the fortress”—the last rampart of Jewish independence, and to which is attached a tragic tale, unsurpassed for thrilling interest in the annals of any other nation, ancient or modern. Inasmuch, however, as it is our intention to pay a special visit to this scene of heroism and horror at some future period, we will reserve what we have to say on the subject until that occasion.

As some of the chief objects of interest are centred at the southern end of the sea, we press onward toward that point of attraction, passing on our way some remains of the siege-works erected by the Roman army at the time of the reduction of Masada; another bed of lava, which had evidently been poured from the crater of an extinct volcano still visible; and a most enchanting little glen in the valley of the Water of Embarras, near which are the vestiges of a military station of the same age as Masada, and which De Saulcy believes to have been the fort of Thamara. But sites of far more engrossing interest are at hand; and ere we have proceeded far we find ourselves in a locality in which, in the names of the valleys, plains, and mountains that surround us, we cannot fail to recognize a striking resemblance to scriptural names familiar to us from our very childhood. Thus we have the Ouad-ez-Zouera, or Valley of Zoar; the plain of Usdum, or Sodom; and Djebel Usdum, or the mountain of Sodom. The retention of these names for so many ages is a remarkable circumstance. We will return to them in our next.



TOMB OF NOAH AT NAKHTCHEVAN.

CAUCASUS.

NOAH'S TOMB—THE PROMETHEAN MOUNTAIN—THE THREE PASSES OF THE CAUCASUS—CLIMATE—PRODUCTIONS—MANUFACTURES—MINES—TRIBES—RELIGIONS—CHARACTER AND HABITS OF THE PEOPLE—THE SLAVE TRADE—A SPECIMEN OF CIRCASSIAN WARFARE—SCHAMYL.

THE "Caucasus" is the general name given to the immense system of mountains which stretch along the borders of the Black Sea to the Caspian, separating Europe from Asia at the south-east. The name of *Kav*, given to the highest peak of the Elbrowz chain, is now applied in the east to the whole system. In the north the Caucasus abruptly rises, in two parallel chains, from the steppes of Europe. In the south, on the contrary, its outlines are low and scattered, stretching off in various directions, till they join another chain that has no collective name, among which is Mount Ararat.

A voyage to this country, especially to

Ararat, would be incomplete if you failed to visit the ancient city of Noah, called in Armenian *Nakhtchevan*, which signifies the *first habitation*. *Nakhtchevan* is as old as history. Its site was early discovered to be abundantly rich and fertile, with a perennial summer climate, while winter kept its throne on the neighboring summits. The ruins of the surrounding cities cover the flat elevation, and the Araxes is seen winding like a thread in the southern plain.

The tomb of Noah is situated near the ruins of an abandoned fortress, on an extended and gloomy plain, which is covered with half-buried ruins. It is now merely a crumbling vault; the interior, an octagonal from ten to twelve feet in diameter, has been lately cleaned, and a heap of lamps, or half-filled jars to supply their places, with some pieces of wall for the sides of the tomb, are all the offerings that men have

here made to their illustrious ancestor. It is visited daily nevertheless by pilgrims from many nations, Russians, Armenians, Jews, &c., who come to edify their souls with a view of the grave in which their common parent has reposed. Of course the authenticity of the legend which reports the burial here of the venerable patriarch, cannot be demonstrated. The name of the place, however, and local traditions having the greatest antiquity, render it as probable that he sleeps here as in any other place. From one side of the tomb is seen the vast Armenian plain, and on the other a chain of green-stone mountains, that inclose the eastern extremity of the Armenian valley, through which winds the Araxes. Every spot is venerable with associations of primeval history—but let us pass along and penetrate the Caucasus.

Among the mountains, covered with perpetual snow, which we encounter, and which are higher even than the Alps, is the Mquinuari, thirteen thousand feet high. Mythology chained Prometheus on this terrible summit. Further west the El-browz shoots its peaks fifteen thousand feet above the sea. No human foot has ever trod their snowy tops; but Zoroaster located Arimanius, the God of Evil, in these silent and awful cliffs. According to that famous philosopher, "as he raised himself from the mountain, and hovered over the abyss of space, he seemed an arch thrown from one world to another." These gigantic summits are overlooked by other peaks, which are also robed in eternal snow. At the north extends a parallel chain of irregular fantastically-shaped rocks, which appear to have originated in some great volcanic action. Their valleys are so narrow, so cold, and so dismal, the forests so dense and so gloomy, and the fogs so thick, that they bear the name of *Black Mountains*. The principal summits are called *Bald Mountain*, *The Mount of Thieves*, *Round Forest*, *Dismal Wood*, *The Dagger*, and *Tempest Mountain*.

There are but three outlets to this great bulwark, which can otherwise be traversed by none but the mountaineer and the chamois, and these three passages are broken into such deep ravines and abrupt precipices that it is quite as interesting to read of them in a comfortable arm-chair as to peril your life in seeing their severe beauty.

The first is through the western part of the mountains, and is scarcely known, except to the Russians, who have tried to enlarge it, as it connects directly with Tiflis and Tauris.

The second is nearly in the center, on the route from Tiflis to Mozdok. For twenty-two leagues it abounds with such impenetrable defiles that it is only accessible a few hours of the day during mid-summer. It is sometimes called the defile of Terek, from the river of the same name, which has its source among these mountains. It is also called the Defile of Dariol, from the neighboring castle or pass of Kasbek, after Mount Kasbek. But it is generally known as the Wladi-Kaukas, from a military station bearing this name. The impassable position of this station would enable a hundred men to destroy an entire army.

The third passage, called Demir-Capu, also The Iron Door, and sometimes the Defile of Derbent, was well known to the ancients. It follows the border of the Caspian, and extends through some of the principal mountains. Although more difficult than the Wladi-Kaukas, it is more safe, as there is a post between the two cities of Derbent and Bakou, and efforts have lately been made to subdue the savage tribes which occasionally attack travelers in the pass. But it is very inconvenient for troops or provisions going to Georgia, as it is many miles longer than either of the others.

The climate of Caucasia is various. Some of its inhabitants are shivering with cold, while others stifle in close, torrid airs. The harvest is over in the low country before the wheat has sprouted on the high plains. Generally, the nearer the summits the colder but healthier is the atmosphere; while in the low pent-up valleys the warmth is excessive, vegetation rich, and the air heavy and unhealthy.

The provinces of Caucasia yield all the products of a temperate climate, while in some places the sugar-cane is cultivated. Among the articles of commerce are the box, walnut, and oak woods, which abound in Mingrelia; and barley, flax, hemp, and oil, which afford abundant harvests on the coast of the Black Sea. Cotton is cultivated in Armenia, Chirvan, and near Elisabetpol; madder grows abundantly on the shores of the Caspian, and the vine and tobacco are cultivated in various localities.

The breeding of herds is the chief occupation of the people. The cattle are smaller than ordinary, but are articles of active commerce with the neighboring Turkish pashalics. The sheep are of the finest kind; the mountaineers weave the wool into garments, and the skins and tallow are articles of valuable traffic. The hunters of the mountains are bold and skillful; wild goats and chamois abound in the fastnesses, and their horns are in great demand. The bear, the wolf, the hyena, and the jackal are the only ferocious animals. A small kind of tiger is occasionally met with in the wooded mountains bordering upon Persia. One province still retains the bison. The antelope, the boar, the roe-buck, the fallow-deer, and the hare are found in the plains and marshes. The pheasant, the woodcock and heathcock, the partridge, the bustard, the goose and the duck, the lapwing, the snipe, and other birds of passage, are numerous in the woods.

The fisheries employ a great part of the population about the mouths of the principal rivers. Leeches are objects of considerable commerce. Silk is manufactured on the mountain sides, where mulberry-trees are cultivated, but not so extensively as in trans-Caucasia. It is, however, of inferior quality in both sections.

Industry is even more limited in Circassia than commerce. The consumption is small, hand-work is very dear, and the country is overrun with Russian and Persian products. The woolen and cotton fabrics are very inferior; the manufacture of coarse cloth is one of the principal occupations of the mountaineers. The people of Andis are celebrated for the manufacture of a thick, silky cloak of felt, called *bourkas*, which protects the Caucasian from any inclemency of the weather. Carpets are universally manufactured, for in Asia they take the place of the various furniture which western luxury considers indispensable. The best carpets are made in Kauba. Two thousand looms in Chemahka are occupied in weaving silk. But the art in which the Caucasians excel is the manufacture of armor. The villages of Lagitsh and Kouthachi make the finest side-arms. The best guns come from Daghestan, Tchirkei, Khounsak, and especially from the Koubetchis, or Gaukhs, of which this manufacture is the only oc-

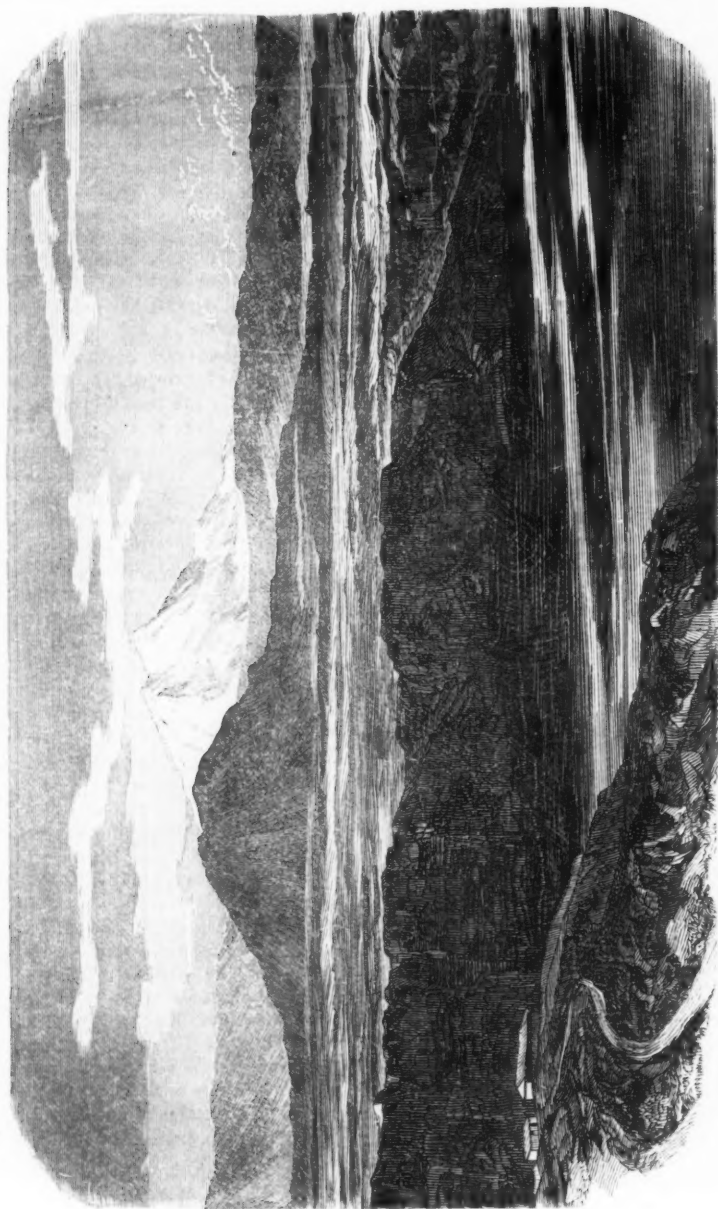
cupation. They are often profusely ornamented with gold and silver. Double-barreled and percussion guns are not unknown to these half-civilized workmen, and they have presented specimens of their own invention to the Russian authorities as proofs of their skill.

The Caucasian Mountains have been so little explored for their mineral wealth that the treasures they inclose are as yet useless. The working of mines is very limited. The copper-mines in Atlanerdi, and also those in the valley of Khramm, are rented to a Greek company. The pits of naphtha at Bakou yield from two hundred thousand to three hundred thousand pounds per annum; the white naphtha includes only five hundred pounds of this. The government works a mine of rock salt in the province of Armenia. Great quantities of this mineral are also gathered near the island of Abcheron, and near Kizliar, and in many places it is so common that the inhabitants procure it gratis. In 1844 a coal-mine was discovered in the high valley of Kouban, and a still richer one at Imereth. It is a very valuable deposit, and coal has been already exported. "Behold what a great matter a little fire kindleth," and here, perhaps, in the charred rock of Imereth, sleep the future powers of steam and other energies, which shall modernize this marvelous country of the olden time.

Thus have we given some glimpses at the matter-of-fact life of these venerable, these mysterious mountains—a region which, more perhaps than any other historical locality of the earth, has seemed to be curtained about with antique legendary mists—a country for which we all have such a vague curiosity, and respecting which modern times have learned little else than that Russia has persistently assailed it, and Schamyl as persistently defended it. We have designedly kept our eye on the realities rather than the marvels—the fables of its half-hidden life.

Still pursuing our matter-of-fact observations, let us look at it from other points of view.

For a long time Caucasia was considered the home of those barbarian hordes which inundated Europe in the early ages of Christianity. This error shows the prevailing ignorance regarding the situation of the country, which is separated from the land of those savages by an al-



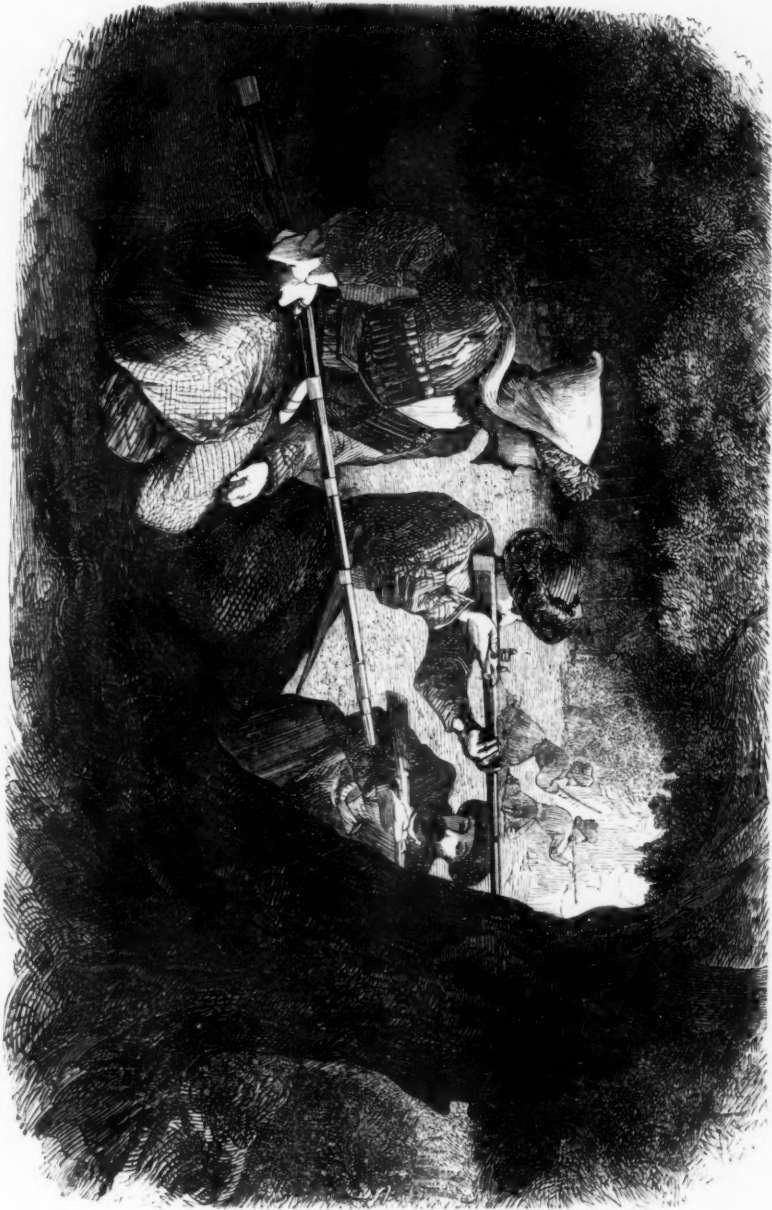
VIEW OF THE ELBROWZ.

most impassable barrier, and is in a distinct zone. The people of the southern valleys have never crossed the mountains, and there is no evidence that they migrated northward. The nations that anciently existed in Caucasia are there

still, with even the same habits of life as in the earlier ages.

If it be less certain as to the aborigines of the western side, it is evident that its barren declivities and its wild and isolated peaks possess no local advantages for the

CIRCASSIAN MOUNTAINEERS.



growth of a people. Far from being the birthplace of the numerous nations which overwhelmed Europe, I think it has proved a barrier to their invasions of Asia Minor, and a shelter to those who fled from their

attacks, which so often covered the steppes of Southern Russia with blood.

It is to the character of the country and the people of northern Caucasia we must look for an explanation of the prevailing



CIRCASSIAN COSTUMES.

intellectual inertia which stifles in the birth any attempt at progress.

The inhabitants of the South, disturbed by constant attacks, endeavored to migrate, but were stopped by the surrounding nations, the Greeks, Persians, Romans, Parthians—Christian Byzantium, Mohammedan Arabia, the tribes of Omer and Ali, which strove for possession till Russia gave a new history to the country.

Without allowing ourselves to become entangled in endless ethnological researches, let us look at the modern Caucasians as they actually exist. The Lesghians in the north occupy the most inaccessible region of the country. According to the chronicle of Takhtany, Lekhos, a son of the Georgian patriarch Thargamos, received from him the mountains of Daghestan, and was the founder of the Lesghian race.

Among them are found some tribes whose appearance and dialect indicate a foreign origin, such as the Kouyadas from Georgia; the Gounibs, which appear to be the remains of the Huns; and further off, between Terek and the mountains, Tartars, whose settlement here dates from the establishment of the caliphate. Lastly, the Tshetshenzes, sometimes called Notchgoi, who are related to their neighbors, the Aoukhs, Itschkeines, and the Khists.

From the Plain of Kabarda to the Black Sea, the Caucasian Mountains are inhabited by the tribe of Tcherkes, and the distinct family of the Abadzas. North of these are the Nogais, of Tartar origin, and on the southern side the Abkhazes are contiguous to the maritime Djyghetes and Oubûiks.

Between these two subdivisions, in narrow valleys along the center of the chain, are grouped four tribes, known by the common name of Ossetes. They have been the subjects of various discussions and hypotheses. Some have believed that they migrated from the North, others from the South. Modern travelers are of the opinion that they are a distinct race.

At the South the Georgian family occupy the mountains from the limits of the Lesghians and Abkhazes, to Turkey and the Mussulman provinces on the borders of the Caspian. Russian maps unite these provinces under the denomination of the Georgian and Tmerethenian governments. In this family there are six distinct tribes, formerly united under the Georgian crown.

The Persians and Turks occupy all the south-east of Caucasia, from the mountains to the Caspian Sea, and the borders of Persia.

Lastly, at the extreme south, as far as Mount Ararat and the Araxes, is the Armenian family, the feeble remains of an ancient section of Alexander's empire. At the beginning of our era it was a Roman province, but was constantly exposed to the attacks of the Arsacides, and at a later date ravaged by the cruelty and avarice of the Turks and Persians, until united to Russia in 1828.

The whole of this heterogeneous mass comprehends but three millions of male population.

Christianity and Mohammedanism are the religions of the country—with the exception of a few idolatrous and fire-worshipping tribes; but all creeds are tolerated by the Russian government. At

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the beginning of the Christian era, the doctrines of Christ penetrated through Armenia into Circassia, and the Georgian Church was established under St. George, and governed by the Patriarchs of Antioch till the sixteenth century. Attacked, from the first, by the Persians, who sustained the doctrines of Zoroaster, and suffering still more under the dissensions which attended the decline of the Eastern empire and the rise of Islamism, the Christian Church of Caucasia still preserved its faith, and patiently awaited its deliverance. But the invasion of the Mogol Tartars shook its foundations. Still Christianity survived the shock. At present Caucasia numbers seven hundred thousand Georgian and Armenian Christians, not including the Russian colonies north and south of the mountains.

The remainder of the population is chiefly Mohammedan. Here, as elsewhere, Islamism was introduced by force of arms. In the thirteenth century the caliphs, at the head of a young and vigorous people, established their power on the ruins of the Eastern empire. The Arabs invaded Caucasia. The prophet Abou Musselim appeared in Daghestan, inflaming the popular mind with desires for a new religion suitable to the ardent temperament of the East. At a later date the efforts of the Kachnets in the south, and the success of the Russians in the north, restricted Islamism to the gorges of Daghestan and the shore of the Caspian, where there were no less than one million six hundred thousand Mussulmans, divided between the sects of Omer and of Ali. The Turks on the Circassian side propagated Islamism among the neighboring nations of the Black Sea; but here fanaticism did not take as deep root as in Daghestan. According to the last treaties, the Turks abandoned this side; the commerce of slaves ceased, and religious fervor had so greatly diminished that only the prince and nobles preserved their faith, and that not with very exemplary strictness.

These Alpine populations, usually known under the general names of Circassians and Georgians, are divided, as we have seen, into different tribes, which, notwithstanding certain resemblances, present very varied traits of character, manners, institutions, language, and physical conformation.

Nevertheless, some general resemblance may be discovered among this chaos of institutions and races. All have the same love of independence; they will not long submit to the government of any single individual; a warlike spirit and skill in arms are common to them from the cradle; and likewise an unconquerable proclivity to rapine and murder.

They are incredibly abstinent. Boiled millet is the chief dish in their repasts; mutton is occasionally presented to an honored guest. When on the battle-field, they live on grain mixed with honey, and a quarter of a pound will constitute their food for the day. To great muscular strength, and wonderful power of endurance, they join consummate idleness, and a disdain for agriculture or manual labor, which they leave to their women, to slaves, and to prisoners. The wife is only a slave in her master's house. As long as she is young and strong, her life is spent in domestic and out-door labor; but when she shows signs of inability to do her accustomed tasks, she must give place to another. If she bear no children, or be sick, or even be unjustly suspected of faithlessness, her husband can send her away.

In general, the morals of these mountaineers are good; they are ignorant of the vices which prevail among the Trans-Caucasians. Drunkenness is rare among them. Respect for the aged, and the rites of hospitality and of friendship, are common. But these generous sentiments are observed only toward those of the same tribe and religion. A stranger or Christian would inevitably be robbed or killed were it not for the protecting *koumak*, who is a messenger from the particular tribe in whose region he is traveling, and with whom he will be honorably treated. Another striking characteristic of these mountaineers, is their immovable stoicism, their contempt of death. Three or four marauders will often withstand a superior force till they find it useless to resist, and will then kill themselves rather than surrender. Their love of vengeance is equally strong. An injury to be returned, or a quarrel with a family, is handed down, like a heritage, from father to child. But if the aggressor be rich, a reconciliation can be effected: even for the murder of a parent they will accept a ransom of silver or cattle. These affairs are decided by the *adat*, which is the common law, found-

ed upon traditions mostly anterior to the adoptions of Islamism. The *adat* varies in different tribes; while the *chariat*, or civil law, derived from the Koran, is unchangeable to all Mussulmans. Sometimes their quarrels are submitted to the arbitration of the priest, who secures to himself usually the chief advantage, leaving the parties interested to get what they may. These *mollahs*, or *effendis*, are the only *savants* in the country, as their compatriots have no written language.

The *Abreks* is a remarkable institution, found in all parts of Caucasia. The consequences of crime, the oppression of a chief, or sometimes weariness of incessant scenes of war, induce individuals to leave their tribe, and sever every domestic and social tie. They unite in bands of from ten to fifteen men, choose an isolated retreat, and devote themselves to plunder and the extermination of Christians; but, in attacking the Russian villages, they do not fail to impose ransoms upon such of their own countrymen as may fall into their hands. Sometimes their associations are more extensive: bringing their families, they found villages in which the only means of subsistence is pillage, and the only legislation the most severe and arbitrary laws. They bear the name of *Abreks*, and in some places are called *Hadjiretes*.

The villages of Achili and Tchirkat, in Daghestan, are composed of *Abreks* from the neighboring tribes. Among the Adighes, the sources of the Laba and the Ouroup are the refuges of these savage bandits.

The numberless divisions of the Caucasian tribes, and the hostility existing between them, prevent any extensive social order, or any real sentiments of patriotism. Occasionally they will unite for the time being under a leader, to advance some common interest, repulse an aggression, or carry on a war. But these temporary alliances are soon destroyed by intrigue, defiance, and personal strifes. This is not only the case with a whole tribe, but with nearly every little district and village. The chiefs are sooner or later assassinated by their confederates, and every year exhibits numerous and horrible acts of treachery.

Although these general characteristics belong more or less to all the inhabitants of the Caucasian range, there are portions

of the population which are distinguished by their own particular qualities. In the midst of turbulent and warlike tribes are settled the gentle Karatchais, at the foot of the Elbrowz, and the Koubetshis and Andés, in Daghestan, who are industrious and peaceable. In the same country one admires the laborious Avars, Koissoulines, and Salataves, who till the barren soil, and transport earth to the mountain tops. The revival of Mussulman fanaticism, and the powerful influence of the priests are entirely unknown to the Adighes, but prevail among the Lesghians. The appearance of prophets, as Kasi-Mollahand and Schamyl, who have united the political and ecclesiastical powers, and the extension of the warlike and religious sect of the Murides, have produced notable modifications in this region of Caucasia.

As long as the city of Anapa belonged to Turkey, slaves and powder were extensively imported. The Circassian noble, whose mountain-plot of ground yields hardly the necessaries of life, finds in the sale of slaves the means of satisfying his ostentatious taste of procuring rich garments and fire-arms. Slavery, however, is generally voluntary with the Circassian women. The young Circassian girls, it is said, rejoice at the exchange of poverty on a barren mountain for the luxurious splendors of the harem, of which they have heard such glowing descriptions.

Notwithstanding the obstacles and perils which oppose it, this commerce is still carried on to a considerable extent, or was, at least, till the late Russo-Turkish disturbances. Small Turkish vessels, carefully avoiding the Russian cruisers, glide into the bays, and are sheltered by Circassians on the coast till the business of loading is accomplished, which is seldom the case until several weeks have passed. The women thus transported are daughters of peasants. It is rarely that a noble sells his own female relations. From thirty to forty slaves are carried in these vessels, which are so narrow that no small amount of suffering is endured by their living freight. One out of every six of the ships are usually captured by the Russians, or lost.

Most of the Austrian and Turkish steamboats which ply between Trebizond and Constantinople transport a certain num-

ber of slave-girls. Wagner sailed on one of these boats where there was a group of them, composed mostly of children twelve or thirteen years old, with pale faces and sparkling black eyes. Two older ones were dressed more elegantly than the rest, and were covered with long vails. The trader, who had the air of a gentleman in spite of his profession, took particular care of them, and informed the traveler that they were daughters of a Circassian noble; he hoped to sell the prettiest for one thousand four hundred dollars, the other for nine hundred dollars. The rest he spoke of with supreme contempt, adding that he should be lucky to get two thousand piastres each for them. He remarked that since the commerce had become so perilous it was more lucrative. Formerly, when the Greeks and Armenians carried their legions of slaves to the bazaars of Stamboul, the most beautiful slaves were sold for no more than five hundred dollars; they at present commanded two thousand dollars.

To give an idea of what war is in the mountains, we will relate a little characteristic episode—the destruction of the fort of Aculcho by the Russians, defended by Schamyl, the Abdel-Kader of Circassia.

It is necessary for a chief of a band to have a center for his operations, a redoubtable post, to which he can retire in time of danger. In Spain, Cambrera had Morella; the Count d'Espagne had Berga. In Caucasia, Chasi-Mollah had Himri, and he chose to die rather than abandon it. His more intelligent successor, Schamyl, established his head-quarters at Aculcho, a kind of eagle's nest on the river Koisu. From thence he spied all the movements of the Russian troops, and descended like a bird of prey on the convoys crossing the steppes of Terek. He had amassed there a great quantity of arms and ammunition. General Grabbe resolved to attack this stronghold, having received permission from St. Petersburg. His design was to capture Schamyl, and intimidate the Tchetchens, by showing them that, isolated and almost inaccessible as their home was, they must submit to Russian valor. Imagine a rocky hill almost surrounded by the Koisu—a miniature peninsula, protected by three natural walls, and accessible by a single pass which was defended by five hundred brave men, and you have the outline of Aculcho. To complete the pic-

ture, it is necessary to add a few parapets and intrenchments, and some excavations in the rock, which sheltered the Tchetchens from the balls and shells of the enemy.

Grabbe hoped to conquer the fortress by artillery; he threw shells and congreve rockets, which shattered some of the parapets, but did no great injury to the Tchetchens, who hid themselves like rabbits in the earth, looking out only to fire upon the enemy. Now and then a fanatical Muride would rush from his retreat, with a pistol in one hand, his shaska in the other, and holding a dagger in his mouth, advance to meet death, killing numbers of the foe, amid the applause of his comrades, who from the rock beheld his devotion.

The first assault was disastrous to the besiegers. Out of fifteen hundred men who fought at the pass, but one hundred and fifty remained. The Tchetchens fired in platoons so skillfully, that the Russians could proceed no further than the second of the three natural walls. The soldiers in front fell on those behind, and both tumbled off the rock. The general gave command for a second and third assault, in which he lost two thousand men, but gained the second wall. Stopping at the third, where they had a desperate struggle, the Russians would probably have been obliged to retreat, were it not for the imprudence of a troop of Tchetchens, who advanced too near the intrenchments, and were attacked by a battalion and put to flight. The Russians pursued, and reached the first wall. The fight was now man to man, in a furious struggle; but other battalions arrived, and Aculcho was taken. The conquerors, maddened at their loss, and the resistance which they had met, fell upon the mountaineers and massacred some of the women, who had followed their husbands' example and taken up arms. After having assuaged their fury, they began to search for the body of Schamyl; but it was not to be found, and they were told that the men of the garrison had taken refuge in the caves further up the river. There was no path to conduct the Russians thither, and they were obliged to reach the spot by ropes suspended from the hills. The mountaineers, again attacked, defended themselves with unabated ardor. It appeared impossible for their invincible chief to escape; the neighboring rocks were covered with the dead. Mean-

while a devoted band, which still survived, saved their chief by a *ruse*, in which their own lives were fearlessly exposed. With a few beams and planks, which they chanced to find in the cave, they formed a raft, and made their way with it into the river. The Russian general, not doubting that Schamyl was among them, directed his troops to take them and kill him. While the Cossacks urged their horses into the waves, and the foot-soldiers pursued on the banks, a man leaped from the cave into the river, swam across, and gained the mountains. It was Schamyl! His deliverance was believed to be a miracle by the mountaineers, and immensely increased his influence among them. Grabbe was defeated in his purpose. Three thousand men had been killed in taking a fort which was not even worth the trouble of retaining. Such is an illustration of the heroic, if not ferocious temper of these mountaineers.

The Russian is ill at ease on the mountains, where the Circassian spring from rock to rock with the agility of a chamois. The mountaineers know their advantage, and will not expose themselves to a line of bayonets. They hover around the clumsy Russians with their heavy arms and garments; they pursue the troops of the Czar into defiles, and come down upon them like vultures. In combat, man to man, the Russians are always the losers; their soldiers, who, in open battles with Turks or Persians, display a hardy contempt of death, fear the Caucasian; and, notwithstanding the punishment awaiting them, they abandon the front posts and retreat into the midst of their forces. The Circassian, on the other hand, hangs over them on his cliffs in comparative safety, and with the wild enthusiasm of a freeman, though a savage.

What is to be the destiny of this singular people? It is useless to speculate on the question. They are now what they have been for generations. The peculiar conditions of their country must continually tend to keep them what they are, unless the introduction of new modes of labor, a better religion, or a powerful invader, should subdue and sway them. As they are, they offer little for our admiration besides their savage heroism and that splendid physique which has made their women the Graces, and their men the Apollos of the human race.

ANOTHER OLLA-PODRIDA.

AN ANECDOTAL CONVERSATION—THE CONFOUNDED QUAKER—THE OVERTHROWN WEAVER—SAMMY BRADBURN'S "ALL"—SAMMY QUARRELING WITH WESLEY—OCSLEY'S TACT WITH PAT—THE BLESSED VIRGIN—THE DUSTY BIBLE—JOHN THORPE'S EXPERIMENT AT PREACHING—A MUSICAL BONIFACE—PAT IN A SACK—IT'S ALL FOR THE BEST—O! AH! — AH! AH!—ELOQUENCE BOILED DOWN—DR. CLARKE'S SACRIFICE FOR THE DEVIL—LINING OUT—SATAN TICKLING THE FANCY—RICHARD WATSON'S PRESENTIMENT—SCARED THROUGH A NIGHT—HYPOCHONDRIAC.

WE gave lately an article bearing the above title; here is another. Don't be alarmed at its incidents, sober reader! There "is a time to laugh," says Solomon; and there is a sharp point, a valuable moral, in some jokes.

We spent recently a most agreeable afternoon with Rev. —, of the Wesleyan Conference, an excellent man, intelligent, refined, and sufficiently advanced in years to possess, in combination with mature experience and sound judgment, the mellow sentiments and cheerful temper of a ripe old age. He was one of the collaborators of Wesley, and abounds in entertaining anecdotes of early Methodism. As it happens that our humor runs in this current, and Mr. —'s seemed perfectly to coalesce with it, the colloquial stream flowed rapidly and merrily. We put down snatches of the conversation.

He had witnessed some of the extraordinary physical effects of religious excitement which occur at Methodist camp-meetings, and remarked that they seldom appeared now-a-days on the other side of the water. Neither of us knew how to account for these anomalous circumstances, except on some yet undiscovered law of the nervous system. They had at first puzzled Mr. Wesley much; he believed them to proceed sometimes from the devil, at others from divine influence; but, in his later years, he discouraged them decidedly. Mr. — had witnessed these phenomena, at their first appearance, at Kingswood, and described them as altogether inexplicable. The stoutest men fell to the earth as suddenly as if shot through the heart; bold blasphemers were instantly seized with agony and cried aloud, and scores were sometimes strewed on the ground at once, as insensible as dead men.

A traveler, at a certain time, was passing by, but, on pausing a moment to hear the sermon, was directly smitten to the

earth, and lay there apparently without life. A Quaker, who was admonishing the bystanders against these strange scenes, as affectation and hypocrisy, was himself struck down, as by an unseen hand, while the words of reproach were even upon his lips.

A weaver, a great disliker of Dissenters, fearing that the new excitement would alienate his neighbors from the Church, went about zealously among them to prove that it was the work of Satan, and would endanger their souls. A new convert lent him one of Wesley's sermons; while reading it he suddenly turned pale, fell to the floor, and roared so mightily that the people ran into the house from the streets and found him sweating, weeping, and screaming in anguish.

Mr. — referred, with much interest, to many of his old associates in the itinerancy. He had never heard a preacher superior to Samuel Bradburn. He was rich in sublimity, in mighty, grasping thoughts and melting pathos, and yet mingled with the whole, in the strongest contrasts, an exhaustless wit. Dr. Coke, said Mr. —, used to declare that there was but one man whom he could hear preach longer than forty-five minutes, and he was Samuel Bradburn.

A number of young preachers were speaking once rather whiningly of having "given up *all* for the ministry." They put too much emphasis on their sacrifices, in Bradburn's estimation; he wished to rebuke them, and did it with his usual felicity. He had been a cobbler himself, as well as a tinker, and most of the young men in the company had been in equally humble occupations. "Yes, dear brethren," exclaimed he, "some of you have had to sacrifice your *all* for the itinerancy; but we old men have had our share of these trials. As for myself, I made a double sacrifice, for I gave up for the ministry two of the best *auls* in the kingdom—a great sacrifice truly to become an ambassador of God in the Church and a gentleman in society!"

Sammy had much of the hard English grit in his rude nature. He "stood on his rights" obstinately, when he thought them infringed by others. He was once traveling with Wesley; they had a little misunderstanding at a certain stopping-place; Wesley reproved him, and required

him to acknowledge his fault, and ask pardon. Sammy's back-bone stiffened; he would not do it. Wesley gave him a limited time, within which he was to make the required acknowledgment or suffer the consequences. The hours passed, and Sammy, instead of relenting, grew braver and braver, as "a free-born Briton." The crisis came, and Wesley approached him for the issue. The eloquent old cobbler's tough heart (always ready to melt under kindness, tough though it was) beat with audacity and defiance.

"Sammy," said Wesley, "do you ask my pardon?"

"No, sir," and "never will!" was the uncompromising reply.

"Then, Sammy, I ask yours," was the great and good man's rejoinder. Wesley never appeared greater, and Sammy Bradburn never smaller, to the eyes of the latter. He blushed, the tears came to his eyes, he grasped the hand of his great leader, and the strong man became a little child.

Mr. — spoke, with enthusiastic affection, of his old friend Gideon Ouseley, the apostle of Methodism in Ireland. Ouseley, said he, was one of the most eccentric of men, yet full of faith and the Holy Ghost. His mind was strong, and he had a university education. His family belong to the aristocracy, yet he became a Methodist itinerant, and traveled the Irish highways, preaching for more than two-score years. He preached everywhere—at cock-fights, horse-races, fairs, and markets, and hundreds of times has he proclaimed the gospel on horseback. His sermons were at least three a day, usually two in the open air, and a third in a barn or meeting-house. He preached often in the Irish language—a speech rich and powerful for exhortation. Ouseley rescued hundreds, perhaps thousands, of his countrymen from the superstitions of Popery. He was often attacked by Popish persecutors, and lost one of his eyes in a scuffle with them; but though frequently beaten, and left for dead, he was as bold as a lion, and scattered light among them at every point. Many of his persecutors were overtaken by unnatural deaths, and the Papists dreaded him as protected by the devil. When his uncle, Sir Gore Ouseley, died, he inherited his wealth and title, but abandoned all, preferring the

honor of being a Methodist itinerant above the estates and honors of nobility. Such a man is one of God's genuine noblemen.

None of the Methodist evangelists in Ireland, perhaps, equaled Ouseley in tact for addressing promiscuous multitudes in the open air. An instance, of which I was an eye and ear-witness, occurred one Sabbath evening in the town of Drogheda. Leaving his hat in the Tholsel, and standing on the steps, he commenced singing a hymn. Soon a crowd gathered around, chiefly Romanists. The last verse he sung was—

"To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Who sweetly all agree
To save a world of sinners lost,
Eternal glory be."

"Now," he said in familiar style, "you all believe that—whatever religion you are of—you believe there's a God? I know you do. Ay, and you believe in the Trinity—that there are three persons in one God? To be sure you do. And you've all made a covenant with that one God in your baptism, whatever Church you belong to, that you'd renounce the devil and all his works. I'm come here to put you in mind of it—to get you to keep your covenant, and be true to God. And if you keep your covenant, what altered times we'll have! what happy times we'll have! Then we'll have no more cursing and swearing; then no more people will be seen rolling drunk through the streets on a Sunday." Here a man in the crowd shouted, "The devil trust you with a glass yourself, if you had it." At this the preacher seemed horrified. "O! O!" he cried; "did you hear that man? O! did you hear him blaspheming in the open day? Look," said he, pointing at him with his finger, "there he is!" The man held down his head abashed, and gave no further interruption. The missionary proceeded in the same strain until he uttered a sentiment to which a woman, who stood near, objected in great earnestness, in Irish. Turning toward her with surprise and displeasure, he exclaimed, "O! did you hear that woman? Did you hear what she said? She's drunk this time o' day! There she is—look at her!" She said no more until, at the close, she observed with much emotion, "Well, that's the best sermon I ever heard!" Mr. Ouseley concluded an address of about twenty-five or thirty min-

utes by repeating the Lord's Prayer. As he bowed, and was going to get his hat, a man cried out, "You forgot the 'Hail Mary'—why didn't you say the 'Hail Mary?'" Mr. Ouseley turned upon him with fervent indignation: "How dare you speak so disrespectfully of the blessed Virgin? You're very impertinent. How dare you!" A rebuke which seemed to meet with universal approbation.

The sincere reverence with which he was wont to speak of the "blessed" Mary, procured many a respectful hearing. I was present on another occasion, in the town of Granard, when he announced for his text Mark xvi, 15, 16. The congregation, chiefly Romanists, filled all the available rooms of an untenanted house. His divisions were bold, and rather polemical.

I. What sort of men did Christ send to preach his gospel?

II. What was it they preached? The gospel.

III. The effects which followed.

The difficulty was to discuss the subject inoffensively, and yet not shun to declare the whole counsel of God.

In answering the first question, he went on to say that the men who got the commission in the text were not horse-racers, card-players, or drunkards—leaving his congregation to make their own inferences. In explaining the second point, he bore heavily upon *tradition*, without once naming it. The gospel they preached was the inspired—the *written* gospel. "Now," he said, addressing himself to the mothers present, "if your child was sick, you'd send for the doctor, wouldn't you? To be sure you would. Well, the doctor comes, you describe the child's symptoms, and he begins to prescribe. Give it this—don't give it that—in so many hours give it the other—and in so long a time after repeat it again. But you will say, 'I'm afraid I'll forget it, doctor; write it down, if you please.'" Here there was a loud murmur through the congregation, for they perceived his drift, and there was reason to fear for his personal safety; but he contrived to introduce the name of the Virgin Mary at the moment with an expression of respectful regard. The ferment subsided immediately, and he finished without serious interruption.

The zeal of this evangelist never cooled. In old age it retained all the quenchless

ardor of youth; and it was the pure flame of love—love to the erring and the deceived, especially in Ireland. Once, when he was at the Mission-house in London, he was asked in the committee to engage in prayer for two missionaries just appointed to the foreign field. A few petitions were devoted to them, when, forgetting all other topics, he poured out his soul, in agonizing earnestness, for "his poor country." Another visit, which he paid to Drogheda, will furnish an instructive example of this undiminished zeal. This was in his seventy-third year. Preaching in the chapel on a Sabbath evening, he announced that he would preach there again next morning at seven o'clock. By mistake he was at the gate an hour before the time. Going to the Tholsel to ascertain the hour correctly, I followed, and found him preaching to the laborers who were waiting to be hired. And here an incident occurred, illustrative of his calm trust in the distinguishing care of Divine Providence. A large sea-shell, flung from a window opposite, fell at his feet with a fearful crash. He continued his address unmoved, and without caring to notice it. As we returned to the chapel, I said, "Mr. Ouseley, that shell would have inflicted serious injury had it struck you; it was within half a yard of hitting you." Making the usual motion with his finger—"An inch," he replied, "is as good as a mile!" He kept his appointment at seven.

As he advanced in life, the overthrow of Popery became his absorbing desire—it might almost be said his single aim, and the "ruling passion" was "strong in death." A brother from the country mentioned to me that he once visited the venerable missionary in his last illness. The permission to pray was readily given. As he earnestly supplicated that God might graciously sustain his suffering servant, and administer an abundant entrance to him into heaven, Mr. Ouseley interposed, saying, "Stop, dear; pray—pray that I may live to see an end of that fell apostasy!"

Rough in his exterior; sound in his physical constitution; overflowing in compassion for the millions oppressed and ruined by priestly cupidity and despotism; thoroughly enlightened in his opposition to doctrinal Popery, as embodied in the Trent Canons; chary of politics; decisive in purpose; fearless of danger; ever on

the aggressive; superabundant in labors; preaching occasionally six times a day, "in and out," as himself used to phrase it; unmoved by appalling difficulties like another "Greatheart;" and, withal, a refreshing example of patient continuance in well-doing—he was the Martin Luther of the Irish Reformation.

AGAIN the conversation ran off into the more striking scenes of early Methodism. Mr. — related several remarkable cases of conversion. John Furz, one of my old associates, said he, was listening to one of our preachers, who exclaimed, "Two witnesses, dead and buried in dust, will rise up against you. These are they," holding up the Bible, "the two Testaments which have been buried in dust on your shelves." "I recollected," said John, "that my Bible was thus neglected, and that I had actually written my name with my finger upon the lid. I thought I had signed my own damnation on the back of the witness." He was horror-struck—went home and called upon God for mercy, and, finding it, lived and died a faithful preacher.

JOHN THORPE, another old friend of mine, was converted in a still more singular manner. He and his comrades were one day ridiculing and mimicking the Methodists. They attempted to preach for a wager. John's turn came last: he mounted the table full of hilarity; but, on opening the Bible at the text, "Except ye repent ye shall all likewise perish," he was seized with terror; his hair stood on end, and he preached in earnest. At the close he ran home, called upon God in genuine repentance, and afterward went preaching through the land.

I HAVE known of a tavern-keeper, who, relishing music, went to one of the meetings merely to hear the singing. He was afraid of the preaching, and, that he might not hear it, sat with his head inclined and his fingers in his ears. But a fly lit upon his nose, and, at the moment he attempted to drive it away with one of his hands, the preacher uttered, with power, the text, "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear." The word took hold upon his conscience, and he found no relief till he became a converted man.

IN Wexford, Ireland, a conversion occurred still more odd. Our people were persecuted by the Papists, and met in a closed barn. One of the persecutors had agreed to conceal himself beforehand in the barn, that he might open the door to them after the people were assembled. He crept into a sack hard by the door. The singing commenced; but the Hibernian was so taken with it that he thought he would hear it through before disturbing the meeting. At its conclusion he thought he would hear the prayer also; but this was too powerful for him; he was seized with distress and trembling, and bawled out with such dismay as to appall the congregation, who began to believe that the evil one himself was in the sack. The sack was at last pulled off of him, and discovered the poor Irishman a weeping penitent, crying for mercy. He was thoroughly and permanently converted.

METHODISM made mighty inroads upon the mining regions of England. It turned Kingswood into a Jerusalem, and its colliers into prophets and priests. One of its collier converts went to work in a place which was notorious for its wickedness. He was continually persecuted or annoyed by the reprobate miners, but they could not disturb his equanimity. He was the happiest man in the place, and was noted for saying, in every misfortune, "*It's all for the best.*" He had a large family, and was very poor; but "*It's all for the best*" was all good "Jemmy" had to say when reminded of his hard lot. Even when from accidents, to which miners are so peculiarly liable, he was unable to work, he never murmured, but said, "*It was all for the best!*" He made use of this expression, indeed, so frequently—not, however, without a due regard to its import—that it became a by-word among his reckless companions wherewith to taunt him on any little misfortune that befell him. On one occasion, just as they were about to descend the shaft to their work, a hungry dog snatched up his scanty dinner, which he had laid down on a piece of wood beside him while putting on his mining dress. On his attempting to regain it, the dog scampered off with his prize, to the great delight of his comrades, who shouted to him, amid peals of laughter, as he ran after it, "*Never mind, it's all for the best—it's all for the best, Jem!*"

He heeded them not, but followed the dog for some time, while all the other miners went down the shaft. At length he gave up the chase as hopeless, and returned to the pit a good deal mortified, and his temper, perhaps, a little ruffled at the gibes he had heard, and more of which he still anticipated. He had hard work in reconciling his mind to bear the loss with his usual equanimity, and said rather hastily to the topmen when he reached them, "Well, well, I dare say it is all for the best!" *And it was for the best*; for, before this man had time to follow his companions down the pit, there was a tremendous explosion of the fire-damp. Twelve men were killed at once, and two more so badly burnt that they died soon after they were hauled up. The one survivor—for there were fifteen men in all—was a helpless cripple for life. "It's all for the best," said Jemmy, in reporting his loss to his good wife that night; and none of his old companions laughed again at his favorite maxim.

As Methodism has not, till lately, had any schools of divinity, it has afforded a rare field for originality and a natural manner in the pulpit. But there are some natures so inexorably perverse, that, escaping one fault, they will incontinently plunge into another; hence we have had some of the most amazing exhibitions in the Methodist pulpit. Of the *mannerisms* of excited speakers, there is one which we have sometimes witnessed as the accompaniment of high inspiration, and which we presume cannot claim indorsement from the "ancient writers on oratory." It is the melodious termination of each sentence with an emphatic "ah." Sometimes, when the speaker waxes mighty, this eloquent exclamatory gasp gives an impetus to each word, like a puffing locomotive behind, instead of before the car. Among the many humorous anecdotes told of the late Rev. Jacob Gruber, of Baltimore, is one which relates to this point. An ardent young orator of the pulpit, who was unconsciously master of this exclamatory style, wrote to the veteran German for some counsels respecting his homiletic labors. The old preacher, believing that the correction of this one egregious fault would be a sufficient achievement for the time being, wrote him the following laconic letter:—

"Dear Ah! Brother Ah!"

"When-ah you-ah go-ah to-ah preach-ah, take-ah care-ah you-ah don't-ah say-ah Ah-ah!"

"Yours-ah,

"JACOB-AH GRUBER-AH."

The letter was a capital one, as it not only stated, but exemplified the defect in all its folly. It was effectually curative also, if we have been rightly informed. Perhaps its insertion here may extend its remedial virtue.

THE following exhortation (a good example of eloquence "boiled down") was delivered by a slave in a religious lecture-room in Montgomery, Alabama. It is not a bad illustration in the way of an admonition:—"My bredren, God bless your souls! 'ligion is like the Alabama ribber! In spring comes fresh, and bring in all de ole logs, sleds, an' sticks dat hab been lyin' on de bank, and carry dem down in de current. Bymeby de water go down—den a log cotch on dis island, den a slab get cotched on de shore, and de sticks on de bushes, and dare dey lie, witherin' an' divin' till come 'nother fresh. Jus' so dar come 'vival of 'ligion—dis ole sinner bro't in, dat ole backslider br't back, an' all de folks seem comin', an' mighty good times. But bredren, God bless your souls! bymeby 'vivals gone—den dis ole sinner is stuck on his own sin afore on jus' such a rock; den one arter 'noder, dat had got 'ligion, lie all along de shore, and dey lie till 'noder 'vival. Belubed bredren, God bless your souls! keep in de current."

DR. ADAM CLARKE had a perfect abhorrence both of pork and tobacco. He is reported to have said, "If I were to offer sacrifice to the devil, it should be a roasted pig stuffed with tobacco."

AN aged minister was officiating for the first time at a public service of a congregation in Georgia. The Methodists keep up the old custom of having the "hymns lined," as it is termed, in order that all the congregation may join in the singing whether they have hymn-books or not. The venerable man could not see distinctly, and designed to dispense with singing. To announce his purpose, he rose and said—

"My eyes are dim, I cannot see—"

and immediately the chorister commenced singing it to the tune of "Old Hundred." Surprise and mortification rendered the minister almost speechless, but he managed to stammer out—

"I meant but an apology."

This line was immediately sung by the congregation, and the minister, now quite excited, exclaimed—

"Forbear, I pray—my sight is dim;"

but the singing proceeded, and the couplet was finished by his troubled and beseeching explanation—

"I do not mean to read a hymn!"

Strange as it may seem, this was also sung with much energy, and the worthy old gentleman actually sat down in despair.

THE devil sometimes plays *fantastic tricks* with us through our morbid fancies. The biographer of Richard Watson, in relating a visit with him to a certain village, says, "In passing the church-yard, Mr. Watson pointed to a conspicuous grave, and said, 'The first time I traveled this way that grave-stone caught my eye, especially the words * * *, who died, aged forty-two. A very strong impression, for which I could not account, was immediately made upon my mind that I should die at precisely the same age. The impression was both strong and sudden; I have already passed that age, and this shows how little stress can be justly laid upon those sudden impulses and impressions of which some people make so much account.' This impression, it appears, had created considerable uneasiness in the family of Mr. Watson; but its effect on his own mind it is not easy to determine."

Watson possessed a vigorous mind, one that we should suppose would be the last to indulge fanatical whims; we may learn, therefore, from his case, the liability of weaker heads to be deluded by such impressions. Had he been as susceptible as his anxious family, it is not improbable that he would have worn away under the impression, fallen into some fatal disease, and expired at the precise time—and all this the result merely of imagination. Medical history is full of proofs on this subject, and it is altogether probable that most who die under such circumstances fall victims to their own folly, instead of a revealed design of

Providence. Cases have been known where criminals condemned to death have been blindfolded, laid upon the block, slightly struck on the neck with a cane, and taken up dead, without the loss of a drop of blood.

It is singular with what tenacity these morbid fears will cling to the mind, especially when the body has been enervated by prolonged excitement. No class of men, perhaps, are more exposed to such excitement than Methodist preachers, by both their extemporaneous mode of speaking, which is accompanied often with intense emotion, and the frequency and arduousness of their pastoral labors and social meetings; and perhaps most of them experience, at some time or other, its depressing effects.

OUR old friend M., when stationed at B—, had a brief and ludicrous attack of this species of hypochondria. He had labored arduously during several weeks, and not a few vexatious difficulties had disturbed the Church and harassed his mind. On returning late, and quite exhausted, one night, from a meeting at which he had felt uncommonly languid and dejected, he was suddenly seized, as he entered his study, with the impression that he had offended God, and would die that very night. As usual with a diseased state of the mind, the thought was attended with profound melancholy. Of course he thought not of sleep, but walked the floor in agony for hours. Wearied at last by his rapid paces, he seated himself, and, covering his face with his hands, reclined his head on a table. There he prayed, wept, and trembled, and as the time advanced, prayed, wept, and trembled the more. Doubtless Satan and his imps had some hearty laughs over the shoulders of the strong man turned into a child! At last, in his agony, and with his hair on end, he rose to pace again the floor, when, lo! daylight was streaming in at his window. The hour of fate had passed. The illusion was gone, and the astonished man knew not whether he ought to smile or blush at his weakness. It was a weakness, however, which a superior mind can more easily despise than prevent.

"It was my own misfortune once," writes a Methodist preacher, "to suffer much from one of these presentiments of

death. It was received while I was upon my knees in private prayer. The circumstances were strong, the impression at the time was singularly clear and forcible—like an intuition. Subsequent circumstances, too, seemed confirmatory of it. The very next day an excellent Christian died in the neighborhood, who had entertained such a presentiment for months, and had even provided his coffin for the event. As the time passed the omens became stronger; by an accidental exposure I took cold, was attacked with cough, and confined to my room with incipient symptoms of pulmonary consumption. How easily would some minds have given way under these circumstances, and have realized the expected result! I had not, however, been disposed to superstitious fears, and knew the caprices of the imagination, and its dangerous influence on health. I therefore calmly endeavored to prepare my mind and circumstances for any result, and waited through the period of several weeks, within which I expected to die, and which terminated precisely with the year. During this time I was confined to my room; the impression was inseparably present; I treated it with respect, but not with fear—it might be from God, or it might not. The last night came, but still there were a few hours, and what might not occur in them? I watched until midnight, and not until the clock announced that the last moment of the year had flown was I clear from this remarkable illusion. I then fell upon my knees, thanked God that I had not fallen a victim to this weakness, and prayed that I might better remember that “the secret things belong to the Lord our God; but those things which are revealed belong unto us, and to our children forever, that we may do all the words of his law.” It cannot be said that God does not, in rare instances, reveal their dying hours to his people; but we never knew a case which could be relied on, and the best reasons apply against such a course on the part of his providence. The devil reigns in the heart, but he gets into that mighty intrenchment in various ways—sometimes through the intellect, as by sophisms, skepticism, &c., but not unfrequently he enters by way of the stomach. If you would have a clear head and a healthful heart, keep a good stomach next to a good conscience. Some of the worst

phantasies in religion have risen in the “vapors” of a bad digestion. Some people’s brains seem to be in their stomachs, and not unfrequently their speculations make that notable viscous seem like a sack filled with Kilkenny cats.

THE BEST ESTATE.

THE heart it hath its own estate,
The mind it hath its wealth untold;
It needs not fortune to be great
While there’s a coin surpassing gold.

No matter which way fortune leans,
Wealth makes not happiness secure;
A little mind hath little means—
A narrow heart is always poor.

Stern fate the greatest still intralls,
And misery hath its high compeers;
For sorrow enters palace halls,
And queens are not exempt from tears.

The princely robe and beggar’s coat,
The scythe and sword, the plume and plow,
Are in the grave of equal note,—
Men live but in the eternal “Now!”

Still disappointment tracks the proud,
The bravest ’neath defeat may fall;
The high, the rich, the courtly crowd
Find there’s a calamity for all.

’Tis not the house that honor makes,—
True honor is a thing divine;
It is the mind precedence takes,—
It is the spirit makes the shrine!

So keep thou yet a generous heart,
A steadfast and contented mind;
And not till death consent to part
With that, which friend to friend doth bind.

What’s utter’d from the life within,
Is heard not by the life without;
There’s always something to begin
’Twixt life in faith, and life in doubt!

But grasp thou truth,—though bleak appears
The rugged path her steps have trod:
She’ll be thy friend in other spheres—
Companion in the world of God.

Thus dwelling with the wise and good,—
The rich in thought, the great in soul,—
Man’s mission may be understood,
And part prove equal to the whole!

We know not half we may possess,
Nor what awaits, nor what attends,—
We’re richer far than we may guess,
Rich as eternity extends!

THE heart it hath its own estate,
The mind it hath its wealth untold;
It needs not fortune to be great,
While there’s a coin surpassing gold!

CHARLES SWAIN.

A CHRISTIAN SOLDIER AT THE BATTLE OF BAROSSA.

THE winter of 1825 was fast approaching, when a pious soldier of the third regiment of Foot Guards in London kindly and respectfully inquired, "Would you like, sir, to attend our soldiers' prayer-meeting this evening?" "Where is it held?" "In Strutton Ground, Westminster." "I shall accompany you with pleasure." I was led to an upper room, large and capacious; and, to my very great surprise, I found about thirty horse and foot soldiers, and some of their wives, with one or two pious sailors, also assembled. I was most kindly received into this company of good soldiers of Jesus Christ, and being instantly recognized by many, I was asked to conduct the meeting; but, anxious as I was to observe what method a body of pious soldiers brought together had been led by divine grace to adopt, I said, "O no, I will sit in this corner, and you will very much oblige me by conducting the service in your usual way, and at the close I shall be most happy, as an humble follower of the Lord Jesus Christ, to pray with you." Three of the soldiers in turn gave out a short hymn, and, after each had done so, all fell upon their knees, while he who had announced his hymn proceeded most solemnly and appropriately to implore the divine blessing upon all sailors and soldiers, and their families, throughout the whole world.

I rejoiced that I was in a corner, where I could secretly enjoy my own feelings, and silently pour out my soul to God. Never was I more devoutly affected in my life. The scene, the singing, the persons, the locality, and the surrounding indistinctly-smothered sighs of so many broken hearts, were really altogether overwhelming to my soul. Westminster I had intimately known from a boy, and Strutton Ground, and the Broadway, to Hill-street, by Westminster Abbey, in particular. A more horribly-depraved neighborhood for military licentiousness and drunkenness the whole world could never produce. What most astonished me was, where and how those fine cavalry and infantry soldiers from Knightsbridge and Westminster could have gained all this knowledge of Christ, and salvation, and the Bible, that they so copiously expressed in their extempore prayers.

"Surely," I in secret exclaimed, "none teaches like the Spirit of God; the anointing of the Holy Ghost really teaches all things necessary to salvation." I began to think I had been like Elijah, who fancied himself almost alone, and I thought of the apostle's beautiful comment, "But what saith the answer of God unto him? I have reserved to myself seven thousand men, who have not bowed the knee to the image of Baal. Even so, then, at this present time also, there is a remnant according to the election of grace." I was ready to cry out with Paul, in the case of these three pious soldiers in particular, "And if by grace, then is it no more of works; otherwise grace is no more grace. But if it be of works, then is it no more grace; otherwise work is no more work." Rom. xi, 4-6. At the conclusion of the last soldier's prayer, a sailor from the Thames stood up, and related his many hair-breadth escapes from death in the battle off Cape St. Vincent, on the 14th of February, with Admiral Sir John Jervis and Sir Horatio Nelson. He then described, in a very interesting manner, his conversion to God, by a sermon on the deck of a ship, in one of the tiers of shipping in the Thames. A few verses were sung, and he prayed. After his prayer, a very humble, pious soldier gave out a verse or two of a hymn he had learned, in military terms. I did not catch any more of it than the last two lines, and these will be mentioned in the sequel.

After they had sung, the soldier who was now leading their devotions, said:—"Comrades, please to sit down, and I will furnish you with some particulars that may be profitable to us all, respecting the last two lines we have just been singing. Some of you have heard me say that, during the last war, I belonged to a foot regiment, in which there were a few Christian soldiers, who loved the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, and were not ashamed to confess him before men, whether soldiers or civilians. William, my beloved friend, was one of that number." The soldier wept. "Excuse me, comrades, you know it is no disgrace to a British soldier to shed a tear over the memory of a loyal, converted, and faithful comrade. O! his memory is dear to me, for he was a friend indeed, and such a friend as I hope to meet in the world of glory. Our regiment was in barracks at Portsmouth, and other noted

places, and we met as regularly as we could for prayer and praise; and as William generally conducted the meetings as our prayer leader, he would often close the service with holy joy and rapture, singing—

‘Then we’ll march up the heavenly street,
And ground our arms at Jesus’ feet.’

“When Lord Wellington took the command of the British army in the Peninsula, our regiment was ordered to embark in transports for Lisbon, in Portugal. We had many blessed meetings on board, amid all the scoffs and sneers of swearing sailors, who wondered to behold *privates*, in a depraved regiment, come out from among their poor, thoughtless comrades, and worship God as we did, I trust in the beauty of holiness. After a few storms in running over the Atlantic, we disembarked at Lisbon, and were ordered to Belem Tower. Here we had many opportunities, in that superstitious, dark country, of proving that Jesus Christ is in every place, and is especially present with any two or three, soldiers as well as other sinners, who are gathered in his name, to strengthen each other’s faith, and hope, and joy in believing. Other regiments arrived also, and, as we had a prospect of marching up the country, if we could force the enemy out of Portugal, we were the more earnest in our prayers that God would have mercy upon all the officers and soldiers in the British army, and graciously prepare every man for the events of his providence through which we might be called to pass in ‘the tented field,’ or the murderous ‘trenches’ of a besieged city, or on the ‘ramparts’ of a conquered town. We have often stolen away to a retired spot, near Belem Tower, and William would cheer us all up, by saying, ‘Fear not, comrades; whether we live or die, in camps or hospitals, or on the field of blood itself, we’ll sing with joy,’—and here he repeated his favorite lines.

“But not to detain you too long, I should say that we marched through Portugal and Spain, over the very bodies of our comrades, driving the enemy before us; and, notwithstanding all the drunkenness, blasphemy, and licentiousness so common in the army, God was pleased to succeed us in almost every battle so that the Duke of Wellington, you know, was generally victorious. Many a day, after

a long, and harassing, and fatiguing march, when we halted in the evenings, and fainting with hunger, as the commissariat came up, and bread and meat were served out as our rations, we hastily prepared for refreshment with the camp-kettle; and then at ten o’clock withdrew to the banks of some river in Spain, and by the light of the moon held our prayer-meetings, and praised God we were yet alive, and kept together in the ranks of faith, by his almighty power and grace. William would often address us at the close of the meeting, saying, ‘Ah! comrades, we shall soon have done with marching and counter-marching, with fatigue-parties and trenches, with fields and camps, and blood and slaughter, and then, O! then, to depart and be with Christ. O! what glory! washed in his precious blood, justified by his glorious righteousness, and accepted in the Beloved! O! comrades, look up, for your redemption draweth nigh.’

“At length we were hurried, pell-mell, into the battle of Barossa. It was a day of blood, indeed, that will long be remembered by every survivor. At the close of the sanguinary conflict, our company had advanced at some short distance from the field of battle, and when the word was given to halt, a soldier ran up to inform me that my cousin was badly wounded, and bleeding on the field. I asked permission of our captain to fall back, and get my cousin into some hospital wagon to save his life; and as I was threading my way between dead horses and dead and dying soldiers, a dragoon galloped past me, who knew our praying company, and he called out aloud to me on the field of battle, as he sprang over the dead corpses, ‘Briery, there’s your comrade William dying by the side of that dead horse,’ pointing with his sword to the spot. I instantly hastened thither, and found him lying on his back, with his right hand upon his left breast, and the paleness of death overspread all his anguished features.

“I eagerly grasped his left hand, and called out, ‘William, William, comrade William!’ He opened his dying eyes, and looked upon me, and exclaimed, faintly at first, ‘Ah! comrade, is that you? how could you have found me out in this slaughter-house of groans and blood? You have only just come in time.’ I grasped his hand with affection as a dear friend and brother in the Lord; and, as the tears

rolled copiously down my cheeks, (for even war, with all its horrors, cannot destroy a soldier's best feelings of humanity and tenderness to a beloved Christian friend in the agonies of death.) I said, 'Where are you wounded, William?' He rolled his eyes in anguish, and replied, 'O, I've a musket-ball through my left breast, and I feel it will not be long before my soul will leave this agonized frame,—life is ebbing fast, and stingless death, through Christ my Lord, is coming upon me.' 'Are you in much pain, William?' He pressed his hand to his breast, and cried out with bitter anguish, 'O, comrade, the pains of my body are greater than I can possibly express.' I paused and wept over him, and waiting a moment until he could recover, as his breath became shorter, while the blood was oozing out of his wound, I said to him at intervals, 'William, how is it with your soul? Are you happy in the Lord? Is Christ now precious to you? We have fought in many battles,—we have marched over many a waste, howling wilderness,—we have encountered many enemies,—we have held many blessed meetings in Spain,—you have often told us the Lord was with you, in camps, in trenches, on guard, or on the march. Is Christ with you now, William? Is your soul comfortable in the enjoyment of his love, and the foretaste of heaven?' To my great surprise, he made a mighty effort, and sprang up, so as to occupy a sitting posture, partly leaning on my shoulder, and taking his hand from the wound, while the blood squirted out upon a dead horse, he lifted up his hand to heaven, and cried out, 'Ah! comrade, the joys of my soul are greater than all the pains of my body,—yes, indeed, He is precious, and I now prove, that having loved his own, He loveth them to the very end. Adieu, comrade, I am now indeed going to be with Jesus.' And then waving his hand, and gazing around him, he cried out, with a peculiar tone of voice that I shall never forget, while I held my hand to his wound: 'Farewell, marches and trenches! farewell, fatigue parties, and midnight revelings of drunken comrades! farewell, fields of battle, and blood, and slaughter; and farewell, sun, and moon, and stars—and'—He paused, almost exhausted with his feelings; but turning to me, he cried, 'Yes, farewell, beloved comrade in Christ Jesus! Meet me in glory, for O! in a few minutes

more my soul must depart, and then, yes,—

*'Then I'll march up the heavenly street,
And ground my arms at Jesus' feet!'*

His head sunk upon my shoulder; and suddenly the bugles sounded to call in stragglers from the field, on some special duty. I was compelled hastily to run to our company and fall in for duty; but after firing a short time at some renewed attack, we grounded our arms; and, in a little while, a soldier from the field came up to me, saying, 'Briery, I dug a small pit, and have just put your comrade William into it. He was a good fellow; I could not bear to see him lie there without a grave.' Ah, comrades, I was immediately like David, when he had lost his friend and brother in the war, and I cried out in his mournful language of deep sorrow, 'How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle! O Jonathan, thou wast slain in thy high places. I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan: very pleasant hast thou been unto me: thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women. How are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished!' 2 Sam. i, 25-27.

The soldier finished his simple and heart-affecting tale, and we all kneeled down while he poured out his soul before God for the army and the navy in particular, that sailors and soldiers might choose William's God, and enjoy William's triumphs, as they were infinitely greater on the field of death than ever the Duke of Wellington enjoyed in quitting that field for all the glory that could be conferred on him by his country. I do not remember to have heard anything told with more simplicity, and ease, and command of utterance, Christian pathos, and humility, in my life, so that I solemnly declare it left such an impression upon my soul that I thought I was never more fit to die than at that moment; and, indeed, for many weeks afterward, I occasionally felt a sort of ardent momentary desire, with inexpressible delight, to die like William, taking leave of all sublimary objects, and proclaiming the same language of triumph to friends and foes, to family and kindred, in the prospect of full redemption by the blood of the Lamb.

*"Then I'll march up the heavenly street,
And ground my arms at Jesus' feet."*

A STRANGE TRAFFIC.

IN his "Evenings with the Romanists," an excellent companion volume to that deservedly popular work "Evenings with the Jesuits," the Rev. Hobart Seymour records an extraordinary instance of that traffic in masses and indulgences for which the Church of Rome is so notorious. He was himself an eye-witness of what he describes. He writes:—

"There are certain altars, called 'privileged altars,' in the churches of Rome; the special privilege of which is, that a single mass said at such altar is adequate to release from purgatory suffering the soul for which it is offered. I witnessed personally the sale of this privileged mass to a large number of persons in the church or basilica of Santa Croce di Gerusalemme in Rome. Each person stated the name of the friend supposed to be suffering in purgatory, paid four pauls, (about one shilling and eight-pence,) and received an acknowledgment in writing! I witnessed again the same process at the Feast of the Assumption at Varallo in 1851. I had visited the Sacro Monte there to witness the pilgrimages to the shrine of the Virgin. The high altar of the principal church possesses the privilege already alluded to. And near it was a bureau or office, with a notice publicly setting forth to the multitude of pilgrims, that it was there they received the payments for the privileged masses, for the relief of the souls in purgatory. The pilgrims were entering, paying their money, giving the names of their departed friends, receiving an acknowledgment, and then withdrawing. I entered myself; I stated my wish to release the soul of a departed friend. The official bowed courteously, and, opening a large account-book, asked me my name?

"I gave him my name.

"He entered it in this account-book, but spelled it, as most Italians do, with an English name, so that I could not myself recognize it. We both smiled, and he apologized on account of the difficulty of writing a foreign name.

"I asked him how much I was to pay for the release of my friend.

"He replied, 'Two francs Milanese and seven cents.'

"I gave him a five-franc piece and received the change, by which it appeared he retained about one shilling and eight-pence.

"He then asked the name of my friend in purgatory whose soul was to be released.

"I felt that this was the moment for demonstrating the absurdity and knavery of this system. I thought that the best way of doing this was to give the name of some one who was certainly not then in purgatory. I gave my own name.

"He immediately handed me a book—the book of the names of all souls to be released by the privileged mass, and which book is deposited on the altar, so as that, when the priest says the privileged mass, he may name audibly or mentally the names of those to be released. In this book there were entered on the same

page about twenty names already. On handing this book to me he smiled courteously, and apologizing for giving me the trouble of writing the name, requested that I would myself write it, lest he should make any mistake. I wrote my own name at full length!

"He again bowed most courteously, apparently intimating that all was completed for the present. But, remembering that I saw others getting receipts, I asked for one.

"On filling the blanks in the receipt-form, he asked whether I would not like a *Blessing* for my friend's soul, as well as the *Mass*.

"I replied, with many thanks, that as the privileged mass was sure to release his soul from purgatory, he would not want the blessing.

"He smiled—completed the receipt—signed it—and I withdrew.

"Such was the scene in which I personally took part. The following is a copy of the receipt:—

"1851. Sept. 8th. The Sacred Mount.

"I, the undersigned, agent of the venerable fabric of the Sacred Mount of Varallo, have received from Mr. Hobart Seymour the charity of one shilling and eight-pence for one mass, to be celebrated at the perpetually privileged daily altar of the most blessed Virgin Mary in Varallo.

"In witness,

"AGNO BERTOLI."

"When a system like this is openly and publicly taught, and believed, and practiced, by the priesthood on one hand and by the people on the other—a system by which either murderer or victim may be released from the sufferings of another world by a small sum in this—where a system like this prevails among the population of any country, it ceases to be a matter of surprise that crime should abound in all its most dark and terrible features. The wonder would be if it should be otherwise."

In the chapter from which the preceding incident is taken, Mr. Seymour has gone into an elaborate investigation of the demoralizing results of the state of things thus disclosed in the countries under the influence of the Papacy. A most striking contrast is drawn between the amount of crime perpetrated in Protestant and Roman Catholic lands respectively, and especially in respect to that darkest development of human depravity—murder. An awful preponderance of guilt in this particular is established against the communities over whom the pope exercises his sway. The following are some of the terrific statistics which are presented on this subject:—

"The yearly average of murders in all Italy—in that land where the Church of Rome is supreme, and without a rival—is one thousand nine hundred and sixty-eight, so that every year there are left murdered in cold blood more men, and women, and children than often fall in our most blood-stained battle-fields. And this in the land of convents, and nunneries, and confessionals—in the land where, of all

else on the wide surface of God's creation, we might expect the full and happy development of all the restraints which the Church of Rome imposes upon crime—in the land where priests, and monks, and nuns exceed a hundred and twenty thousand! Mr. Whiteside informs us that at Assisi there are twelve convents; at Foligno, twelve for monks, and eight for nuns; at Spoleto, twenty-two; at Terni, five; at Marni, seven for monks, and five for nuns. It appears, too, that at Perugia there are thirty-four, while in Rome there are sixty-four for monks, and fifty for nuns! And yet it is in this very district that the murders amount to one hundred and thirteen to the million of the population! while in Naples and Sicily, there are, or rather were, a few years ago, sixteen thousand four hundred and fifty-five monks, and thirteen thousand nuns, the largest number in any country in the world, and *there* there is also the largest proportion of crime to be found in any one country on the whole surface of God's creation!

"The following are the results in all the several Roman Catholic countries, as contrasted with Protestant England:—

" Roman Catholic Ireland	- - -	19	to the million.
" " Belgium	- - -	18	" "
" " France	- - -	51	" "
" " Austria	- - -	36	" "
" " Bavaria	- - -	68	" "
" " Sardinia	- - -	20	" "
" " Lombardy	- - -	45	" "
" " Tuscany	- - -	56	" "
The Papal States	- - -	113	" "
Roman Catholic Sicily	- - -	99	" "
" " Naples	- - -	174	" "
PROTESTANT ENGLAND	- - -	4	" "

"I ask—are not these figures eloquent?"

"One thing at least is certain, as derived from these figures, official and governmental as they are, namely, that convents, and nunneries, and confessionals, and all such institutions of Romanism have failed in those countries where they have been tried under the circumstances most favorable for their development—have failed wretchedly and signally. And the argument, that we ought to introduce into this country the institutions of Romanism even in a modified form, as more efficient in repressing crime than the principles and motives of Protestant Christianity, is not only answered, but **ANNIHILATED**."

Surely there is something in this charge, sustained by these appalling and well-authenticated statistics, that deserves the serious consideration of every Romanist. We conclude with a passage which brings out other aspects of disparity between the two systems, of great importance, as showing the different feelings with which the crime of murder is regarded by their respective adherents:—

"Both Romanism and Protestantism are agreed as to the deep, black, awful sinfulness of the murderer. They are in accord as far as the murderer himself is concerned—as to his conscience, as to his soul, as to his eternal destiny, if he die unrepentant. They may differ, indeed, as to the mode of getting rid of his

guilt, but they are in accord so far as the murderer himself is concerned, while they are as wide as the poles respecting the murdered victim.

"This difference is wide and important in its results. That which gives a double-dyed guilt and shivering horror to the crime of murder in the eyes of a Protestant is, that it is suddenly sending an immortal being unbidden before his final judge—unprepared, and perhaps unthinking, before the last judgment, then and there, 'with all his imperfections on his head,' to receive his eternal destinies. There is no change in the grave; as he lived and died, so he rises and is judged. It is this that gives such unspeakable awe to this crime, and makes a good man shudder at its very name. But in the Church of Rome all this feeling, so cogent in restraining this crime, is annihilated. In her it is held, that the moral condition of a man may undergo a change in the grave—that he may be purified and bettered in his after state by purgatorial sufferings, and that after a time he may even stand spotless and blameless before his Judge. In connection with this doctrine it is held that the friends of the dead can relieve his sufferings, and secure his release, by getting masses said for his soul. And these masses are to be bought and sold as any other merchandise in the market. The result is, that the murderer looks on his bleeding victim, as he lies stark and ghastly, and he comforts himself with the thought that the surviving friends of the victim have it in their power to save him, by having masses offered for his soul; and that if they indeed fail—if they withhold the money from the priest, he himself has but to pay a trifling sum for the required number of masses; and he thus relieves himself—he disburdens his conscience of all that which gives the highest awe, the darkest and dreariest color to this crime in the eyes of a Protestant Christian."

THE EVER-RULING HAND.—A little error of the eye, a misguidance of the hand, a slip of the foot, a starting of a horse, a sudden mist, or a great shower, or a word undesignedly cast forth in an army, has turned the stream of victory from one side to another, and thereby disposed of empires and whole nations. No prince ever returns safe out of battle, but may well remember how many bullets have gone *by* that might have gone *through* him; and by what unforeseen chances death has been turned aside, which seemed in a full, ready, and direct career to have been posting to him. All which passages, if we do not acknowledge to have been guided to their respective ends and effects by the conduct of a superior and a divine hand, we do by the same assertion cashier all providence, strip the Almighty of his noblest prerogative, and make God, not the governor, but the mere spectator of the world.

[For the National Magazine.]

OTYPIES AND OGRAPHIES.

PHONETICS is divided into phonotypy and phonography. Phonotypy (compounded of the Greek words *phone*, voice, and *typos*, a type,) signifies voice-printing, or the reducing the exact vocal articulation to type. Phonography (*phone*, voice, and *graphie*, writing,) is the reduction of the same vocality to writing—voice-writing.

Phonotypy simply proposes a reform in our printed orthography founded on the true principle that the same character should always represent the same sound, and the same sound should always be expressed by the same character or characters. *Similia similibus vocitabantur*. Thereby every word in any language could be spelled in but one possible way. Spelling would in consequence become an exact science, acquirable in a few days, never to be forgotten and never to be mistaken. It accomplishes this, first, by retaining our present alphabet, but confining each letter to a single invariable sound; and, secondly, by expressing the surplus sounds by newly-invented characters. Thus our old habits are kindly indulged by making the changes as few as possible. The new style can readily be read by any tolerable scholar, and the reformatory transition is rendered most temptingly easy. Would that all reformatory gulfs were as conveniently bridged!

Phonography is more *ultra*, and, (may the conservatives and *fogies* forgive me!) therefore, more absolutely *right*. It despises all compromise, and makes no concession to "the arduousness of your hearts," or the thickness of your heads. It abjures all old alphabets, and makes a clean book. It discards all the crooks and curlcues of all existing letters, and reduces them to the simplest and briefest possible geometric forms. It thence becomes short-hand; and by a rare invention, or rather by a series of rare inventions, it becomes a short-hand of a most unrivaled perfection. Brevity and simplicity render it most easily and rapidly written; the consistency of its principles renders it comparatively easy of acquirement; the completeness and precision of its orthography render it easily and rapidly legible; and its great legibility renders it possible to introduce

such adventurous, yet systematic abbreviations, that it enables the practiced reporter to record the spoken words of the rapid orator with an accuracy which is in itself one of the present wonders of our age.

Phonography places the name of its inventor, Isaac Pitman, among the memorable benefactors of our race. All the old stenographies of Byrom, Towndrow, Gould, and others, are mere worthless botches compared with it. It came, we believe, complete from the hand of the author. Since its publication, we are sorry to say that some changes have been made which indicate that it has fallen into less competent hands. They had better keep hands off. The more they let phonography alone, the more phonography is obliged to them. And Mr. Pitman too (we speak it reverently of his genius) had better, perhaps, be chary of change. The sober second-thought of genius is often inferior to the impetuous first-thought. And when we call the inventor of phonography a *benefactor of his race*, we neither underrate the force of our terms nor overrate the merits of the invention. A development of its aims and capabilities will perhaps evince the truth of our position.

I. Both the ottypy and the ography propose to abolish that mass of absurdities facetiously called English *orthography*. To most of our readers, doubtless, phonotypy is only known by certain burlesque pretenses of imitation in the newspapers, conveying the idea, of course, that it is a *phery phoolish* and *wrydickyoulus aphphair*. So far, however, are these from being imitations of phonotypy, they are, in fact, made up of combinations belonging entirely to the common system, and are the very absurdities phonotypy abolishes. Every combination in the above burlesque clause, for instance, has a precedent in our established spelling. Nor can any spelling absurdity be possibly invented which is more ridiculous, to the unperverted eye, than that very system, or rather no-system, which custom has made so absurdly dear to unreflecting minds.

How truly these travesties burlesque our established spelling, let the following specimen, produced by Dr. Gregory, of Edinburgh, amusingly illustrate. Each word in the specimen is explained by a parallel spelling in the common orthography, placed beneath:—

Tough thea eaditer auph thie
 Through tea head laurel nephew grief
 Foughnotipick Jolonal syrrh eye observe
 through colonel myrrh eye zeal
 yew proepeaux two introwduice ay nue
 yue doe beause tuo know juice may sue
 sissedem or righting high whitche ue eckspress
 miselz eio right high witch huc pecks
 oanly theigh sowends anned knot thee orthog-
 loan leigh croined tanned knot thee doggerel
 gerafeiy oph they wirts butt lgh phthink
 barley Stephen key birds butt sigh apophthegm
 ugh gow to fare inn cheighnging ovr thyme
 Hugh know to are inn weigh core thyme
 onird alfahbeat aned ading sew menny
 bird Hannah sweat haves had sew penny
 neau lebtors. Ie meyk bould teo saigh
 beauty debtors. die they soul galleon straight
 thaat eit izz ewiet eyezi toe ruyt
 Isate forfeit whizz iudict Keyed shoe buy
 akarding too sowend withe theo leabtors
 warding too aloted lise people head debt
 hov theaw oald alfabeft, aind indead
 honor Beauchamp coal debt plaid plead
 Ui halv faor maini yeers begn
 beguile salmon extraordinary said weird impregn
 een theye habbit auv dooing sough.
 Greenwich keyed abbey laurel too dough.

If Pitman or any other being, human or superhuman, can emancipate our school children from this mass of barbarism, he is, at least, the benefactor of a most interesting part of human kind. The shout of joyous urchins, delivered from years of sad thralldom, should peal a salute to his honor. We are aware that there are merciless task-masters, who would still perpetuate the abomination, under the plea of its being a fine discipline, forsooth, of the childish brain. We esteem its effects on the mind to be, in the highest degree, deleterious, physically, mentally, and morally. We believe it has sent many a child to its untimely grave, and weakened and perverted many a brain it could not murder. We do not approve the practice of imposing difficult tasks of acquiring useless knowledge, under the pretense of discipline. Discipline enough there is, true discipline, the only true discipline, in the task of acquiring just and true knowledge. A discipline that trains the young mind to irrationality, to vagueness, to uselessness, to arbitrary caprice, to the substitution of conventional prescription for essential truth, is a curse to the mind and the soul. It is a training to falsehood; for mere conventional truth is falsehood agreed upon—a lie by compact. Nothing

is more important for training up clear-sighted observers and clear-headed logicians, than the habit through every part of education, nay, through every moment of life, of looking at and seeing things just as they are. Never should the mind be trained to hold things to be what they are not; to submit itself to conventional impositions and authorized absurdities; to satisfy itself with confused and vague perceptions. Now our common spelling process is guilty of all these offenses. It is vague, conventional, false, capricious, contradictory, confusing, all continued for years, through the weary hours of five days in the week, at the most tender and impressive period of life. We submit that it is both stultifying and demoralizing—an execrable nuisance that ought to be abated.*

As to the etymological objection, that phonotypy would destroy all traces of the derivation at present embodied in the spelling, our reply is brief. Phonotypy, doubtless, would add one step to the process of tracing the historical mutations through which a given word has passed. It flings the old forms one remove back. To the professional etymologist this is, doubtless, a great favor, as it affords additional field for research, and so additional reputation for profundity in recondite knowledge. To the second-hand etymologist, who examines the derivation of a word for an immediate and practical purpose, there is an easy mechanical aid. Webster's large dictionary analyzes the etymology of every word in the language. A phonotypic dictionary could easily add to the phonotypic word its old spelling-form, and then trace its various steps of derivation; for, be it remembered, phonotypy retains all the present letters of the alphabet. Etymology, so far as it would be concealed by phonotypy, has little influence upon the large mass of speakers and writers in our language; and the man

* If any shrewd reader suspects, from the heartiness of this denunciation, that the author is a bad speller, and that what so claims to be conscientious opposition is all vexation and smarting memory of the rod or ferule for misspelt lessons, he begs leave to say that when an urchin his position was generally at the head of his spelling-class; and that, at the present day, it is a sharp compositor that catches his orthography tripping. He says not this to boast of so contemptible a merit, but to show that he speaks from a vantage ground.

who needs an occult etymological fact can afford to work for it without expecting that all Christendom or all Saxondom should bear his burden with him. An etymology is a luxury for the few; phonotypy is a necessity for the many. The etymological objection is founded on the old feudal principle: that the lip of the upper ten may enjoy its silver spoon, let the mouths of the million go empty.

But what shall be done with all our present books and all our old libraries? We answer, Do with them just what you have done with your old writers, Milton and Shakspeare. Reprint them all in the new orthography, and your publishing houses will have no objection to the glorious job. For do not imagine that you are reading those venerable standards in their own obsolete orthography. They have all been renovated from the old to the new *barbarism* prescribed by Johnson's Dictionary. A few hours' practice enables us to *read* authors much older than these,—Chaucer and Gower, for instance, in their old spelling,—and we have no need to learn to *write* in that orthography. In a similar way, were phonotypy now in universal use, established a full century, a few hours would make our present barbarism sufficiently readable for all practical purposes. The reformation, gradually adopted, would attain all its benefits without expense and without inconvenience. It only requires the sacrifice of the childish, or rather *owlish* prejudice that admires customary deformity.

There are few native American born men who can speak or read their own language without mistake. We seldom hear a speaker, either at the bar, in the pulpit, or in the professor's chair, even, who can pronounce the entire language with unerring accuracy. We every day hear false orthoepy from professional and literary speakers. Men who have spent their entire lives in scholastic pursuits, and are nice in pronunciations, are obliged, at fifty or sixty years of age, to thumb a lexicon to learn how to pronounce their mother-tongue! and that, too, with a sad presentiment that, so unprincipled is our own orthography, he may have to hunt up the same treacherous vocable in the same dictionary next week. And yet the intrepid and faithful foggy will be up in arms if you should suggest to him the idea of bringing into use an orthography

in which a mistake or an uncertainty would be an impossibility. The same fact is true in regard to spelling. Few literary men are there at any age of life who are not plagued with doubts in the spelling of a language they have been spelling all their lives. Few are there who, if put into a spelling-class, and tried by an expert master, would not occasionally verge towards the foot. Yet you propose to the mass of them a reformatory remedy at the risk of nicknames and ridicule for your pains. Let this fact, at any rate, be well remembered—English and Chinese can seldom or never be completely learned even by native literati. It is a great proof of semi-civilization in both races.

We call the attention of teachers and all controllers of schools to one valuable fact. The shortest way of learning even our *present spelling system* is *thorough phonotypy*. This has been repeatedly tried with a uniform result. One of the most distinguished philologists of our day, Dr. Latham, of England, says: "The present writer is prepared with facts by which he could verify the following position, that if a child were taught at first on the phonetic principle, and, by graduated lessons, brought up to a comprehension of the present orthography, his reading would be taught in half the time, half the trouble, and consequently half the risk of having a distaste for learning engendered by the difficulties of his studies involved in the present system." This statement suggests the mode by which the reform may be most advantageously commenced, and fully answers the objection deduced from the supposed *double trouble* of at first learning two methods of spelling and reading.

We have thus far considered the negative part of the reform, namely, the removal of the old rubbish, and have answered the objections most commonly adduced. We next proceed to the positive part, the great advantages accruing to the world from its adoption.

II. Phonotypy is the *short way to an economical and universal education*. A child can learn to read phonotypy in from twenty to forty hours. The weeks, months, and years now occupied with the unaccomplishable task of mastering our mother-tongue are at once vacated, and room is made for more inspiring studies,

and more advantageous and ennobling knowledge. With how much more of knowledge might not a boy of twelve or fifteen years be furnished, and that too with much less danger of impaired health, or an obtuse brain, than the dry drill of our present spelling process furnishes. In a few days, if necessary at Sunday schools, every person could be taught to read in these United States. Every youth, man and woman, white or colored, could be made to read phonotypically, and a phonotypic Bible be placed in hand. Phonotypic newspapers might follow, and the multiplied thousands who now control our ballot-boxes, without knowing how to read their vote, might be taught to vote intelligently. Phonotypy gives to the poorest the key of knowledge. Of such a reform Franklin long since said, "Sooner or later it must be done, or our writing will become the same as Chinese as to the difficulty of learning and using it; and it would already have been such if we had continued the Saxon spelling and writing used by our forefathers." We submit that this consideration alone, appealing at once to the self-interest and the benevolence of every reflecting man, is sufficient to overbear every objection, and to induce the rejection of the old and the adoption of the new orthography.

III. Phonotypy furnishes a great desideratum for *reducing spoken languages to an unequivocal written language*. An invariable and universal alphabet, applicable, or at least expandable to all new and hitherto unwritten languages, has long been felt by philologists and missionaries to be a great want. This practical want may be best expressed in the words of Rev. Silas T. Rand, missionary to the Mickmack Indians, Nova Scotia: "I had no sooner begun the task of learning their language and reducing it to writing, than the difficulties and absurdities of our so-called orthography brought me to a stand. After succeeding in catching some of their long words, and fixing them, as I fondly hoped, upon paper, I was disappointed to find that, so far as the real pronunciation of the words was concerned, I was just where I was before. How was I to know which of the four sounds of *a* to give to this letter? And so of the rest. This difficulty must have been felt by others in the same case. I betook me to Walker's Pronouncing Dictionary. What does he

do, said I, when he attempts to give the true sound of a word? Here I found a phonetic alphabet. It was a clumsy, awkward one, but it answered the purpose. He gives four characters for the sound of *a*. It is done by placing the figures 1, 2, 3, 4, over this letter. The other vowels are distinguished in the same way. 'Come on', said I, 'now I have it.' I succeeded, and soon improved on this; showing, by the way, that a phonetic alphabet is a want of the age. I could place a mark over the vowels, and the same purpose was effected. The usual signs for long and short (— ~) answered. Still here was a sad defect. Often, in the hurry of writing, these diacritical points would be neglected, and as a consequence I would often say one thing and write another." There exists no standard alphabet which can express the articulation of any new language, or of any language with precision. We are gratified to say that Mr. Rand has been supplied with "A First Reading Book in Mickmack," from the Phonotypic press of Pitman himself, at Bath, England. And how well Pitman's alphabet has served the purpose of couching Mickmack in a precise written character, Mr. Rand fully testifies: "Having already tried the experiment, I am prepared to say that a person who understands the phonetic alphabet is at once qualified to teach children or adults in a language he does not understand by means of it." A Yankee then could read the phonotypic "First Book" intelligibly to a Mickmack without understanding it himself. This is the perfection of a universal alphabet.

An alphabet applicable thus to any new language, is of course applicable or susceptible of being made applicable to the old or already written languages of the civilized world; and so far as Europe, west of the Slavonic race, is concerned, it may be adopted about as indifferently as our Teutonic brethren use either the Germanic or Romanic type. We are thus in sight of a universal alphabet.

IV. Phonotypy opens the prospect of rendering the English a universal language.

The ambition of the French to render their language universal is destined to total failure. On the contrary, the far-extended conquests, colonizations, commerce and annexations of the Anglo-Saxon

race is spreading, with Protestantism, the English language over the globe. On our hemisphere its triumph is inevitable. Liberia and other colonies, English colonies, are taking care of Africa. California, the Sandwich Islands, and Australia are, for the first time, bringing the Pacific, with her sunny isles and Asiatic margin, broadly into history, and overspreading the whole with the English language. India will pour the same language into more central Asia. A similar Anglo-Saxon progress for another half century will secure, at least, its predominance.

How suitable is the English language for this high office of universality? Let a French authority, the Abbe Sicard, furnish the only reply we have room to give: "Of all languages, the English is the most simple, the most rational, and the most natural in its construction. These peculiarities give it a philosophical character; and as its terms are strong, expressive, and copious, no language seems better calculated to facilitate the intercourse of mankind as a *universal medium of communication*."

What is the great obstacle to the universality of our language. Let a learned German authority, Dr. K. M. Rapp, furnish answer: "English may pass for the general language of all the world, with the exception of Europe. This idiom has become incomparably flowing, from a bold mixture and consequent resolution of the grammatical forms of its Gothic and Roman elements, and certainly appears destined more than any other living tongue to play this part. The suitableness of this language for universal adoption would be still more evident were it not obscured by a *whimsically antiquated orthography*; and the other nations of Europe may esteem themselves *fortunate that the English have not made this discovery*."

We trust we have shown some reason for believing that phonotypy removes a main obstacle to the universal spread of the English language.

Among the causes of international misunderstanding, such as hereditary prejudice, wars and barbarism, the differences of language are one of the greatest. The curse of Babel is second only to the curse of Paradise Lost. The press, the newspaper, the rail-road, the telegraph, and commerce, are primary civilizers, because they intermix mankind, combine them into

common interests, melt away prejudice, and tend to form a family of nations. Yet the separating walls of linguistic differences still stand, but imperfectly overcome. Were Russia our nearest neighbor, and England our farthest, language alone would reverse the intellectual and sympathetic distance. Did but one language pervade the world, how comparatively rapid the advance of universal knowledge, science, and religion would be! It is against this formidable linguistic difficulty that the Christian Church, at great expense and labor, is struggling, in the making of her grammars and other philological apparatuses, her translations and her printing-presses, for the different tribes of the babbling earth. Now the spread of one great, simple, powerful language over the globe, borne by a philosophical orthography, acquirable in a few hours, bringing into reach the richest literature in the world, would all but reverse the curse of confusion, and go far to spread the remedy of the fall. And how exultant the thought that it should be our own English-American tongue! Certainly, to attain so grand a consummation, the sacrifice of a narrow-bred attachment to our present type and orthography would be a most cheap concession.

V. It may be specially claimed for phonography, or phonetic short-hand—

1. That it can be written four times as fast as the ordinary hand. A common writer may write from forty to forty-five words a minute; a phonographer nearly two hundred. An average speaker utters about one hundred and fifty.

2. That while its analysis of elements is very profound and complete, its characters are so simple, and its principles so clear, that it is easily and quickly learned. It has little of the arbitrary in its system.

3. That it is legible, and far more unequivocal than the common hand. It is, therefore, perfectly safe for the merchant's book account, or the most important legal document.

4. That it expresses the exact pronunciation of the writer. It hence forces us to a correct perception of the true pronunciation of the word. If we pronounce wrongly, we shall infallibly write wrongly.*

* For these four points, essentially, we are indebted to a lecture delivered on the subject by A. J. Graham, of New-York.

We hardly dare venture the remark, which forces itself upon us, that the generation is coming which will use neither the present handwriting, nor the phonotypic, but phonography. It may be safely asserted, that no two good phonographers would ever hold a correspondence with each other in the ordinary hand, or in phonetic long-hand. The sure and simple reason is, that phonography would save three-fourths at least of their time, and perhaps the same proportion in ink and paper, and be at least as rapidly and as clearly legible. When these advantages are sufficiently understood, what ambitious young man will not wish to master phonography? Especially, what young man who expects to write much? What young man who expects to listen to the lectures of a professor which he would like to record? Or who expects, as a lawyer, to take down uttered evidence? Or who expects, as a minister, to read, or, at any rate, to prepare sermons? What literary man who expects to write volumes for the press, would not choose to do it at railroad speed? What merchant that now writes fifty letters a day would not rejoice to do it in a fraction of the time? Of two rail-roads, a thousand miles each in length, that one will take all the custom, other things being equal, which will save one hour's time. Much more of two hand-writings, which may occupy our whole lives, that will gain all preference, which, being equal in all else, will save four-fifths of our time. It will take years to make the advantage known. It will take other years to bring the advantageous method into general practice. Yet the inevitable result is secured by unmistakable and unfailing laws of nature and of mind. There is in the thing itself an *element*, namely, an intrinsic *value*, great, self-evidencing, indestructible, which insures its own absolute triumph. What is advantageous for one or two, is advantageous for many and for all. The value to the few is immensely enhanced by its general adoption, so that interest promotes propagandism. When it begins to become general, no one can, without serious inconvenience, remain in ignorance; they must learn in self-defense. It may seem visionary; but as visionary conjectures have proved true, that the ordinary long-hand, nay, *all* long-hand, will gradually grow into disuse, be utterly superseded, and handed as thor-

oughly over to the antiquarian as the hieroglyphics of Thebes.

And why ought not this orthographic reform to triumph? Its triumph is the acceleration of human improvement. Its success is not merely a mechanical advantage, or simply an *intellectual*, but a great *moral* progression. If it abolish a large mass of stupefying barbarism from our primary education; if it accelerate the spread of popular education, even through the humblest and poorest classes of society; if it tend to the predominance of our own great language, and to harmonize into unity the languages and the nations of the earth into one great family; and finally, if it give to the world the power of writing that language with the rapidity of uttered speech, then it has a right to the very proudest mention among the proudest achievements with which modern science has brightened the hopes of human ennoblements.

With the history of phonetics in this country we do not profess to be well acquainted, not having had any intercourse whatever with the friends of the art. Some years since Andrews and Boyle issued several valuable publications, from the press of John F. Trow, both in phonotypy and phonography. Their phonographic works were printed in a clear, strong character. Their phonographic instruction-book (from which, mainly, came our little knowledge of the art) was a masterpiece of analysis. Some two years since, Mr. E. Webster published, under the auspices of the Fowlers, a monthly phonographic periodical, in a character of unsurpassed clearness and beauty. Mr. Webster has also published a Phonographic Instructor, a work of high value to the learner, with or without a teacher. Mr. Webster has been succeeded, within a few months past, by Mr. A. J. Graham, who now publishes "The Cosmotype," a monthly journal devoted measurably to phonetics; "The Universal Phonographer," published chiefly in the phonographic character; and other works of that class.

THERE can be no doubt but that everything in the world, by the beauty of its order, and the evidence of a determinate and beneficial purpose which pervades it, testifies that some supreme efficient power must have preexisted, by which the whole was ordained for a specific end.—Milton.

[For the National Magazine.]

GUILTY, OR NOT GUILTY?

BY ALICE CARY.

IT is now a good many years since I set out to make a little journey of some fifty or sixty miles. I had never been from home unaccompanied by father or brother, was timid and inexperienced, and felt, no doubt, a greater trepidation and responsibility than some persons have experienced when about journeying around the world.

I arose at daybreak, and took passage in a stage-coach with the expectation of reaching my destination shortly after sunset. The route lay through a part of the country that was little cultivated, and naturally nearly barren of attractions. The first daylight was breaking through the eastern clouds, white and uncertain, when the door of the stage-coach closed upon me, and I saw myself one of three passengers.

The oil lamp with which the coach had been lighted during the night was burnt low, and I could but imperfectly distinguish my fellow-travelers, one of whom was a boy, the other an old man. Both seemed to me, at first, exceedingly unprepossessing. The old man inspired me with distrust, almost with fear; and when he saw that I drew myself in the corner farthest from him, he smiled, and, dropping his head, made me the target of such keen upward-looking glances as seemed to me to pierce to my inmost thought. I did not like his closely-cropped gray hair—I did not like his gray beard, which seemed not to have been shaven for a week—I did not like the old blue cloak he was wrapped in—it looked Jesuitical. I did not like his hard, sun-burned hands. God forgive me, but I thought they might have done murders. The boy kept feeling with his small delicate hands from one thing to another, which I attributed to idiocy; but mostly I disliked the way the man's keen gray eyes looked out from beneath shaggy brows, with what seemed to me a cold, prying, calculating gaze, and not with the straight open look of an honest purpose. I was disconcerted by his observation, and in spite of all effort to throw aside suspicion, connected him with trap-doors and pitfalls, and secret wells, and other dark and disagreeable

processes by which human life is brought to untimely ends.

He held between his feet an old pair of saddle-bags, made evidently by some unskillful hand, and stuffed out with what seemed implements, rather than clothing. They fastened with a key, which he held in his mouth, and it seemed that nothing could satisfy him about the security of something they contained; for over and over he tried the lock with his fingers, as if to see what strength would be required to break it—then he would take the key from between his teeth, fit it in the lock slowly and cautiously, and turn and unturn, smiling when it seemed to catch firmly—then he would unlace the strap that in addition to the lock secured the opening, and for ten minutes together feel, and fumble, and rattle what appeared to be knives, or chisels, or other small tools, and at last, as if satisfied, he would relace the strap, turn the key, replace it between his teeth, and carefully adjust the saddle-bags at his feet. It would not be long, however, until uneasy symptoms would begin to manifest themselves, and, stooping, he would feel the outside of the saddle-bags, as if to ascertain if the treasure were still safe, but he would not be long satisfied without repeating the process already described; indeed, he now and then peered within, as if only eyesight could satisfy him. Two other objects of interest divided his attention—a small dog, black and shaggy; and the boy, fifteen years old perhaps, beautiful (as I saw by daylight) and blind. He was dressed poorly, scantily almost; but there was in his face a look of resignation, of sweetness and refinement, that I never saw equaled in any other countenance. Very quiet he sat for the most part, but now and then he would feel for the hand of the old man, and sometimes lean his head against his shoulder, or speak, but in tones so low that I could not hear what he said. Often the old man would stroke his brown curls softly, and look upon him almost tenderly; then he would frown and shake his head, and I would hear the key grate between his teeth, and once I heard him say, "You would not lean upon me if you could see—no, no, my pretty boy"—and he shook him roughly away, and buried his forehead in his hands, and when he removed them (those hard, bronzed hands) his keen searching eyes were more than moistened. Many

times he opened and shut them, but it would not do—they filled more and more, until the drops were ready to fall, and did fall down his wrinkled and sun-burned cheeks, that you would not have believed had been wet in that way for a long time—perhaps never; for you could not fancy that he ever had been a child—ever had been any younger, indeed, or that he would ever be any older. He appeared to have been caught up by time somewhere, and locked fast just there to wait for immortal repairs. He would not wipe the tears away; he seemed too stubborn to do that; but sat upright, as though he scorned the weakness he could not master. Perhaps it was the tremor of his arm the boy felt as he rested against him, for he sat up, and passed his delicate hand along the face of his protector, and when he found the tears, wiped them softly away. The old man turned impatiently from him for a moment, and then folding his cloak about the child, held him to his bosom with all a woman's fondness and devotion. He seemed not to know himself, or to be alternately repelled from and drawn toward the boy by conflicting emotions.

The dog drew away from him the length of his string, for the poor fellow was tied to the man's wrist by a strong piece of twine, and whenever the captive manifested any uneasiness, the keeper seemed to delight in making him aware of his bonds, and would continually twitch the cord, and not infrequently draw the trembling prisoner close to his feet. My first disaffection was strengthened by the evident dislike of his master on the part of the dog, so easy is it to find confirmation of any foregone conclusion.

The lamp burned itself out after a while, and the sun came up, but did not shine; the clouds were too dense to suffer one beam to come through, the atmosphere was damp and foggy, and the road winding, and hilly, and miry. Now and then we met some loaded team, or passed a company of men and women, dogs, cows, and babies, moving westward, and now and then a solitary man or woman riding to the house of some neighbor, or to the country store, half a dozen miles away from their own homes perhaps. Now and then the coachman whistled or sung the fragment of some song, sad or merry, and once or twice we stopped at a way-side pump, and gave the horses their accus-

tomed refreshment of pure cold water; and with these little variations we went monotonously on and on. The ground we passed over was flat and wet, and for miles and miles the road was cut through woods—dripping wet they stood on either side of us, their faded leaves raining slowly and solemnly down. There was no gayety in their thin tops—the insects were already gone—most of the birds were gone, the few that remained were consulting in low and troubled notes as to the time of departure, and the land of adoption. Often we washed through deep muddy holes, often the coach leaned down further than seemed safe—now through a stony creek we waded, and now up a long clayey hill, and now abruptly into a deep gutter, and here we stopped. One spring broke down, one horse reared back, and one leaped forward, and the old coach strained, and creaked, and rocked to one side and the other, and finally settled down enfeebled, if not quite disabled.

A rough exclamation of anger broke from the lips of the man with the treasure, who, with the boy in his arms, had jumped to the ground on the first intimation of the disaster. "We shall not be able to accomplish half a dozen miles more to-day," he said, "do our best;" and as he spoke he seemed to be trying the strength of the broken part, for I heard another snap of wood or iron. Then there followed some contention between the driver and this man, the former urging the feasibility of completing the usual stage, and the latter arguing violently the danger and impossibility of so doing. After a delay of more than an hour, the broken part was in some sort repaired with the help of rope and sticks, and our journey resumed, slowly and cautiously—the old man walking, and the blind boy and myself remaining the only passengers.

In our enfeebled condition, and with the fear of utter disability before us, we made but slow progress, and night fell, with prospect of rain, long before the usual stage was accomplished. I felt uneasy and, in fact, fearful almost, when we struck into a dismal, and what seemed to me interminable woods, and the rain began to patter on the roof and windows of our coach. Now and then the blind boy would reach his hand out and feel the air, and look, or try to look, for his silent

companion, but he spoke not; and sometimes the old man would peer in, but speaking no word, and wearing a scowl on his face, and each time he came within my view I observed that he had the saddle-bags clutched tight in his hands; and once, when the wind blew his cloak aside, I saw, or thought I saw, that he carried arms. At length we came to a halt—there were some sharp words between the driver and the foot-passenger, which resulted in an agreement that we three travelers should remain at a farm-house a short distance from where we then were, and that the coachman should ride forward to the next station, deliver the mail, and return with a more reliable equipage for the conveying of us forward in the morning. Accordingly we alighted, and with my baggage carried forward by the coachman and his passenger, we made our way through a lane, dark, muddy, and narrow, to a miserable old house, about which the wood was thinned away a little, but gloomier than elsewhere in consequence of the girdled trees and burning stumps where the little smoke and fire were contending feebly with the rain, which was now falling pretty fast.

Our rap was answered by a harsh "come in;" and when our misfortune and necessity had been made known to the man of the house, he answered indifferently that they had no accommodations for strangers, but that if his wife chose to do so she could keep us and have the profits, but for his own part he would rather we would go to the next house. But the next house was three miles distant, the night was as dark as it could be, and the rain falling steadily with no prospect of slackening. There was no way of getting my trunk forward, but I would have walked on without it rather than remain an unwelcome guest, but for the authoritative interposition of the old man with the saddle-bags. To seek other lodgings was out of the question, he said, under the circumstances; that we must have shelter, at least, and would be grateful for a little bread and meat if they would consent to oblige us so far; and having spoke thus to our host, he approached, and for the first time addressed me, stooping close to my face, and speaking almost in a whisper—"Young woman," he said, "if you have anything valuable about you I will take charge of it for to-night—a man who would turn a

young woman out of doors such a night as this would not hesitate to take her money." From the first I had disliked, or rather been suspicious of this old man, and the abrupt manner in which he almost demanded my money did not increase my confidence. I was annoyed, confused, and before I could make any reply, he had read my thought and turned away, and did not once look at, or speak to me again during the time we remained together.

After a muttered and brief consultation between the man and wife of the house, the woman informed us drily that she supposed we could stay, but that she was too tired to prepare supper for us, and had nothing to give us if she were not. She had been picking and burning brush all day, she said, and felt more like being waited on herself than serving other folks—besides she was not brought up to be a waiter, and when she made up her mind to be one she would like to be took by a master and took care of, and not be a slave and take care of herself into the bargain. Our host, a tall, gaunt man, whose bare feet appeared to have seen no water since contact with mud and mire, arose at this juncture and silently left the room; and our hostess shortly after, without having offered us any refreshment, proposed to show us to our apartments. Up a rough and unfinished stair, without balusters, I was shown into a low, open, and unplastered garret, furnished meanly with an old chest, a broken chair, and a bed. "Be quick, now, and I will wait," said the woman who had accompanied me, protecting the tallow candle she held from the wind with her apron. Her manner was so peremptory, and her tone so unsympathizing, that I felt constrained to obey, and did in silence, thinking nothing about the door till I had drawn the old bed-quilt about my shoulders. "Never mind," said the woman, seeing me about rising, "if you are so dreadful feared, I'll lock the door and slip the key under the crack, as I have done for many a scary young woman like you before now." "Very well," I answered, and she withdrew with the candle, locking the door behind her. With the grating of the key, a shudder, and an awful sense of fear came over me, and, raising myself quickly on my elbow, I listened for the key to be slipped underneath the door as the woman had indicated; but though I heard some

slight noise, like rubbing it along the sill, I was quite sure the key was not shoved under as had been proposed, so sure that I called aloud, hearing the receding steps of my hostess. There came no answer; and when I called still louder, and listened, O how eagerly! the faint and far-away footfalls told me plainly that my keeper was passed out of hearing.

I did not rise at first—I was afraid to know the key was not there, and tried to cling to the possibility that the sound had deceived me, and all was right. But it is exceedingly hard to strengthen one's self—a voice that is not our own is vastly more comforting, and reason and argue as I would, all sounded like "words, words, words."

Though it was cloudy and raining, the room was not without a sort of dead gray light, through which, when I became accustomed to it, I could discern imperfectly; and now and then, too, the momentary blaze of some burning tree showed very distinctly the furniture, the naked rafters, and whatever else was about me. I watched for those flashes impatiently, fixing my eyes on the floor by the door—but no shining glimpse could I catch of the key, and after a little, with the continual fall of rain the occasional lights went out, and I returned again to the probing of the dead gray light. I tried to divert my thoughts from the fact of being a prisoner, by listening to the rain on the roof, which at another time would have been soothing and cheering as a lullaby—now I would gladly have had it still. The old garments hanging against the wall took the shapes of ghosts, and fancy buried itself with what might be the contents of the great oaken chest near my bed—"the musty old clothes of some dead relative," said Probability; "treasures unlawfully gotten," said Possibility; or, "perhaps, the bloody evidence of murderous guilt." And the more rein I gave this bad imagining, the more and more it drew upon credulity, till my hair, as the hour grew late, seemed almost stirring with fear. In the near woods cried the owl, so lonesomely, and a heavy and complaining moan went by with the wind—no star nor moon made any cheerfulness in heaven, and the soaked ground gave out only thick and blinding fogs—no sound of travel along the muddy road relieved the dreary monotony—all in the house

was still, except the capering of a mouse about the floor, or the gnawing of some rat in floor or through wall, and the falling to think of sheep lying in pleasant summer and falling and falling of the rain. I tried pastures—of the cows standing kneedeep in clover, with their udders so clean and full—of the thick maple shadows where so often I had seen our two oxen lying together, chewing their cud—of the bees making a brown and golden ridge about the hive, and of the garden flowers heavy with honey—the swallows sailing low and gracefully, their bright wild eyes glancing at me as they passed; but all that the combined influence of memory and fancy and will could do, was not enough to keep down the troubling fact of my present prisoner condition, and the facility with which my chamber might be entered if any evil-disposed persons were about; there were no means of defense at hand, and I felt an incompetency to use any weapon if the most effective one had been given me; so I lay vibrating between fear of my entertainers and the old man who had been my companion on the journey. At length I settled in the conviction, that he was an ally of these pretended farmers, and had himself assisted to disable the coach, for I remembered that it snapt under his rough handling, and his vehement declaration against any attempt at further procedure. I could recall nothing that did not confirm my suspicions—the closely-locked and guarded saddle-bags—the sinister expression—the evident dislike of men and women, and lastly the blunt demand for my money. What could be more significant of bad designs than all this? The seeming reluctance of the farmers to keep us might have been feigned, and so far from being strangers, as they appeared, they might be, and most probably were, the most intimate associates. I even went so far as to suspect the boy had been only pretending to be blind, though in what way such pretense would be likely to be connected with murderous intentions, I did not stop to inquire. For what good purpose, at any rate, I asked again and again, could my inhospitable hostess have locked me in so dismal a garret, carrying with her the key?

I could not reflect, or examine anything profitably, for my foregone conclusions gave everything the same fearful coloring. There were no pauses in the storm to

aid my listening, but I became gradually aware of a noise that was not the wind, nor the falling of the rain; and as I bent my ear down attentively, I thought it proceeded from somewhere near about my door. It would be useless to attempt any description of my suffering when fear became certainty. There was no delusion about it—a hand was softly trying the door-handle. I could not have screamed if I would—my breath was choked—and with steps that seemed to tread on the air, I reached the door with the intention of setting my little strength against it. The boards creaked as I walked, and my staggering against the chair made a slight noise, enough to disturb the work of the person outside the door, for when I leaned my ear against the thin panel I could discern no faintest sound. So long and so deep was the silence, that I began to think I had been mistaken, and felt my heart beat with something like its natural pulses, when I felt a turning of the door-knob, against which my head was resting. An audible groan was my recognition of it—then I almost held my breath and listened again, but there came no stir and no sound. As I grew calmer I remembered that fright distorted everything, and gave to shadows the most monstrous bodily shapes, and to the sigh of the wind or the treading of a cat the sound of a murderer's step, when I became aware of a pressure against the door, which hung loose in its rude frame: as often as I leaned against it I felt the pressure returned, and yet the stronger the evidence that some one was indeed at the door, the more I tried to charge to the account of fancy. The absence of any sound for half an hour together, sometimes would strengthen my hope that no one was there; besides, the woman had taken the key, for I had felt along the floor carefully and could not find it, and I would hear, situated as I was, the softest attempt to replace it.

At last I heard the cocks' crow for morning, and thought I saw a little whitening in the gray light of my room, and with a sudden lightening of heart stood up, preparatory to returning to bed, for I was near fainting with exhaustion. Something like self-reproach was making its way to my heart, for having injured, even in thought, people as harmless as myself, and perhaps better, when I felt the passing of a hand across my bare foot.

A terrible sense of fright and a hideous cry for help was all I knew, till I awoke, and found myself lying on my bed, and the old man of whom I had been so suspicious, bending over me and tenderly examining my face by the one candle alight on the old chest.

"Try to rest a little, my poor child," he said—"nothing shall harm you;" and as he laid his hand on my forehead and tucked the pillow under my cheek, I looked in his face and saw nothing there to be afraid of.

It was not sunrise when my hostess entered my room, to say the stage-coach was waiting; I observed that she did so without turning the key, and, on inquiry, learned that after once locking she had unlocked the door, knowing I was perfectly safe, and thinking in the event of a fire I might not be able to find the key if she put it under the door as she at first proposed.

Having accepted our fare with an eagerness that was not very womanly, she hurried us away without breakfast or even the refreshment of any kind words, and we went once more rapidly forward—the old man with the saddle-bags, the blind boy, and I—all talkative enough.

Everything was interesting—the day, the country through which we were passing—but more particularly, the events of the past night and our own personal histories and purposes, for by some tacit understanding we became friends in a moment.

All we said would not be interesting to repeat; but something of the old man's life—why he became distrustful and misanthropic—how he chanced to be traveling with the blind boy—why his keen eyes had looked so earnestly into mine—and why he sat at my door, will make a summary not altogether "flat and unprofitable" I hope.

To begin at the ending, he was drawn toward me because I looked like one whom he had known in youth—he did not say loved, I felt that. He had been left in the world a poor friendless boy, and grew into manhood unloved and uncared for; but all at once there came new sunshine into the world—he met one whom he believed alike good and beautiful; their hopes and their hearts, as he thought, became one; but in this world's goods both were poor, and he left her to make for them a home

in the far west—left her hopefully, truthfully, tenderly. "Here," he said, taking up the old saddle-bags, "here are her letters, all the treasure I have had till now;" and as he spoke, he laid his hand on the boy's shoulder, and sighed heavily.

After a moment's silence he straightened himself up, and went on to say, he had been successful in the achievement of a competency; "but what of that," he said, "I came back and found this boy on her knees—she had been married a year."

Nothing was left for him, nor faith in man nor woman either, nor hope, nor energy, nor care for any acquisition. He had gone back alone and lived a solitary man, discontentedly and uselessly, shunning society, and for pastime shooting wild birds and chasing deer, and now and then dreaming over the old dream, and blaming fate, and blaming everything but the worldly heart and hollow ambition of his betrothed.

Lately he had heard, by accident, of her death, and heavy-hearted and careless for all beside, he was still true to the feeling of the boy; and had not rested day nor night till he had seen her grave, and made her poor blind child the companion of his old age, and the heir of his love and his little fortune.

Mystery of mysteries, thought I, as I looked upon him and the carefully preserved treasure at his feet, who shall half comprehend thee?

Thou that canst make a falsehood wear
The brightest semblance of the truth,
And pour upon the silvery hair
The beauty of immortal youth.

Last, best creation and gift of God—probably eternity will only suffice to unfold the fulness of its wonders and its glory.

Tears put out the fire of enmity and suspicion in the eyes of the old man as he told me the story of his love, and an unseen hand seemed to smooth away the hardness, and the wrinkles, and cares from his face, and as the child of an envied father slept, leaning on his shoulder, so beloved, I felt how much stronger in every heart, after all, are the feelings of kindness and forgiveness.

On seeing me the old memory was awakened forcibly because of some accidental or fancied resemblance; but he saw as he looked at me that I shrank away from him, and misinterpreting my

fear into a feeling of dislike, he had drawn back into himself again, and so the day passed in silence and the gloomy night came—a night of fear and suspicion to us both.

Like myself, he had been distrustful of our entertainers, perhaps that he was distrustful of everybody, and seeing that I was positively frightened, and suspicious of him as well as them, he left his bed and kept watch at my door, from which he could also see the entrance to his own apartment. Sometimes he had thought he felt a pressure on the door, and once or twice that he heard noises as if I was astrid, or some one else, and at last becoming so sure the door was pressed against by some one or something, he had put his hand beneath it, and the result the reader knows.

When we parted it was with sincerest feelings of liking and of regret—feelings sprung into existence and nurtured to a strength of growth, that neither of us could have supposed possible a few hours previously. Our paths so quickly divided will probably never be joined in one again; nevertheless, our accidental meeting has left a pleasant memory to go with me through life, and by it I was taught most effectually the harm we do ourselves when we wrong others, even in thought.

The evil I did was reflected back upon me in one of the most fearful and wretched of all the nights of my life, and even to this day I cannot feel quite right when I think of the bad inferences I drew from every careless look and action of a harmless old man.

It was only my ugly thoughts that made him look ugly, and my fear that made him frightful. More of confidence in God and in man is the great need of humanity—if we reach our hands with a child's trust, hands to help and to guide will be reached out to us, and we shall go safely through all the dark and evil ways that are in the world—more faith, and with it will come more love, and so men be made better, and God be glorified.

It is an excellent remark of Antoninus, the great Roman emperor and philosopher, that "no man was ever unhappy for not prying into the actions and conditions of other men; but *that man* is necessarily unhappy who doth not observe himself, and consider the state of his own soul."

ENGLISH LETTER-WRITERS.

WILLIAM COWPER.

A HUNDRED years ago, Dr. Johnson remarked in the "Rambler," that "among the numerous writers which our nation has produced, very few have endeavored to distinguish themselves by the publication of letters, except such as were written in the discharge of public trusts, and during the transaction of great affairs."

This was a strange utterance from one who was anxiously cultivating at this very time the acquaintance of the author of "Pamela,"—a book, as all know, written in the form of familiar letters, and which had been then before the public exactly ten years. It was strange from one who was conducting a periodical on the plan of the "Spectator," where many letters of great elegance were to be found; and it was strange from one who was afterward to be a biographer, not only of Swift, but of Pope, who certainly did, in 1737, publish a volume of his own correspondence.

His remark seems chiefly to apply to persons who themselves publish letters. But we think it is evident from the rest of his essay that he did not intend to narrow his observations to this class. People rarely publish their own letters; indeed, like diaries, letters cease to be properly described as such when intended for the press. He referred to those who wrote letters worthy of publication.

And he was not alone in complaining of the scarcity of letter-writers. Mr. Melmoth—whose translations of the Epistles of Pliny and Cicero are said to be still the best in the English tongue, if they do not surpass the originals, and who was the author of those models of elegant composition, "Fitzosborne's Letters"—remarks, that "it is to be wondered we have so few writers in our own language who deserve to be pointed out as good letter-writers;" and, after naming Sir W. Temple as praiseworthy, adds, that it would be difficult to find another. From this it might be inferred, that his organ of wonder was more fully developed than that either of observation or memory; for, besides Pope, and Richardson, and Swift, there were the authors of "Cato's Letters" and "Oldestale's Letters," and Sterne and Bolingbroke, and many more, much nearer his time, and worthier of quotation, than Temple.

Such statements, incorrect at the time,

would be ridiculous now. The period when Johnson and Melmoth flourished, was in reality richer in letter-writers than any preceding age, although some of their compositions did not appear in print till long afterward. It was the period, for instance, of Chesterfield and Horace Walpole; of Langhorne, and Gray, and Mason; of Doddridge, and Cowper, and Junius. And, indeed, Johnson confessed to Boswell, in 1781, that it had become so fashionable to publish letters, that, in order to avoid it, he put as little into his as he could. But, even with this admission, where we may count good letter-writers in those days by units, we can, in ours, count them by scores.

This may be traced to various causes. Thanks to the exertions of such men as Johnson, and Burke, and Watts, and Wesley, and Cowper, and Goldsmith,—thanks also to the excitement caused by the French Revolution, the tone of mind has risen remarkably all through the English world. Education has widely spread. The abundance of good literature in newspapers, books, and magazines,—the intensity of competition which men encounter everywhere,—the rush and hurry of modern existence, are constantly exercising and straining the intellectual faculties. And as the variety of occupations dissipates families and separates friends, and some go abroad, and some settle in distant places, and every one sees scenes and has experiences and thoughts which do not fall to the lot of others,—as, moreover, the natural result of possessing information is the desire of communicating it, and eagerness to get more, there is no bar to the ceaseless reciprocity of knowledge, except facility of conveying it. This, also, we moderns have; and cheap postage is daily helping to raise us still further above the people of Johnson's time; when the man who might be able to write, might be unable to send his letter, unless he could procure the dishonest frank, or find some friend to be his postman.

The consequence is, that every man whose memoirs deserve any attention is now found to have left letters worth printing. It seems to be generally admitted, too, that by these, as by the more essentially egotistical autobiography, a writer shows himself more really and vividly than any one else can depict him. His character is seen sometimes from what he

praises, and sometimes from what he abuses; sometimes from what he narrates, sometimes from what he defends; sometimes from what he endeavors to suppress, and always from something *besides* what he pushes most earnestly forward. We get the side-lights of his character, as in a stereoscopic picture: which is far better than the best daguerreotype with its single light, and which is all that a biographer can supply. And so no book of memoirs is perfect which does not give some of the letters written by its hero.

And who does not rejoice in the fact? As we read the delightful composition of some favorite author, and our hearts respond to its eloquence, and its truth, we long to know something of the *man*,—to get into closer communion with that intellectual friend. We would fain learn what moved him personally: whether, when he laughed, he laughed heartily; whether he was gloomy, or irritable, or genial; whether he was loved, or only respected, or, perhaps, feared,—in a word, what he was; and we put away the composition and take a volume of his Letters, and they tell us much of what we desire to know. The Mentor as an author becomes the loved one as a man, when, as with poor old desolate Defoe, we read that heart-breaking letter to Mr. Baker, in which he tells of the treachery of his son, and of his love to his old wife and daughter,—in which he speaks of his trust in God under all his sorrows and miseries, and of the long, last journey he is about to go; and how it closes with his love and blessing to the little grandchild he must never see! The heart yearns and opens to the persecuted, dauntless, old, and dying man, more than to the fierce, high-minded pamphleteer, or the far-seeing essayist,—to the vivid historian, or the wondrous novelist. We read those exquisite essays of "Elia" with double gust, when we have been sympathizing with the lonely, be-
 beaved brother, who devoted his life to Mary. And we pass from the "Task," notwithstanding all its graces, its wit, its exquisite descriptions, its sense, and vigor, to read and read again some of those charming letters of Cowper's, which are, indeed, things of beauty, and will, to general readers, be "a joy forever."

William Cowper, the son of a chaplain to George II., and of a mother who was descended by four different lines from

Henry III., was born in 1731. After expending a dreary and motherless childhood in a boarding-school, and a delicate boyhood among the tyrants of Westminster, at eighteen he was articled to a lawyer for three years, and entered at the Temple. But he had no love for the bar. He preferred to "giggle and make giggle" with his fellow-clerk, Thurlow, afterward Lord Chancellor. In 1754, he was called to the bar; but, although a lawyer by profession, he was a litterateur by practice. In company with George Colman the elder, Robert Lloyd, and others, he wrote in the "Connoisseur," and "St. James's Chronicle;" and was one of the Nonsense Club.

These, however, were not his only occupations. He fell in love. The object of his passion returned it as ardently as he could wish. She was accomplished and elegant; but she was his cousin, and her father refused to sanction their affection. She was obedient: they parted, and never met again. We may add, that they both died single.

He continued till 1763 a resident Templar. He occupied himself with his pleasant literary society; with translating parts of Voltaire's "Henriade;" with studying Homer, and comparing, or rather contrasting, the original Greek with Pope's English version,—a labor which afterward produced results in the shape of a version of his own. But at this time his means began to fail. He had been living hitherto on his capital, and it was nearly gone. His family connections were excellent, and if he had followed up his profession they could have pushed him forward in it. But he had not done so. He had neglected it, and he found, as his little stock of cash failed him, that he had no means of making more. Literature could not help him. That pursuit was not so lucrative then as it is now; and even now we would earnestly dissuade any one from looking to it for a livelihood. Writers for bread, as Balzac somewhere says, "combat misery with a pen." He began, therefore, to be seriously anxious about the future; and was not a little rejoiced when, through the nomination of Major Cowper, he obtained the post of Clerk of the Journals in the House of Lords. But the prospect of an examination before entering on office so worked on his morbidly sensitive spirit, that when the time arrived he made re-

peated attempts at self-destruction. The consciousness of this, on the other hand, created such remorse, that his reason gave way, and for nineteen months he was the inmate of a private asylum. He thought that he had committed the unpardonable sin. He flung away the Bible as a book in which he had no interest or portion. He expected nothing but eternal punishment, and that the divine vengeance would burst upon him at any moment. He loathed and abhorred himself. Eventually, however—thanks to the care of his doctor, who was a mild and pious man—he recovered his senses, and, what was far better, he found peace and pardon. Doubt and terror fled away. The truth came to him, like the angel to Peter, and made him *free*. He believed; and though his religion was often shaded by sadness, it was never wholly eclipsed, till his frightful malady returned. He really *saw* that Beacon, which shines so joyfully to the believer, from the other side of the dark sea which lies between humanity and heaven.

He quitted the mad-house. But he shrank from returning to London or the world. Death had broken in on his little literary circle. Lloyd was dead; so, also, was Churchill, whom, though he had not kept up his school friendship with him, he had watched closely, and whose works he had studied and admired. He had but little inclination to return to social intercourse with the majority of the survivors. His views had altered since he saw them last. There was a vast difference between the man who prayed whenever and wherever he could,—who knelt in a retired nook in a field even, and cast his burdens on his Saviour,—and those who erected the tombstone to Churchill's memory in St. Mary's graveyard, Dover, where we saw it not long since, with its horrible inscription, "Life to the last enjoyed, here Churchill lies." Those who are perfect, are made so through "suffering." Cowper was not perfect,—few men are, on the hither side of the grave. But, for the remainder of his life, if he was not ever going onward and looking up, he shunned those who were evidently not doing either.

Some friends and relatives subscribed to support him,—among them, anonymously, the lady whom he had loved, and who herself loved him till her death. The gentle Unwin family, with whom he be-

came accidentally acquainted, received him as an inmate, and he resided with them, first at Huntingdon, and afterward at Olney. His occupations were simple. He attended divine service twice every day; he corresponded freely with a few choice friends; he read much, mostly religious books; he sang hymns, to Mrs. Unwin's accompaniment on the harpsichord; he walked with her and young Mr. Unwin; and he visited the poor and sick.

So some ten years passed; but again, in 1773, madness seized him, and he passed nearly two years in a state of either partial or total insanity. On his recovery he varied his pursuits. Gardening, drawing, rearing and nursing hares, and above all literary composition, combined to give the mind that variety and stimulus which it had needed. For some time before this attack he had ceased to correspond with several of his dearest friends; he now resumed the pen of the letter-writer. He even made a few new friends; and to Lady Austen the world owes "John Gilpin" and "The Task."

It is from this time that his career as a poet properly dates. Of that career, however, or of his poetry, we say nothing here, because we have not space to say enough. But, as a matter of personal history, we must not fail to notice the relief and delight which this species of composition afforded him.

In 1786 he and Mr. Unwin removed to Weston. The house at Olney had long been found dull and inconvenient, and Mr. Newton, whose society had at first tempted them to settle there, had now gone to a London charge. Their removal was partly owing to the kindness of one of Cowper's old correspondents, Lady Hesketh, whose sister was the *Theodora* whom he had loved.

They had hardly settled at Weston ere he felt premonitory symptoms of his appalling malady again, and with occasional intervals the remainder of his pilgrimage was in clouds and darkness. At last, in April, 1800, the summons came. The weary lifetime of danger and tempest was ended; and the so-long-benighted traveler was translated from darkness into marvelous light.

We cannot exhibit all the excellencies of his unrivaled letters. Here is a beautiful thought, beautifully expressed to his cousin, Mrs. Cowper:—

"It costs me not much difficulty to suppose that my friends who were already grown old when I saw them last, are old still; but it costs me a good deal sometimes to think of those who were at that time young, as being older than they were. Not having been an eye-witness of the change that time has made in them, and my former idea of them not being corrected by observation, it remains the same; my memory presents me with this image unimpaired, and while it retains the resemblance of what they were, forgets that by this time the picture may have lost much of its likeness, through the alteration that succeeding years have made in the original. I know not what impression time may have made upon your person, for, while his claws (as our grannam called them) strike deep furrows in some faces, he seems to sheathe them with much tenderness, as if fearful of doing injury to others. But, though an enemy to the person, he is a friend to the mind, and you have found him so. Though even in this respect his treatment of us depends upon what he meets with at our hands; if we use him well, and listen to his admonitions, he is a friend indeed, but otherwise the worst of enemies, who takes from us daily something that we valued, and gives us nothing better in its stead. It is well with those who, like you, can stand a tiptoe on the mountain-top of human life, look down with pleasure upon the valley they have passed, and sometimes stretch their wings in joyful hope of a happy flight into eternity. Yet a little while, and your hope will be accomplished."

The following extract from a letter to Mr. Unwin shows his powers of criticism:

"L'Estrange's 'Josephus' has lately furnished us with evening lectures. But the historian is so tediously circumstantial, and the translator so insupportably coarse and vulgar, that we are all three weary of him. How would Tacitus have shone upon such a subject, great master as he was of the art of description, concise without obscurity, and affecting without being poetical? But so it was ordered, and for wise reasons no doubt, that the greatest calamities any people ever suffered, and an accomplishment of one of the most signal prophecies in the Scripture, should be recorded by one of the worst writers. The man was a temporizer too, and coveted the favor of his Roman masters at the expense of his own creed: or else an infidel, and absolutely disbelieved it. You will think me very difficult to please: I quarrel with Josephus for want of elegance, and with some of our modern historians for having too much—with him, for running right forward, like a gazette, without stopping to make a single observation by the way; and with them for pretending to delineate characters that existed two thousand years ago, and to discover the motives by which they were influenced, with the same precision as if they had been their cotemporaries. Simplicity is become a very rare quality in a writer; in the decline of great kingdoms, and where refinement in all the arts is carried to an excess, I suppose it is always rare. The latter Roman writers are remarkable for false ornament, yet they were no doubt admired by the readers of their own day; and with respect

to authors of the present era, the most popular of them appear to me equally amenable on the same account. Swift and Addison were simple; Pope knew how to be so, but was frequently tinged with affectation: since their day I hardly know a celebrated writer who deserves the character."

But the editors of Cowper might have remarked, that if English literature had become thus emasculated by Pope and his successors, the hand which commenced the work of restoration was that of the Bard of Olney.

His letters abound in passages of humor. Many a landsman will echo the following:—

"How they contrive to elude the wearisomeness that attends a sea life, who take long voyages, you (Mr. Newton) know better than I. . . . There is a certain perverseness of which I believe all men have a share, but of which no man has a larger share than I,—I mean that temper or humor, or whatever it is called, that indispenses us to a situation, though not unpleasant in itself, merely because we cannot get out of it. I could not endure the room in which I now write, were I conscious that the door was locked. In less than five minutes I should feel myself a prisoner, though I can spend hours in it, under an assurance that I may leave it when I please, without experiencing any tedium at all. It was for this reason, I suppose, that the yacht was always disagreeable to me. Could I have stepped out of it into a corn-field or a garden I should have liked it well enough; but being surrounded with water, I was as much confined in it as if I had been surrounded by fire, and did not find that it made me any adequate compensation for such an abridgment of my liberty. I make little doubt but Noah was glad when he was enlarged from the ark; and we are sure that Jonah was, when he came out of the fish; and so was I to escape from the good sloop the Harriet."²

Although all of them the compositions of a Christian correspondent, Cowper's can scarcely be classed among religious letters. It is chiefly from brief touches and incidental expressions that we gather how much God was in his thoughts, and how much he lived under the power of the things unseen. He thus wrote to Mr. Newton on the death of his niece:—

"To have sent a child to heaven is a great honor and a great blessing, and your feelings on such an occasion may well be such as to render you rather an object of congratulation than of condolence. And were it otherwise, yet having yourself free access to all the sources of genuine consolation, I feel that it would be little better than impertinence in me to suggest any. An escape from a life of suffering to a

* Dr. Johnson said: "A ship is worse than a jail. There is in a jail better air, better company, better conveniency of every kind; and a ship has the additional disadvantage of being in danger!"

life of happiness and glory, is such a deliverance as leaves no room for the sorrow of survivors, unless they sorrow for themselves. We cannot, indeed, lose what we love without regretting it; but a Christian is in possession of such alleviations of that regret as the world knows nothing of. Their beloveds, when they die, go they know not whither; and if they suppose them, as they generally do, in a state of happiness, they have yet but an indifferent prospect of joining them in that state hereafter. But it is not so with you. You both know whither your beloved has gone, and you know that you shall follow her; and you know also that in the meantime she is incomparably happier than yourself. So far, therefore, as she is concerned, nothing has come to pass but what was most fervently to be wished. . . . Your history of your happy niece is just what it should be—clear, affectionate, and plain—worthy of her, and worthy of yourself. How much more beneficial to the world might such a memorial of an unknown, but pious and believing child eventually prove, would the supercilious learned condescend to read it, than the history of all the kings and heroes that ever lived! But the world has its objects of admiration, and God has objects of his love. Those make a noise, and perish—these weep silently for a short season, and live forever."

We can scarcely expect to find a more exquisite passage than this in any letter by any writer; and with it we close our specimens.

In style and composition these letters are nearly faultless. Triviality and slovenliness, and commonplace, are not to be found in them; neither are bombast or pedantry, or false ecstasy. Cowper dared to be natural; and he *would* be sincere. He did not mount upon stilts when he paid written visits to his friends; nor did he go slipshod. He never attitudinized before them, or played the buffoon, or lashed himself into enthusiastic superlatives about nothing, or preached. He did not take liberties with his correspondents, and he never demeaned or exalted himself.

But they have yet higher merits. In their religion and literature go hand in hand. Mr. Foster's Men of Taste need have no aversion to the Evangelical Christianity which they exemplify. They breathe deep and unaffected love for others. They are sincere and perfectly serious, even in their most humorous passages. They overstep no bounds. In a word, they are amusing without vulgarity, simple without meanness, elegant without meretriciousness; and as there is nothing pert in their playfulness, so neither is there aught affected or sanctimonious in their passages of occasional solemnity.

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A VISIT TO THE HIGHEST HABITATION IN EUROPE.

IT was in the middle of July, 1851, that I reached St. Pierre, a village at the foot of the snow-clad Upper Alps, on my way, with five friends, from Martigny (the ancient Roman Octodurum) to the monastery of St. Bernard. No one who has accomplished this pilgrimage ever forgets the Plan de Proz, on which you enter in an hour after leaving St. Pierre. In winter this plain is a fearful place. It is surrounded on all sides by heights. The avalanches sweep it through and through, cross each other, and inevitably destroy any passer in the course. Every year some perish, as necessity forces travelers to attempt the pass even in the worst months. Here all wheel conveyances must stop, as there is no other path than among blocks of stone, scattered in confusion, through which you must find your way as you best can for half an hour. At first it seemed impossible to advance a step, but suddenly an opening was spied, and we began to scale the Alps. All vegetation now disappeared; bare black rocks, fields of ice and snow, deep precipices, and tall poles here and there to indicate the direction of the way, were all that could be seen, except one gloomy-looking building, with a grated window and a door ajar. This is a refuge, and by it is a *morgue* with many a dead body of the frozen traveler. We shuddered and passed on. Weariness and some dejection began to be felt; seeing which, our porter offered his mule, and one of the party—an old excursionist who had learned to take care of himself—soon accepted it. But the wisest is sometimes caught. He was just showing a kind of patronizing pity toward the trampers below, and begging them to lay hold of his mule's tail for assistance through the snow, when, in a soft place, in goes the poor beast up to the haunches, and, in his struggle to get out, throws our good friend some six yards over his head. The hero, however, will not wait for compliments, but mounts again, and very soon repeats his adventure. This is enough for one day, and no one will have any more to do with the mule, but all determine fairly to trudge it out.

Sunset has come. We feel the importance of pressing on before dark, but

the rarity of the air at nearly eight thousand feet high, thoroughly tries the manhood of every one, and the stoutest of the company is brought to a stand for awhile. It begins to rain, our feet are soaked, the cold becomes piercing, and darkness is near, when a shout comes from those a-head, "The monastery is in sight!" Care is now over; at eight o'clock we reach the welcome rest.

I happened to be the first at the stone steps and found a monk on the top waiting to receive us. Never had I been more mistaken in my anticipations. I thought to see a tall, hale, rough, stern old man; but here was a pleasant, ruddy, smiling, gentlemanly host, of about thirty years old, who gave me his hand, and welcomed me to the monastery. I told him we were six, and asked if all could be accommodated. "O, yes," said he, "we have room for many. But you must be wet; we have stockings, shirts, and whatever you may want for change, all warm and ready, if you will accept them." I thanked him, but said we had our garments on the mule. He then offered his help to take off our wet clothes, or for anything else he could do, and conducted us at once to our rooms, giving us two with three beds in each. The apartments were long enough to have the beds lengthways, with sufficient space to dress between. On the opposite side were three plain toilet tables, with ancient looking-glasses. The sides and ceiling were all deal, without a particle of paint. At the end was a small window, well secured, to bear the storms. The beds stood about four feet high from the floor, and had each two blankets, thick coverlets, and a *soufflet*, or down bed, to cover all. There was every needful comfort, but not the least luxury. We noticed everywhere an unpleasant odor, a prison-like atmosphere, probably caused by the necessity of so much exclusion of the fresh cold air.

On descending to the common hall we mingled with about a dozen other travelers, fair and otherwise, round a large fire, and shortly had supper served. It consisted of soup, three or four kinds of meat, vegetables, dried fruits, nuts, etc., with some excellent wine, nine years old. Another monk now joined us, and did the honors of the table, these two having the duty of attending to travelers. Both were perfect gentlemen, easy in their deportment, and very attentive. They partook

of the fare, filled our glasses, and drank with us quite socially.

After supper the other company retired, and we gathered, with the two monks, closer round the fire. The conversation was chiefly in Latin, as four of our number did not speak French, and our hosts, being Swiss, did not understand English. We learned that there were eight other monks, all Augustines, and a prior, in the house, but only one was a priest, and one had studied medicine. They were all young, or they could not have endured the climate. They took a vow of devotedness for ten years; but most, they said, became crippled with rheumatism and pulmonary affections before half the time had expired. When ill, they went to other establishments at Martigny and Sion. Our two monks, it appeared, had been eight years serving, but theirs were rare cases. They had, it turned out on farther inquiry, about forty male inmates, chiefly servants. All lived well, and no austerities were practised, as they always needed to keep up the utmost strength for their arduous duties. They had to go out every day on each side to keep the pass clear, and assist travelers in need. This duty was never omitted, unless the wind actually blew them down. They had fur garments, very thick for winter, and used every possible precaution, yet sometimes they could hardly avoid being frozen to death. Calamities were frequent. Only four years before the prior, with three fathers, three dogs, and three travelers, were swept away by an avalanche within a few minutes' distance of the house, and buried fourteen feet deep. Only a dog of the whole party escaped.

They gratuitously receive and relieve about nineteen thousand travelers annually. All at the monastery is free; but there is a poor-box in the chapel, where those who can afford it deposit what they please, and this is devoted to purchasing provisions, clothing, &c., for the mass of the poor who stop here in their route. They have of course considerable endowments, and a large tablet on the stairs records the munificence of Napoleon when he passed this way and rested here with his army, in 1800. The institution was founded by a Savoyard nobleman, Bernard de Menthon, who built both this hospice and that of Little St. Bernard, and left to them all his property.

While we were conversing happily over the fire, our friend who had figured on the mule was suddenly taken ill, as if dying. The monks told us not to be alarmed, for it was only indigestion, arising from the climate, and was what they witnessed every day. They got him to his room, warmed his bed, rubbed him gently, and gave him sugared water; then showing me in the passage a great bell, and telling me to toll it twice in case he became worse, they bade us good night.

They were right. He slept well, and in the morning was as hearty as ever. For myself, anxiety about him kept me awake for awhile, listening to him and to a storm raging without, when I also dropped off, and awoke in the morning, saying to myself, "Well, this beats all; I have been sleeping in the monastery of 'St. Bernard!'"

We had a good plain breakfast with eggs, but we remarked how soon the coffee got cold. It boils at 187°, and this low heat very quickly evaporates. A second cup from the same pot was hardly drinkable. It was only lukewarm. We visited the chapel, and in converse with the monks found them very liberal in sentiment. They remarked that the Church simply consisted of those in every denomination who possessed faith in Christ; that they loved English Protestants, for they had much feeling in religion, while the Swiss Protestants were generally in a dead state. On our asking if singing in our own worship would disturb or be offensive, they said there was no restraint whatever for visitors; we might even have their chapel to ourselves for our morning exercise, but perhaps would feel more at liberty in one of our own rooms. They introduced us to other monks at study in their cells, which were very comfortable rooms, and artificially heated by steam from the kitchen. All the fathers were young men of mild and gentlemanly manners, dressed like ourselves, except a long black gown buttoned from top to bottom, with a diagonal band of white, and a similar band on their tall black caps. We thought it quite becoming.

There is, I may observe, a piano in the sitting-room, and every device to lessen the natural gloom of this desolate spot, which is about eight thousand feet above the sea. At that time there were, I was told, only three of the celebrated dogs, but

others were training in the mountains. These were monsters in size, but perfectly gentle. One of them had saved, I think, seventeen lives. Their power of scenting the lost under the snow and digging them out is wonderful.

Before we left our kind friends, they took us to see the *morgue*, or dead-house for travelers who have perished. There cannot be graves here in the hard rock, and there is no putrefaction; so the bodies remain till recognized and removed, or the bones fall apart. The mother with her babe, mentioned by Cheever, is in a corner as distinct as ever. The up-turned eye and look to heaven are very affecting as she presses, with all the tenderness of a mother, the infant to her bosom. There they will remain in death's embrace till dust returns to its dust.

On the other side of the monastery is a very high jagged rock, frequented in winter by the chamois. The monks have rifles, and sometimes fire at them; but they know their marksmen too well to fear them, and will stand even while fired at, as if laughing at their aim. Not one has ever been hit.

On registering our names, we found, only three days before, the acknowledgment of a gentleman who, with his wife and a nursing six weeks old, had slept there. He recorded with great gratitude the kindness experienced and the very special interest manifested by the monks in the babe. Dr. Cheever is wrong in stating that on Fridays there is only soup for supper. They assured us that, although a difference is made, travelers always have three or four dishes of meat served up both in the hall and in the kitchen. They can lodge two hundred at once, if needful. The thermometer that day at ten o'clock (in the height of summer, be it remembered) was 34°, or 2° above freezing. Perhaps this last fact will considerably cool the desire which the perusal of this account may have awakened to visit the highest habitation in Europe; but though our readers should never go and pay their personal respects to these friendly monks, it is no more than due to such devoted philanthropists that all benevolent people should know of their doings, which form an honorable exception to the mass of corrupt leaven that unhappily pervades the Church to which they belong.

[For the National Magazine.]

A GEOLOGIST AMONG THE PEOPLE.

DEXTER MARSH.

GEOLGY is the history of the world, written by God's own hand. It is a history, not of man, but of the races that precede man—not of an age or of a nation, or of the whole period of six thousand years that man has held sway on the earth; but of the millions of years whose receding waves break noiselessly on the shores of the chaotic past. It is not written in characters of human invention, subject to variable use, misapplication, and therefore misinterpretation; but as the botanist turns the leaves of his herbarium and presents to view individuals, species, genera, and orders of plants that have flourished and blossomed under genial sun and shower, so the geologist unfolds the rocky book of the past, exposing to our view, in beautiful order and in wonderful perfection, plants of the minutest and most delicate, and plants of the most gigantic character—animals of which millions are required to compose a cubic inch, and monsters three times larger than the elephant.

In these rocky characters we read of flowing seas and floating icebergs where now the mountain rears his lofty summits. We read of a lurid sun and a murky, sultry atmosphere, and tree ferns, and huge sauroid reptiles, and sluggish bayous with no life on land. No sound of foot or flap of wing where now the cool zephyr kisses the cheek of man, and the feathered tribes make the forests resound with merry carols, and hills reëcho the low of grazing herds.

He who turns a leaf of this great rocky book, and reads to us a chapter from its historic page, whether learned or ignorant, peer or plebeian, is worthy of a niche in heaven's temple.

Such a man we introduce to the reader. Previous to the year 1853 the traveler, on leaving the cars at the depot, in the pleasant village of Greenfield, Mass., and ascending the hill toward the main street, would observe, on the right side of the way, a cottage, simple, rustic and unique, hidden among the trees. The piazza is covered with vines, and the dooryard is densely filled with shrubs and flowers, while leaning against the side of the cottage, and in every noticeable position, are slabs of stone, with

curious configurations upon their surfaces, and specimens of abnormal vegetable growth and Indian antiquities. This was the home of the man whom we honor. Let the traveler pass into the yard, and enter the door from beneath the piazza, into a sort of hall, on the north of the cottage, and he is in the best cabinet of fossil footprints in the world. Here he sees, on tablets of stone, the record of an age which was never known or read till the scrutinizing eye of Dexter Marsh rested upon it.

Dexter Marsh, the Hugh Miller of the New Red Sand-stone, was the son of Joseph Marsh, of Montague, Mass. The circumstances of his parents compelled him to hard labor at an early age, and deprived him of a good common-school education; but, with a manly heart and a strong constitution, he seems to have accepted the necessity of his situation, and rejoiced "to eat his bread by the sweat of his brow." Says one who saw him then: "Well do we remember the first winter that we knew him—that he seemed almost to go without sleep, to defy the severest wintry blasts, and to do the work of two men." And labor brought its reward. It brought to him a competence, and it won for him honor which men of noble blood might covet. We apprehend that it is no accident that the discoverers in the Old and the New Red Sand-stone were both, in their younger days, inured to labor. The objects of their research were where the silk-gloved son of opulence delights not to tarry; where physical toil, directed by intelligence, is absolutely essential to success.

At an early age Mr. Marsh possessed a love of truth and virtue, and an equal hatred of vice. These characteristics matured with his manhood, and in latter years ripened into active religious life. While he supported his family by daily labor, and was taking every *rainy* day, and other time which he contrived to spare from his necessitous toil, for his scientific investigations, he forgot not the duties he owed to his Creator; but the daily offering of prayer and praise went up from the altar of his cottage home.

He did not throw away his Bible when his discoveries forced upon him the conviction that birds of gigantic size, and quadrupeds of curious forms, had sported on the banks of our streams, ages ere

man had been created; but when, after days of toil, he lifted a slab of stone, covered with evidences of the fact, he, like his Scottish prototype, said in his heart, "Behold the footprints of the Creator."

But though to be a hard-working man, and to be a good Christian man, are valuable characteristics, challenging the esteem of a community, yet we have many such men in New-England, and it was not for these characteristics that the name of Dexter Marsh escaped beyond the borders of the village of his residence, and became familiar to the learned in every land.

Most of the mature life of Mr. Marsh was spent in the village of Greenfield. There, about the year 1835 or 1836, while laying some flagging-stone into a sidewalk near his house, he discovered in one the foot-prints of a bird. This was an hour of perplexity, but soon to be followed by triumph and honor. To that time he was wholly ignorant of geology, and possessed only the common notion of the formation of the earth; but being a man of accurate observation and logical order of thought, he was convinced that the print before him was the print of a bird's foot. But the print was in a solid rock, quarried from several feet beneath the surface. How it came there he could not decide. "In this perplexity," says Mr. Ingersol, "he called to it [the discovery] the attention of a friend,* whose reading was extensive, and received from him the first seeds of what afterward grew into a stately tree." With eagerness he grasped the truths of geology, and was thus suddenly introduced into a new world of thought. The subject proved to be peculiarly fitted to his ardent temperament, and he, by his habits of observation and logical powers, was as fitted to the subject. He was soon able to present irrefutable reasons for believing the prints to be the footprints of birds, and his reasons and his arguments are those still relied upon by geologists to prove the same position. In this department of fossil geology he soon stood without a compeer. Drs. Deane and Hitchcock brought the results of his labors into public notice; described, named, and classified the animals which made the prints; and the latter especially reaped merited honors the world over. Sir

Roderick Murchinson, in an address before the London Geological Society, complimented the great moral courage exhibited by him, "in throwing down his opinion before an incredulous public." Mr. Marsh had no reputation to lose; but though he has no claim for valor when tried by the standard of others, yet much praise is due to him that, in his circumstances, he comprehended the nature and importance of the discovery, and acted with a zeal in reference to it, which not one in a million would have shown.

To the uncommonly accurate and extensive observations of Mr. Marsh, and to his forcibly stated arguments, other gentlemen owe something at least of the honor of their laurels. He at first set them right and corrected them when they fell into error. Dr. H—— was once lecturing in Boston, and Mr. Marsh was in attendance. The doctor announced that he had discovered the track of a *lame* bird, one whose leg had been broken, and the foot turned part of the way round, the toe inward. Mr. Marsh saw his error; but awaiting a time when the doctor visited his cabinet, he set him right by showing him that *any two* tracks of the bird taken alone would present the same appearance as the two from which the doctor had inferred the lameness of the bird; but when more tracks were considered, (and Mr. Marsh had slabs containing several,) the error of the inference was apparent. The fact of the case was that the bird, in walking, directed the middle toe of one foot to the heel of the next, and the doctor had taken the line of one foot for the course of the bird, while a line from heel to toe of the other foot made a large angle with it; whereas, both toes inclining inward, and each making a small angle with the course of the bird, there was no necessity of breaking *either* leg.

After the discovery of the track in the flag-stone near his house, others were discovered already laid into side-walks in the same village; and these, which before were thought only imperfect flags, were taken up as valuable. The quarry from which they came was visited, and others found. Mr. Marsh built him a boat, which he could carry around the rapids of the river, and taking with him powder and drills, and provision, he would row from place to place, sometimes thirty miles a day, searching along the river bank for

* Probably Dr. James Deane is referred to.

fossil footprints. When night came he would turn his boat bottom side up upon the flat rock, and beneath it sleep secure from the dews of heaven. At early dawn, without the jarring of gongs, or vexatious delays of servants and hotel breakfasts, he would set out again upon his search. Thus he surveyed the whole Red Sandstone deposit in the valley of the Connecticut river. He visited also the deposits in New-Jersey. He was soon enabled to detect the fossil tracks with a facility that resembled instinct. In the river bed, and in the river bank, under the cliff, on the side of Mt. Tom, and beneath the soil of Wethersfield, his uncommon ken traced them out.

A friend in Gill invited his attention to a footprint in that town. On examining it he found the impression to have been made in sand or gravel, which did not give a well-defined outline; but he concluded that beneath a cliff near by the case would be otherwise, and that there he might obtain good tracks. So at the cliff he went to work. His leisure hours for the whole summer, some money, and much powder, were consumed. At length he reached the stratum; he lifted a slab containing fifty as beautiful tracks as had ever been found. They were of various sizes, and crossed the stone in every direction. Four of the tracks were twelve inches long. The dimensions of the slab were ten by six feet. It was split in two, giving the relief prints on one side, and the intaglio on the other. We think this is the same that was sold, after his death, to Mr. Alger, of Boston, for three hundred and seventy-five dollars.

He could not only tell the direction of a bird, but its comparative speed, the condition of the mud, whether the weather was rainy or not, whether the bird making the track was walking on shore or in the water, and when the bird passed from shore into the water. He came at very definite conclusions concerning the weight and height of the birds. Indeed, he lived in the era of the New Red Sandstone, as the historian lives in the age of Xenophon or Herodotus. "I have," he says, "at some localities traced the tracks of a single bird thirty or forty feet when it went into the water. This I knew from the fact that the first tracks would be very slight, being pressed on hard sand or clay, and each successive step would be deeper

and deeper, until the mud closed over the impression; and when he got into the water, though he settled deep in the mud, the motion of the water entirely obliterated all appearance of the track on the strata over which the bird had walked. But, by removing a thin layer, we find the impression. This has oftentimes enabled me to tell how high the water was at the time." Again: "If the height of those birds was in proportion to the length of their feet, as compared with some existing birds, they must have stood some twenty feet high." . . . "I have one slab containing two footprints of a large bird, the surface being very rough and uneven; but the great weight of the bird (probably a thousand pounds or more) pressed the sand so hard that it is perfectly smooth, showing distinctly the structure of the bottom of the foot." Again he says, "I have many specimens from Wethersfield, Conn., which show very plainly that they are the tracks of birds; still I consider them imperfect, because they do not show where the bottom of the foot rested. The deposit seems to have been a fine reddish clay, so soft that the bird settled down a number of inches, the mud closing up again when the foot was withdrawn, leaving no impression on the surface; the tracks are seen only by splitting the strata through which the foot passed."

Mr. Marsh collected a valuable cabinet. He made exchanges with many scientific men in this and in foreign countries. In 1851 his cabinet contained from four to five hundred slabs of stone upon which were one thousand tracks of birds and quadrupeds, some of these slabs weighing less than an ounce, and others two tons, and containing from one to fifty tracks each, from one half inch to nineteen inches in length; also, two hundred fossil fishes, three thousand sea-shells, twenty-six hundred rock crystals, and two hundred specimens of Indian antiquities, besides specimens in zoology and botany, minerals and fossils from foreign countries.

Uneducated though he was, Mr. Marsh could not remain in obscurity. In 1846 he was elected a member of the American Association for the Advancement of Science; in 1852 he was elected a member of the Lyceum of Natural History in New-York; and, in August of the same year, a corresponding member of the Academy of Natural Science in Philadelphia.

The notice of this last-mentioned honor was received while he was at Ackworth, New-Hampshire. In reply, he gave the society a very full account of the celebrated beryl quarry in that place. Very large crystals had formerly been obtained with ease at that place; but the bed which at first cropped out of the ground had been worked till there were twenty feet of solid quartz above it, and then abandoned. But Mr. Marsh stopped not where other men are accustomed to stop. He obtained a lease of the quarry, and went to work. He spent one hundred days' labor, and burned four hundred pounds of powder, digging through the twenty feet of solid quartz. He did not succeed in obtaining what he hoped for, the best crystal in the world; yet he was amply rewarded. He obtained a crystal, one foot in length and thirteen inches in diameter, standing in a block of quartz, its original matrix, very fine. He brought home with him nearly three tons of crystals, most of which were very good specimens. This was in the autumn of 1852. For some time it had been evident that incessant toil had made inroads upon the vigor of his constitution; his daily labor was interrupted; and as this resource was cut off, it became necessary for him to negotiate for the sale of his cabinet. In March, 1851, he writes to Professor H. D. Rogers:—

"My health is still poor; and if I am not able to labor I must sell it. I do not suppose it will bring the money it would if owned by some learned society, or by some rich man. . . . I hardly know what to say. It has been estimated at all prices, from four thousand to ten thousand dollars; but I will sell it *in this country* for a sum not exceeding five thousand, nor less than three."

He conferred also with Professor Dana, of Yale College, concerning the sale of it to that institution. He offered to deduct five hundred dollars from its value if the town of Greenfield would purchase it, and erect for it a suitable building; but he did not dispose of it. His last scientific labor was at Ackworth. April 2, 1853, at the age of forty-seven, he left this earth as the Christian leaves it—not to study the *foot-prints* of the Creator by toil, but with angel vision—to view God in his true character, through the eyes of the distant past, molding this plastic earth for fish, reptiles, birds, animals, and man.

His cabinet was sold at auction for three

thousand dollars. Mr. Alger, of Boston, and Amherst College, were the principal purchasers. Mr. Marsh was not able to do as Professor Shepherd has done, locate his cabinet at a popular institution—a perpetual monument to his memory. His family needed its value. But though his may mingle with the collections of others, we hope his friends who have received it, will not obliterate his name from their catalogues, but delight to honor the man who has done so much for science and the honor of his country. In concluding, we remind the reader of the results of a man's working with his eyes open. Before Mr. Marsh observed the footprint in the flagging-stone, it was not known that air-breathing animals existed previous to the oolite period. But since that time there have been discovered, in the New Red Sand-stone of the Connecticut river valley, the tracks of fifty species of animals, all described and named by Dr. Hitchcock. Of these, four were lizards; two, tortoises; six, batrachians; twenty-two were birds, all waders. One of the bipeds, the *Otozoum Moodié*, was a huge monster, a sort of biped toad, as large as an elephant. His tracks were near together, from which is inferred the shortness of his legs, and were twenty inches long and twelve inches broad. The tracks of the largest species of bird, the *Brontozoum-giganteum*, are from fourteen to twenty inches long; the stride from four to six feet. The large ones were probably twenty feet high, weighing nearly a thousand pounds. Many of these tracks are very distinct; even the papillæ on the sole of the foot are distinctly seen. Everything is distinct from what precedes or follows it. Thus a new age has been peopled; a new chapter added to the history of the world; another star set in the crown of triumphant science.

If the reader will now strive to comprehend the labor necessary to accomplish such a survey as we have referred to, the collection, singled handed and without money, of so extensive and valuable a cabinet, and at the same time remember that Mr. Marsh, as a day-laborer, supported his family in competence, he cannot fail to recognize in him the soul of a true, and even of a great man—of one who lays his hand on the mane of restive and hostile circumstances, and compels them to bear him to usefulness and honor.

THE SABBATH QUESTION.

RECENT THEORIES RESPECTING IT.

IS the Christian Sabbath really binding on Christian people to the extent of positive obligation, or is its observance only expedient, and not obligatory? It is this question, which, with all candor, we propose to consider in the following pages. In this inquiry we have, of course, to assume that the authority of Scripture on the subject is admitted; but, before we conclude, we shall have something to say on the question on other grounds.

The religious obligation of the Sabbath has been the subject of frequent controversy, and is still objected to by many, whose apparent numbers are multiplied by the variety of opinions which they entertain on this subject.

In one particular almost every writer agrees—that its separation, as a day of rest, is a blessing which it would be very impolitic to disturb; but whether the observance depends upon divine authority, the authority of the Church, of the state, or on the common convenience of society; whether the whole day is to be set apart for religious duty, or only a portion of the day; or whether religious duties are essential to its observance, seem to be points which, in the estimation of many writers, are altogether undecided.

Dymond, who represents, in his "Principles of Morality," the religious views of the Society of Friends, alleges that "these circumstances constitute a sufficient recommendation to set apart certain times for the exercise of public worship;" and he further adds:—

"Bearing in mind, then, that it is right to devote some portion of our time to religious exercises, and that no objection exists to the day which is actually appropriated, the duty seems very obvious so to employ it."—*Essay 2, ch. i., Sabb. Inst.*

Paley, in the well-known argument in his "Moral Philosophy," asserts:—

"The assembling upon the first day of the week for the purpose of public worship and religious instruction, is a law of Christianity of divine appointment. The resting on that day from our employments longer than we are detained from them by attendance upon these assemblies, is to Christians an ordinance of human institution, binding, nevertheless, upon the conscience of every individual of a country in which a weekly Sabbath is established, for the sake of the beneficial purposes which the public and regular observance of it promotes."—Chapter 7.

Archbishop Whately says:—

"I am anxious, in common, I believe, with all persons, of whatever Church, who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, that his resurrection day should be a day particularly set apart for religious worship and religious study and meditation. And if the day ought to be thus dedicated to such purposes, it is plain we ought to abstain from anything that may interfere with its being so observed by ourselves, and those whom we employ."—*Address to the Inhabitants of Dublin*, p. 39.

We confess that, in reviewing these testimonies to the value of the Sabbath, we have been struck (excepting in the instance of Paley) by their palpable inconsistency with the succeeding argument. The divine authority of the Jewish Sabbath is admitted; but although it is alleged that God *withdrew* his sanction from the day, discountenanced its observance, and abrogated the institution, yet these writers conclude that it is still *expedient* to observe the Sabbath, and that it is to be revered "in the most Christian sense." As if God's purpose in its abrogation were not wiser than theirs in its observance. On this principle, we should not be surprised to find them attempting to renew actual sacrifice, or adopting any forms of ritual service which Judaism sanctioned and Christianity abolished. Surely, if God abrogated the Sabbath, and made all days alike, he did it advisedly; and if it had been well that the institution should be maintained, he would not have omitted to sanction its observance.

But if the Sabbath, by the confession of all, is so great a privilege, surely the gospel does not withdraw from the Christian an advantage which was conceded to the Jew. Unquestionably not, they reply, for, under the gospel, every day is a Sabbath, and every hour rich with Sabbatic enjoyment. Treating on this point, Belsham says:—

"To a true Christian, every day is a Sabbath, every place is a temple, and every action of life an act of devotion. A Christian is not required to be more holy, nor permitted to take greater liberties upon one day than upon another. Whatever is lawful or expedient upon any one day of the week is, under the Christian dispensation, equally lawful and expedient upon any other day."

Yet if this be really so, why this uniform testimony to the value of the Lord's Day? Or why should those who have laboriously endeavored to deprive the Sabbath of its divine sanction, seek to supply its place

with an institution which rests only on expediency?

It is obvious to any one who has attentively considered the question before us, that its decision mainly depends on the conclusion that is formed as to the original institution of the Sabbath. If this ordinance were instituted by Moses as a part of the Jewish ritual, having no previous existence, and constituting a part of the ceremonial law, then we think it may be assumed, that with the Mosaic economy the Sabbath was abrogated, unless it can be shown to have been distinctly reestablished, and that on no dubious or uncertain evidence, under the New Testament dispensation.

On the other hand, if the institution of the Sabbath were coeval with creation, a command given to our first parents, and based upon principles of universal obligation; if, in the Decalogue, as a summary of moral law, it is again repeated, incorporated with Jewish institutions, recognized by Christ, observed by apostles and apostolic men, honored by the primitive Church, and handed down to succeeding ages, rooted deeply in every dispensation, and alien to none, spreading widely, and bearing everywhere the fruits of holiness and peace, then, we think that, without hesitation, we may claim for the Sabbath the authority which can alone sanction its observance, or give to it permanent obligation. Let us then examine the arguments usually adduced against the divine authority of the day in their bearing on this view of the question.

It is generally admitted that the second chapter of Genesis contains a distinct reference to the Sabbath:—

“And on the seventh day God ended his work which he had made; and he rested on the seventh day from all his work which he had made. And God blessed the seventh day and sanctified it: because that in it he had rested from all his work which God created and made.” Gen. ii, 2, 3.

But it is alleged by different objectors that these verses do not necessarily designate the institution of the Sabbath. That is referred to the period when the children of Israel, having left Egypt, desired manna from heaven.

“And Moses said unto the rulers of the congregation, To-morrow is the rest of the holy Sabbath unto the Lord: bake that which ye will bake to-day, and seethe that ye will seethe; and that which remaineth over lay up for you

to be kept until the morning.” (Exod. xvi, 22, 23.) And on the next day Moses said, “for to-day is a Sabbath unto the Lord; to-day ye shall not find it in the field. Six days ye shall gather it; but on the seventh day, which is the Sabbath, in it there shall be none.” (Ver. 25, 26.) And afterward the Lord said unto Moses, “How long refuse ye to keep my commandments and my laws? See, for that the Lord hath given you the Sabbath, therefore he giveth you on the sixth day the bread of two days: abide ye every man in his place, let no man go out of his place on the seventh day. So the people rested on the seventh day.” Verses 28–30.

The law of the Sabbath was afterward repeated on Sinai, and it is contended, conformably with this theory, that the Decalogue, of which the Sabbatic canon is a part, was not intended to constitute a summary of moral law, but is rather a positive enactment, binding as such on the Jewish people only. And it is further urged, that however we may regard the other parts of the Decalogue, the fourth commandment certainly suggests a rule of conduct, which can only appeal to the conscience on the ground of positive enactment, since, in the absence of a revealed ordinance, it must be indifferent whether the sixth day or the seventh is appropriated for divine worship. And in support of this argument, it is alleged, that the absence of any reference to the Sabbath in the patriarchal records is inconsistent with its early institution, the statement in the second chapter of Genesis, already quoted, not necessarily referring to the period when the Sabbath was instituted, but only suggesting the reason that, in after times, led to the selection of the seventh day as the Sabbath, which God appointed as a sign between himself and the Jewish people. And this view, it is contended, receives additional support from the expression which occurs in Exodus, when Moses, in speaking of the children of Israel, says, “The Lord hath given you the Sabbath.” Again, “It is a sign between me and the children of Israel forever,” (Exod. xxxi, 16;) and so in Deuteronomy v, 15:—

“Remember that thou wast a servant in the land of Egypt, and that the Lord thy God brought thee out thence, through a mighty hand and by a stretched out arm: therefore the Lord thy God commanded thee to keep the Sabbath day.”

Or in Nehemiah ix, 14:—

“Thou madest known unto them thy holy Sabbath.”

And in Ezekiel xx, 12 :—

"I gave them my Sabbaths, to be a sign between me and them."

All implying that the institution specially pertained to the Jewish people, and to their religious polity; for how could the Sabbath, as it is argued, have been given to the Jew, if it already constituted a fundamental principle of universal law; or be a "sign" between God and the Israelitish nation, if it were observed by all who professed to believe in Jehovah as the only God; and being, as it is affirmed, only a Jewish ordinance, it was abrogated with the law which first gave it authority: so that when, in the Acts of the Apostles, the council at Jerusalem enumerated the cardinal duties recognized in the Jewish law, which were still binding on Gentile converts, the Sabbath is not included; but on the other hand, the Apostle Paul, in addressing the Colossians, (ii, 16, 17.) says—

"Let no man therefore judge you in meat or in drink, or in respect of a holy day, or of the new moon, or of the Sabbath days: which are a shadow of things to come; but the body is of Christ."

Beside this, as it is stated in the terse and vigorous argument of Paley, "If the command by which the Sabbath was instituted be binding upon Christians, it must be binding as to the day, the duties, and the penalties, in none of which it is received; for instead of the seventh day being observed, another day, having no connection with it, is accepted by Christians as their Sabbath: and constituting a different institution, it must either rest upon distinct authority, or upon no authority at all. And it is further stated that the fathers of the Christian Church frequently reproved the Jewish converts for their continued observance of the Jewish Sabbath.

Such appear to us to be the leading arguments against the divine authority of the Sabbath, and we state them fully that they may be as fully considered. But while endeavoring fairly to present these objections, we do right in attempting to discriminate between the objectors. Milton and Paley, Arnold and Whately, are not names that can be passed by lightly, or their opinions treated with contempt. They are Christian men, seriously mistaken, we believe, in this matter, yet dealing with it in a calm and Christian spirit. But, on the other hand, it cannot

be denied that this controversy has not in general improved either the taste or the temper of our opponents.

We could endure a little raillery, or a sober measure of contempt; but the argument that degenerates into abuse, is in general unworthy of much consideration. In fact, if the subject were less serious, we should only smile at a class of writers who have become uncharitable from the very licentiousness of their charity. We are amused with Drunken Barnaby's caricature; for it has wit, and was quite in character, when he sang,—

"As I rode through Banbury Town,
I saw a Puritan one
A hanging up his cat on Monday,
For killing of a mouse on Sunday."

But that a book such as the "*Horæ Sabbaticæ*," which professes to be an argument on the question, should characterize its opponents as "itinerant attendants at missionary meetings; such as practice standing in the synagogues and in the corners of the street, sounding their trumpets and making long prayers, as foolish devotees and mischievous hypocrites," (p. 8 :) "A set of canting hypocrites who, for their own purpose, are endeavoring to delude the ignorant and unwary; a little though increasing knot of Puritans," (p. 60,)—this we must maintain is passing the line of decency.

It is refreshing to turn from such rhetoric to the sweet, calm words with which one of these early Pharisees, the devout and holy Herbert, hailed the day of rest.

"O day, most calm, most bright,
The fruit of this, the next world's bud;
The indorsement of supreme delight
Writ by a friend and with his blood;
The couch of time, care's balm and bay,
The weeks were dark but for thy light—
Thy torch doth show the way."

But let us return to a consideration of the verses in the second chapter of Genesis, which really constitute the basis of this inquiry. In a narrative which is simply historical, conducting the reader step by step along the six days' labor of the divine hand, the passage occurs, and with no pause or change of style to separate it from the preceding or the following verses. Each day's work has been systematically recorded, and it is added :—

"On the seventh day God ended his work which he had made; and he rested on the seventh day from all his work which he had made. And God blessed the seventh day, and

sanctified it: because that in it he had rested from all his work which God created and made." Gen. ii, 2, 3.

And after two thousand years, when this event was referred to as the basis of a specific command of God, it is only said:

"Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy. For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath day, and hallowed it." Exod. xx, 8, 11.

We think, if words mean anything, these passages imply that when God had ended his work he sanctified and set apart a commemorative day of rest. Yet Paley argues that they can only be regarded as affirming that when God instituted the Jewish Sabbath, he selected the seventh day for its observance, because, two thousand five hundred years before, he completed on that day the great work of creation.

The narrative is distinct and emphatic. God had finished his work. He rested from it on the seventh day. And because God so rested, he sanctified the day and blessed it.

But if God rested on the seventh day, and sanctified it, for whom could this Sabbath of the new creation be designed? In an absolute sense God did not rest on the Sabbath day; for the Saviour bases an argument on that fact, when he says, "My Father worketh hitherto." Not one wheel in the great fabric of the universe ceased to move, or one pulse to beat; and Providence supplied the wants of every living thing, alike on Sabbath days and days of weekly service. But was the Sabbath then instituted that it might be kept sacred in other parts of the universe of God, while it was withheld from man? Surely, if it were so, the commemoration would seem to be more extensive than the event; while those who shared most largely in the blessing, were withheld from its recognition. Neither for himself, as we believe, nor for angels, nor for other orders of creation than man, did God separate the Sabbath as a holy day. And if ordained at all, in the dawn of the creation, it must, we are assured, have been for man, and no other supposition can be reasonably adopted. But it is said the narrative is anticipatory. During two thousand five hundred years God, having made "the Sabbath for man," conceals it

in the depths of his counsels, then reveals for a little while to one tribe of the great human family, and after the brief era of their history once more abrogates, an institution which was coeval with creation. There seems to be no alternative whatever, but our believing in the early institution of the Sabbath, or, on the other hand, supposing that Moses adopted a most uncandid device in order to give additional authority to a very important part of his religious economy: for if we refuse to admit that the Sabbath was appointed by God from the first, we must either believe that when God rested on the seventh day he did not sanctify it; or that, having sanctified the day, he concealed the fact until it was revealed by Moses to the Jewish people; and, even in the latter case, the limited revelation of one important fact, does not at all modify the circumstance. So that, if God did sanctify the day at first, its sanctification must be abiding.

But then it is argued, If the Sabbath were coeval with the creation, there would certainly be some traces of its existence during the patriarchal period. But is this certain? The narrative in Genesis is the briefest possible record of a very long era; and only a little is revealed to us about many things of which we should like to know more. As it has been remarked, the law of sacrifice was clearly revealed before the offerings of Cain and Abel were presented, and yet upon this point the record is silent; the distinction between clean and unclean animals was observed by Noah, and yet there is nothing said as to the promulgation of the law upon which it depended; and through the whole history of the patriarchal age we have no allusion to public or social worship; and yet it cannot be supposed that men did not meet together to offer up prayer to God. And on this point Dr. Harris, in his "Man Primeval," (p. 180.) remarks:—

"That in the account of the four or five hundred years from Joshua to David, there is not the remotest allusion to the Sabbath. No mention is made from the birth of Seth till the flood, (a period of at least one thousand five hundred years,) of sacrifice; and during the eight hundred years from Joshua to Jeremiah, the rite of circumcision is not named."

On the other hand there are allusions in the Book of Genesis which seem to imply the observance of stated periods of worship by the patriarchs. "At the end

of days," as it is in the original, "it came to pass that Cain brought of the fruit of the ground an offering unto the Lord," (Gen. iv, 3;) that is, at a fixed or definite period, and after the lapse of a measured interval of time. So again in Job, (i, 6,) "There was a day when the sons of God came to present themselves before the Lord." And in a very distinct manner the division of time into periods of seven days is referred to in the Book of Genesis. Thus, Noah in the ark, when the dove returned to its rest, "stayed other seven days;" and again, when it brought back the olive-branch before it was sent forth for the last time, he again stayed other seven days. And when Job's friends came to comfort him in his sorrow, "They sat down with him upon the ground seven days and seven nights." Job ii, 13. And when Jacob was in the house of Laban, the period of a "week" is distinctly named. Nor does the evidence end here; but the most extensive and almost uniform division of time into weeks implies, if it do not absolutely establish, a common origin for this arrangement. The lunar month consists of twenty-nine days and a half; and four weeks, therefore, do not make a month, and the attempt to attribute the division to other causes, is by no means satisfactory. But believing, as we do, that the whole human family have a common origin, we are not surprised that in their separation they carried with them more or less of patriarchal usages; and though in the course of ages tradition grew dim, and almost illegible, yet we cannot wonder that there are detected in different parts of the world those habits and traditions which can only be explained by a reference to the first principles of truth and their revelation in patriarchal times. Now the rite of sacrifice, and now the serpent worship, that in so many different forms remind us of man's fall. Here, the tradition of a universal deluge; and there, by the general division of time into weeks, assuring us of a primeval Sabbath.

But let us direct our attention to the alleged institution of the Jewish Sabbath. It should be borne in mind that the Israelites had been slaves in Egypt for more than a century, and that during the whole of that period they were subjected to taskmasters, whose requirements would render the observance of the Sabbath a matter of great difficulty. They at length leave the

house of bondage, and cross the Red Sea. They desire bread and flesh, and God sends them quails for a little while, and manna to be their constant food. The narrative is very simple. Then said the Lord unto Moses:

"Behold I will rain bread from heaven; and it shall come to pass that on the sixth day they shall prepare that which they shall bring in, and it shall be twice as much as they gather daily."

For this, be it remembered, no reason is assigned; but the narrative proceeds, as if Moses fully understood why the labor of the sixth day should supersede the seventh day's toil. He then commands them to gather on each day an omer for every man; but when the sixth day comes the people of their own accord gathered a double quantity, as if anticipating with preparation the rest of the Sabbath. Then it is, when the rulers come to Moses to apprise him that the people, in gathering a double quantity of manna, had apparently neglected his direction, that he said, "This is that which the Lord hath said." And what was it that he had said? That on the sixth day the people should prepare that which they brought in, and it should be twice as much as they gathered daily. God had said nothing as to the institution of a Sabbath to Moses; but Moses reminds the rulers that "to-morrow is the rest of the holy Sabbath unto the Lord," and therefore this provision is made by the people in anticipation of the day.

We do not think, to an unprejudiced mind, there can be any doubt that this narrative much more closely resembles the recognition of an existing institution, than the appointment of a new and solemn ordinance. All reference to its institution is omitted in the command of God to Moses; the people spontaneously prepare to observe a day not yet appointed; and the appointment itself, if it be one at all, is unaccompanied by any explanation as to its purpose or the mode of its observance.

Only a little later than this, God from Sinai announces in the hearing of the people, the law of the Ten Commandments. That law solemnly repeats the command, "Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy;" perfectly consistent in phraseology with our argument, but needing large accommodation, if the word "remember" is to be used only in its secondary sense of obey.

And this leads us to remark that the Bible rarely teaches by specific enactment;

and that much is to be learned by a careful comparison of the truths which it exhibits ; and we do not know any process which so fully satisfies the mind, and gives stability to belief, as the gradual development of cumulative evidence. We need not always expect clear statutory declarations of divine truth, but are fully satisfied with the evidence derived from many parts of Scripture, each in itself apparently trivial, yet in their integrity constituting a perfect whole ; and when we see an argument drawn from Scripture, which involves the constant fretting and wearing away of almost every text that bears upon it, each requiring some slight explanation to make it concurrent with the theory, never perfectly congruous, and leading at last to a discordant result, we feel that, however plausible each separate explanation may seem, the result must be erroneous ; and that religious opinions which involve the constant explanation and forced interpretation of Scripture, or the gentle constraint that warps each passage from its natural to a more artificial sense, carry with them to the candid mind the evidence of confutation, just as we remember a blind man once told us, that he always knew when he had left the right road, by feeling that the current of air had changed its direction, and was flowing from the *wrong* point. It is well when the spiritual sense is so refined and perfected that it becomes intolerable to abide in any speculative position, if the current of divine teaching is against us.

But this recognition of the Sabbath raises an important question—whether the Decalogue embodies an authoritative summary of God's moral law, as incorporated with all dispensations, or whether it pertained exclusively to the Jewish polity and people.

We confess that a careful consideration of the question leaves but little doubt in our mind that the Decalogue must be regarded as nothing less than the acknowledged basis of God's moral government. It was separated not only in point of time, but with wonderful solemnity, from every other part of the Jewish law ; the latter revealed through Moses to the people, the former proclaimed by God himself. "These words the Lord spake unto all the assembly in the mount, out of the midst of the fire, of the cloud, and of thick darkness, with a great noise." And he

added no more. Written with the finger of God on tables of stone prepared especially for this purpose, the Decalogue was divided widely from every later revelation, and laid by in the Ark of God, as an abiding testimony of the divine purpose.

Not untruly has one of the most powerful living writers in France, though himself no believer in Christianity, remarked that :

"Even the number of the commandments of the Decalogue, and their order, has nothing in it that is fortuitous. It is the genesis of moral phenomena, the ladder of duty and of crime resting upon an analysis wisely and marvelously developed."—Prudhon, *De la Celeb. Dim.* p. 17.

Examine those commandments, and the reader will find, that in principle they comprise every duty both to God and man ; so that any one of them could not be taken away without leaving a dreary and intolerable void. As it is well said by Dr. Wardlaw :—

"The first commandment enjoins the exclusive appropriation of religious veneration, homage, and service to the one God. The second prescribes the spirituality of its object as incapable of being represented by any external similitude. The third commands the sacredness of the name of Jehovah, and of everything with which that name is associated. And the fourth ordains the constancy and regularity of God's worship, and of the solemn commemoration of the doings of his hands."—Wardlaw, *Sabb.*, p. 45.

And this brings us at once to the question—What is the essential principle and design involved in the appointment of the Sabbath ? For if the principle be of universal application, and its design as important to the Gentile as the Jew, we do not wonder that the observance should be associated with other duties which are undeniably of universal obligation.

And it must be borne in mind, that even in the Decalogue the clearest rules of moral duty may be associated with local and accidental circumstances, as when the alleged motive of observation is temporary, while the rule itself is of eternal obligation : thus, in the fifth commandment it is said, "Honor thy father and thy mother : that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

The fourth commandment is the only one which implies the duty of constant and recurring worship. God requires a portion of our time for his service ; and though it may be alleged that the definite appointment of a definite period seems to partake of a

positive rather than a moral character, yet as being essential to social worship, which is clearly involved in the idea of social dependence on God, there can be no doubt that if the principal duty, worship, is an element of our moral relation to the Supreme Being, its indispensable accessory, the separation of a common time for God's service, is equally binding, and dependant on fundamental principle. Besides, it must be borne in mind, that every precept of the second table in the Decalogue is specifically recognized in the New Testament as being of permanent authority; and by a very comprehensive declaration, the whole of the commandments are acknowledged by Christ as included in his great law of love to God and man. It seems, therefore, unreasonable to suppose, that the fourth commandment constitutes the only exception. Without it, the rule of life being incomplete, and only perfected by its recognition, and that, if rescinded, its abrogation should not be specifically stated or even implied. It is obvious that the Sabbath was originally instituted, whether as coëval with creation or the exodus of the Israelites, for the fulfilment of great practical designs. It was to be the constant memorial of God's relation to man in the accomplishment of his purposes. It was a link in the economy of Providence, by which man should be habitually drawn into closer communion with God—the sign of God's willingness to accept our worship, and of the duty that is involved in this privilege—the standing monument of divine mercy—the golden gate of love, through which the soul was invited to enter and seek the favor and the friendship of his Maker—a day of rest from toil, the wisest provision for a world that was soon to be one of labor and sorrow—at once a rich resource for man's spiritual necessities and the best security for his temporal happiness.

And it will be observed that although a specific day is selected for the observance of the Sabbath, as one day inevitably must be, that the institution itself, even in its earliest recognition, is separated from the day. The institution is the subject of the divine command, the day but its accident. Hence in the second chapter of Genesis, and in the first announcement in Exodus of the Decalogue, the rest of the seventh day specially com-

memorates God's finished work of creation. But when the Jews are commanded, in Deuteronomy, to observe the Sabbath, the institution in all its integrity is retained—for this is indispensable—but the object of its commemoration is changed, and the greater work of God's mercy to the Israelites, their deliverance from Egypt, takes the place of the work of creation. And hence, as we believe, under the gospel dispensation a similar appropriation of the day for a specific purpose is observable. The institution remains the same, accomplishing every purpose for which it was originally intended, and still occupying its place as a necessary part of God's moral economy; but under the gospel dispensation it is given to the Christian as a sign, just as it was given to the Israelite on leaving Egypt—not made for him, excepting only as the Sabbath was made for man, but assigned as a memorial of the greatest event in his special dispensation. To the patriarch, a sign of the work of creation; to the Jew, of deliverance from Egypt; and to the Christian, of Christ's resurrection and the finished work of redemption.

Nor should it be forgotten that, while great stress has been laid by those who argue for the exclusively Judaical character of the Sabbath on those passages which refer to the day as having been "given" to the Jew, and as being a "sign" between God and his chosen people, other institutions or commands which had undeniably a previous existence are spoken of in precisely the same terms, when specially appropriated as parts of the Jewish economy. Thus in Jeremiah the moral as well as the ceremonial precepts of the law are alleged to have been given to the children of Israel. So in John vii, 22, it is said of circumcision, which had been commanded to Abraham: "Moses, therefore, gave unto you circumcision;" or again, in Deuteronomy it is said of the Ten Commandments, a rule of moral duty: "Thou shalt bind them for a sign upon thy hand".—See *Wardlaw on the Sabbath*, pp. 26-28.

It is obvious that the institution of the Sabbath is as distinct from the seventh day, or the first, as worship is from altars or temples, from the synagogue or the church; each may be an important accessory, but it is not the very substance; and upon this principle we do not feel that the

change of the Sabbath from the seventh day to the first at all affects its observance, but rather fulfills the great object which such an institution was intended to effect. And hence in those remarkable prophecies in the Old Testament, which seek their fulfillment far beyond the limits of the Mosaic economy, while the typical rites of Judaism are referred to in terms descriptive of their observance, the Sabbath is never alluded to as the seventh day, but merely as "the Sabbath of the Lord;" and its true character, as well as its permanence, seems to be implied. Thus in Isaiah, the prophet, looking onward to the future glories of the Church, in which the Gentile as well as the Jew will be included, says: "Also the sons of strangers that join themselves to the Lord to serve him, every one that keepeth the Sabbath from polluting it, and taketh hold of my covenant, even them will I bring to my holy mountain;" or again: "It shall come to pass that from one new moon to another, and from one Sabbath to another, shall all flesh come to worship before me, saith the Lord." Isaiah lxvi, 23. Or in Ezekiel, when under the imagery of a magnificent temple, built after no human pattern, the glory of the Church is symbolized, the prophet declares that "the gate of the inner court, that looketh toward the East, shall be shut the six working days; but on the Sabbath it shall be opened." Ezek. xli, 1.

It was the constant object of the Saviour while on earth to raise the minds of his disciples to a level from which they could look back upon the ritual services of Judaism as the ladder by which they had ascended to a loftier dispensation; and hence the spiritual element which he largely infused into the obligations of the Mosaic economy—its law not abolished, but grafted with far loftier truth. Sacrifice and ritual service, the splendor of the priesthood and of temple worship, were all destined to fade away in a brighter and purer light, the types and shadows of a glory which was perfected in Christ; but the principles they had involved must reappear under every form of religious belief. The great building that rises steadily toward completion is screened from the public highway, and carefully defended from vulgar approach, while the entire edifice is disguised by the scaffoldings which surround it. Yet the architect has

no difficulty in distinguishing between the screen and the building, the scaffolding and the purpose for which it was raised; and his plans have reference to its completion, retaining just so much as is needful for his design, until, the topstone being laid, the scaffolding and the screen fall together and the perfect building is presented. Such, as it appears to us, was the result of Christ's personal ministry.

Apart from the great moral principles which it incorporated, the careful observer will readily perceive that the Mosaic law consisted either of rites which foreshadowed the blessings of the gospel, or of observances intended to maintain the isolation of the Israelites as God's chosen and peculiar people. The paschal lamb, the morning and evening sacrifice, the blood sprinkled upon the altar, the golden laver, and the priest that washed in its sanctifying water or ministered in the temple, could have no place in an economy of which Christ had become the perfect sacrifice and the unchanging priest. And when the gospel was freely proclaimed as a message of mercy to all, the Gentile and the Jew were once more united in the bond of brotherhood. Hence it became an important duty for Christ, as the great teacher, to illustrate those cardinal truths, which were soon to take their appointed places in his new and more comprehensive dispensation. And considering it in this light, how was the Sabbath regarded by Christ? Is it not obvious that he honored it in every way—in his preaching, by miracle, and by precept? For it reappears again and again in his ministry, like some deep underlying stratum of rock that breaks its way through the soil continually, and, though seen in fragments, gives undeniable evidence of its permanence and depth. Christ seemed in an especial manner to honor the Sabbath; and he endeavored, by earnest instruction, to bring back the minds of the people to a true estimate of its spiritual character.

The Sabbath was chosen for the first act of his public ministry: "He came to Nazareth, where he had been brought up; and, as his custom was, he went into the synagogue on the Sabbath-day, and stood up for to read." Luke iv, 16. And almost immediately afterward it is said, "He came down to Capernaum, a city of Galilee, and taught them on

the Sabbath-days." Luke iv, 31. And while he labored in public on the Sabbath, he rendered his instruction more conspicuous by those divine tokens which testified so emphatically to the truth of his mission.

And we especially refer to these Sabbathic miracles, because the greater number of them seem to have been performed for the express purpose of affording the Saviour an opportunity of fully expounding to his followers the true spirit and intention of Sabbath observance. In the first miracle, which was wrought at the pool of Bethesda, Jesus practically affirmed that the Sabbath could not be desecrated by any acts of mercy which might be wrought on that day; and in commanding the lame man to "take up his bed, and walk," he virtually declared that his power was paramount to every other, even the most sacred institutions of religion being subject to his control; and as the Divine Father continued his works of providence on the Sabbath, so to one who was equal with the Father there necessarily pertained the same absolute authority over times and seasons. "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work. Therefore the Jews sought the more to kill him, because he not only had broken the Sabbath, but said also, that God was his Father, making himself equal with God." John v, 17, 18.

Only a short time afterward, and while still in the neighborhood of Jerusalem, Jesus and his disciples were passing through the corn-fields on the Sabbath-day, "and the disciples plucked the ears of corn, and did eat, rubbing them in their hands." To this the Pharisees objected; but Jesus, in reply, reiterated the important principles which had been involved in the miracle of healing. He endeavored to convince them that it was not inconsistent with the institution of the Sabbath to perform necessary duties and acts of mercy on that day. Thus David, when he was hungered, partook of the show-bread; and the priests in the temple performed their sacred duties on the Sabbath; showing them, in fact, that instead of abolishing the Sabbath, he did no more on that day than under the Jewish dispensation it was lawful for David or the priests to have done; and he then distinctly affirmed three important principles—that in this act of theirs they were

guiltless, for God preferred mercy to sacrifice; that he, the Son of Man, was Lord of the Sabbath; and that "the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath." Mark ii, 27. So violent was the opposition excited by these doctrines that, for eighteen months, Christ was obliged to retire into the north of Judea, and only revisited Jerusalem when his ministry was drawing to a close.

Returning to Jerusalem at the Feast of Tabernacles, he again pleaded for his privilege to perform acts of mercy on the Sabbath-day. "If a man," says Christ, on that day "receive circumcision, that the law of Moses should not be broken, are ye angry at me because I have made a man every whit whole on the Sabbath-day?" John vii, 23. And almost immediately afterward he afforded a confirmation of these principles, by giving sight on the Sabbath-day, at the pool of Siloam, to a man who had been born blind. Once more, at Capernaum, on the Sabbath-day, he heals in the synagogue the woman who had been so long bound with infirmity; again the ruler of the synagogue reproved him with indignation, "because he healed on the Sabbath-day." And again Christ appeals, for his justification, to the true principle of Sabbath observance: "Doth not each one of you, on the Sabbath, loose his ox, or his ass, from the stall, and lead him away to watering; and ought not this woman to be loosed from this bond on the Sabbath-day?" And when, only a few days afterward, he was in the house of one of the chief Pharisees, a man which had the dropsy was before him; mindful, probably, of what had just passed in the town, he asks, "Is it lawful to heal on the Sabbath-day?" And then having healed the man, (for his mercy would not be baffled by their objections,) he added, as in the spirit of his last appeal, "Which of you having an ass, or an ox, fallen into a pit, will not straightway pull him out on the Sabbath-day?"

And what means all this fullness of instruction with reference to an institution which, as the objectors assume, was just about to terminate in a more spiritual and happier dispensation. It is the constant theme of the Saviour's ministry; miracles illustrate it—repeated discourses exhibit the true spirit of its observance; and by a constant appeal to first principles, he endeavors, as Lord of the Sabbath, to

render it again a blessing to mankind. Can it be supposed that if this institution had been about to perish with the ritual services of Judaism, it would thus be distinguished in the ministry of Christ; and while its few last sands were running through, that there needed such effulgence to brighten them. Is it not far more consistent with the tenor of the Saviour's life, and with the teaching that never dwelt upon trivial things, but always occupied itself in the illustration of great moral truths, to believe that Christ was desirous of purging the Sabbath from the formal and traditionary observances which had gathered round it, and by expounding its true nature, vindicating its merciful character, and asserting his power over it as "Lord of the Sabbath," to prepare and perfect this institution for a dispensation whose leading attributes were glory to God in the highest, and good will to men?

But let us not leave the Divine Master until he has imparted one more lesson. Christ is with his disciples on the Mount of Olives—for "they come to him privately." On the opposite hill rises the temple, with its vast stones, which were soon to be overturned; and they say unto him, "Tell us, when shall these things be, and what shall be the sign of thy coming, and of the end of the world?"—(of the age.) And Jesus, to whom the future was always revealed, looking onward to a period which projected itself some way into the gospel dispensation—to a time when the observances of Judaism could have no binding force on the minds of his disciples, says to them in reply, "Pray ye that your flight be not in the winter, neither on the Sabbath-day." It is thus plain that, in that distant future, the Sabbath-day was not to be abrogated; but Christians, the avowed disciples of Christ, saved in the final destruction of Jerusalem by their faith in him, were to pray, that their flight might not be on the Sabbath-day. It seems to us that the teaching of Christ, consistent in all things, is consistent here; and that this sacred institution, which, throughout his ministry, he had observed and honored, constituted in his mind a part of the sacred scheme which he bequeathed, with his dying breath, to all ages, and to every people—the gift of the gospel.

But it may be naturally asked, whether

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any sufficient sanction exists for the alteration of the period of Sabbath observance from the seventh day of the week to the first?

We shall answer the question in our next.

[For the National Magazine.]

LORD, THOU ART GREAT!

FROM THE GERMAN OF SEIDL.

"Lord, thou art great!"—I cry, when in the East

The day is blooming like a rose of fire;
When, to partake anew of life's rich feast,
Nature and man awake with fresh desire.
When art thou seen more gracious, God of power!

Than in the morn's great resurrection-hour!

"Lord, thou art great!"—I cry, when blackness shrouds

The noonday heavens, and crinkling lightnings flame,

And on the tablet of the thunder-clouds

In fiery letters write thy dreadful name.
When art thou, Lord, more terrible in wrath,
Than in the mid-day tempest's lowering path!

"Lord, thou art great!"—I cry, when, in the West,

Day, softly vanquish'd, shuts his glowing eye;
When song-feasts ring from every woodland nest,

And all in melancholy sweetness die.
When giv'st thou, Lord, our hearts more bless'd repose,

Than in the magic of thy evening shows!

"Lord, thou art great!"—I cry, at dead of night,

When silence broods alike on land and deep;
When stars go up and down the blue-arch'd height,

And on the silver clouds the moonbeams sleep.
When beckonest thou, O Lord, to loftier heights,
Than in the silent praise of holy nights!

"Lord, thou art great!" in nature's every form;
Greater in none—simply most great in all;

In tears and terrors, sunshine, smile and storm,
And all that stirs the heart, is felt thy call.

"Lord, thou art great!" O, let me praise thy name,

And grow in greatness as I thine proclaim!

C. T. B.

A GRACEFUL COMPLIMENT.—It was a judicious resolution of a father, when, being asked what he intended to do with his girls, he replied—"I intend to apprentice them all to their excellent mother, that they may learn the art of improving time, and be fitted to become, like her, wives, mothers, and heads of families, and useful members of society."

The National Magazine.

JUNE, 1855.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER TO BISHOP SIMPSON.

RELIGION IN OUR LARGE CITIES—NEW-YORK PREACHERS' MEETING—HAS METHODISM LOST ITS ADAPTATION TO CITIES?—FIGURES—NEW-YORK AND VICINITY—BALTIMORE—BUFFALO—BOSTON—SUMMARY—VIEWS OF RELIGION IN CITIES—MORAL DESOLATION OF NEW-YORK—APPALLING FACTS—CHURCHES ABANDONING—WHAT IS TO BE DONE?

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR,—When we last met, after extensive travels among the Churches, you inquired respecting my observations on the prospects of religion, and especially of Methodism, in the country. Our conversation was too brief to admit of any full answer to the question, and we were both quickly pursuing again, in opposite directions, those routes of official travel which have still deprived us of the opportunity of resuming the subject, while they have constantly afforded us new data upon it. I doubt not that your Episcopal experience, though it has not yet extended through one quadrennial term, has been suggestive of many grave and some anxious reflections on the condition of the Church. Methodism, in its geographical extent over the continent; its numerical force, (devolving upon its religious care about one-fifth of the national population;) its ecclesiastical system, so peculiar in both its effectiveness and its obnoxiousness to public criticism; its rapid multiplication of academies and colleges; its great publishing provisions, surpassing those of any other religious body in the new world or the whole world; its fast unfolding missionary schemes; its energetic committal to the great moral questions of the age, for one of which it has sacrificed its unity; its religious influence over the foreigners of the country, embracing at the present time no less than ten thousand communicants, who sing its hymns in one foreign language, and a scheme of districts and circuits sustained by foreign preachers, from Boston to New Orleans—the denomination which you represent has thus become invested with interests and responsibilities for the country and the world which may be soberly called stupendous, and which must render its future a question of deep solicitude to all good men of the land, whatever may be their sectarian relations.

In accordance with a previous understanding between us, I propose to address to you, through these columns, a few letters embodying the results of the observations made in my late official tours on some of the great interests alluded to, and the state of public sentiment in the Church regarding them. I propose to discuss with prudent freedom the actual condition of the denomination—its educational schemes; the state and prospects of its literature and publishing plans; the character of its ministry; and several questions of ecclesiastical "reform," so called, which are now more or less entertained by portions of its ministry and

laity. Notwithstanding these topics present an indefinite range, I shall limit myself to precise and specific views of them, and I hope not to be tedious to any readers in the denomination, nor to any, not of it, who may take a catholic interest in the common cause of our American Protestantism. It is due to you, my dear sir, that I say distinctly in the outset that you are not to be implicated, in any wise, in any opinion I may advance. I know your interest in these great topics, as in everything that concerns the welfare of Christianity in the country; but I claim not your indorsement for a single personal opinion I may utter.*

One of the most interesting questions lately put forth among us, *Whether Methodism, and indeed all evangelical forms of religion, are not declining in the large American cities?* and whether, in respect to Methodism, its own economical system is not responsible for most of its share in any such declension? The subject has occasioned no little discussion in the "Preachers' Meeting" of this city. This meeting is a reunion of Methodist clergy, of not only the city, but of the vicinity also. The ministerial corps of Brooklyn and Williamsburgh are always largely represented, and visiting brethren who spend the Sabbath here are usually found at the Mission Rooms (where the meeting is held) on Monday morning. Altogether the assembly is, perhaps, the most imposing one (numerically, at least,) of the kind in the United States. The larger Mission Room is sometimes quite filled; and more members of the ministry are usually present than used to constitute a strong conference in the days of Asbury. The discussions of the meeting have taken a tone of exceeding independence and boldness. They show a profound earnestness on the part of the advocates of "Reform." It has been ascertained, however, that the assumed fact which gave rise to these debates, and which was at first urged as their most commanding argument, is fallacious. That assumption was, that Methodism had undergone a serious declension in the city of New-York, that the same fact was true of the other principal cities, and that the reason of the fact was to be seen in the inapplicability of our Church system to large cities. The text of all these dolorous complainings was a brief statistical passage in the *Christian Advocate and Journal*, from which it appeared that Methodism had not only not advanced in New-York city during the last ten years, but had, on the other hand, really lost more than four hundred members within that period.

* It should be stated that some of these subjects have been discussed by the writer in a local paper, (the *Boston Zion's Herald*.) He has suspended the discussion there in order to transfer it to these pages, because, in the latter, it will have a much larger access to those whom he wishes to address, and the interest which he finds to prevail on the questions discussed, justifies a more thorough review of them than could consist with the brief limits of a weekly newspaper communication. The substance of the articles already issued will be given (with important revisions) in three of our present essays, after which we shall proceed to the remaining topics. The latter depend somewhat upon the former. The readers of the articles in the *Herald* will find them enlarged, in their present form, to at least double their original extent.

Here was a position on which the "reformer" might plant himself with formidable strength, and some of our ablest men did so. Judging from the emphasis of their speeches, they seemed almost in despair of our cause in the large cities—reform must come, and come promptly, or the ship must sink irrecoverably. It was not my privilege to be present often at these meetings, owing to my official travels; nor could I well judge of the local facts assumed, as I had not, and have not yet been in one-tenth of the Methodist Churches of the vicinity; but I doubted the accuracy of the alleged statistics, or at least the inference drawn from them. Independently of the minute statistics, I had had ample opportunity to judge of the *status* of Methodism in our large cities, being familiar with it for more than a quarter of a century. I knew what every other Methodist as old must know, that it has been gathering strength in all directions, and in all its interests during that period; and that, within the last fifteen or twenty years, it has, in our large cities, undergone an improvement amounting almost to a *revolution* in its social position, the number, and especially the character of its chapels, and in its finances generally. These are facts visible to the most casual observer, without the evidence of statistical particularities. If, then, there had been a declension in New-York city, might it not result from a local and temporary cause, not implicating our Church policy? Was it not a common calamity with all denominations, and not therefore attributable to anything *peculiar* in our system? With these convictions, it seemed that the very premise assumed in the debates was questionable, and a thorough revision of the statistics was proposed. A competent committee, headed by Dr. Bangs, was appointed, and their report at a subsequent meeting changed quite seriously the aspect of the subject. The question is of such general interest, and is so relevant to opinions that I fear are vaguely floating among a class of our people, that I must give you, somewhat in detail, the facts ascertained by the committee, and published by Dr. Bangs in the *Christian Advocate* :—

COMPARATIVE NUMBERS IN THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH FOR TWENTY YEARS, FROM 1833 TO 1853, IN NEW-YORK, BROOKLYN, WILLIAMSBURGH, JERSEY CITY, HOBOKEN, AND NEWARK.

Numbers in	1833.	1838.	1843.	1848.	1853.
New-York . . .	5,156	5,487	9,771	9,272	9,324
Brooklyn . . .	209	952	2,081	1,944	2,904
Williamsburgh . .		231	351	811	1,135
Jer. City & Hoboken		305	306	371	683
Newark	740	559	982	1,408	2,123
Total	6,105	7,394	13,441	13,801	16,169
Increase in	1838.	1843.	1848.	1853.	
New-York . . .	329	4,284	dec. 499	52	
Brooklyn . . .	751	1,079	dec. 87	960	
Williamsburgh . .	231	120	460	324	
Jer. City & Hoboken	305	1	65	312	
Newark	dec. 181	423	421	720	
Total	1,435	5,907	860	2,368	

RECAPITULATION.

From 1833 to 1838, inc.	1,435,	about	22 per cent.
From 1838 to 1843, "	5,907,	"	78 "
From 1843 to 1848, "	360,	"	8 "
From 1848 to 1853, "	2,368,	"	18 "

It will be perceived that the average per cent. of increase for the last twenty years is a little over five. The largest increase in any five years from 1833 to 1853 was from 1838 to 1843, when it was five thousand nine hundred and seven—more than seventy-eight per cent. This is referred by Dr. Bangs to the Millerite delusion. It prepared the way for the decrease, in the city of New-York and in some other places, from 1843 to 1848, and for the small aggregate increase in the places above-mentioned during that period, which was only three hundred and sixty—about three per cent. But from 1848 to 1853 the minds of the people returned to the sober appreciation of divine truth, and to a healthier sense of its power; and hence the comparatively large increase of converts during that period, it being two thousand three hundred and sixty-eight, a fraction under eighteen per cent., which is about the average per cent. of increase, except from 1838 to 1843, during the excitement produced by Millerism. Dr. Bangs shows that even in the city of New-York, where the delusion was greatest during the period from 1843 to 1848—as indeed here the increase was much the greatest from 1838 to 1843, it being no less than four thousand two hundred and eighty-four, which is a fraction under eighty per cent.—from 1848 to 1853 the increase is fifty-two, while in Brooklyn, during the same period, it is nine hundred and sixty, which is a fraction under fifty per cent.: so that, remarks the doctor, the apparent impression of some, that Methodism is going down in the city of New-York, which has caused our enemies to exult over us, inferring that our measures are not suited to the region of cities any longer, turns out to be rather premature, and is founded upon an erroneous datum; for though it is true, as published in the *Advocate*, that from 1843 to 1853 there was a decrease of about four hundred, it seems that that happened from 1843 to 1848 or 1849; for from 1848 to 1853 there has been a small increase, which, to be sure, is very small, in comparison to our numbers in the entire city, the increase of population, and our increase heretofore.

This he accounts for, however, by the constant removals to Brooklyn, Williamsburgh, Jersey City, Hoboken, Newark, and other places in the vicinity of the city, such as Morrisania, Mount Vernon, Rye, and Newburgh. These latter four places he has not included in the above enumeration, because the removals to them have been less numerous than to others, and because it is probable that the removals into the city have equalled them. But Brooklyn, Williamsburgh, Jersey City, Hoboken, and Newark have been included, because it is well known that their numbers have been much increased by accessions from New-York. Take one period for a sample, namely, from 1848 to 1853, when the increase in New-York was only fifty-two, while in Brooklyn it was nine hundred and sixty, in Williamsburgh three hundred and twenty-four, in Jersey City and Hoboken three hundred and twelve, and in Newark seven hundred and twenty; and even in Brooklyn, where the increase from 1838 to 1843 was two hundred and nineteen, principally, as Dr. Bangs supposes, from removals, the decrease from 1843 to 1848 was only eighty-seven,

showing that though somewhat affected by Millerism, yet, in consequence of the greater stability of the members, being chiefly the weightier portion of the community, who remove thither for retirement from business, or for a more pleasant residence, while they continue their business in New-York, they suffered much less in proportion to their numbers than did the city of New-York.

The doctor contends that it is well known by the leading preachers and members of the Church, that the greater proportionate increase of these neighboring places is owing to recruits from the city Churches. The facts are manifest; and he also affirms that no special revivals have distinguished these adjacent places from the metropolis during the period—none sufficient to account for the contrast their statistics present.

He presented also another view of the case, which is still more encouraging. In 1833, there were but ten churches in the city of New-York, two in Brooklyn, none in Williamsburgh, none in Jersey City, and two in Newark—making in all fourteen. In 1838, thirteen in New-York, four in Brooklyn, one in Williamsburgh, none in Jersey City, and two in Newark—making twenty in all. In 1843, nineteen in New-York, in Brooklyn four, in Williamsburgh one, in Jersey City one, in Newark three—making in all twenty-eight. In 1848, in New-York twenty-seven, in Brooklyn six, in Williamsburgh one, in Jersey City and Hoboken two, in Newark four—making in all forty-five. In 1853, in New-York thirty, in Brooklyn thirteen, in Williamsburgh seven, in Jersey City and Hoboken three, in Newark eight—making in all sixty-one. Thus it appears that the number of churches has more than quadrupled in twenty years; and that in the city of New-York they have just tripled their number, while the number of Church-members has not quite doubled.

It appears, therefore, that Methodism in the city has extended its borders faster than it has increased in numerical strength, while in the other places the increase of numbers has kept pace with the increase of church accommodations.

This fact proves that the diminution in the city of New-York from 1843 to 1848, and the proportionate increase in its immediate vicinity, are owing to removals from the former to the latter, and they all virtually form one community, and are therefore properly taken together in the doctor's calculations.

Such, then, are some of the statistical results ascertained by Dr. Bangs; I have given them as nearly as possible in his own language. They upset conclusively the assumption that Methodism is not as well adapted to a suburban as to a provincial population. And in fact they do much more than this. *They show a greater percentage of increase in the city and vicinity than in the Church at large.* In 1773, the date of our oldest record, there were one hundred and eighty Methodists in New-York, and none, unless they were included among those in the city, in the other places in the vicinity above-named. In 1853 there were sixteen thousand one hundred and sixty-nine, including New-York, Brooklyn, Williamsburgh, Jersey City, Hoboken, and Newark. This would give an

average yearly per cent. of a fraction over eleven. The average per cent. of the annual increase of the entire Church during the same period was a little over nine. *New-York and its vicinity (that which virtually pertains to it) stands then with a superiority of two per cent. over the general Church.* The growth of the general Church has been a marvel in the estimation of religious staticians; what then shall be said of its advance here at the national metropolis?

I have given the details of the subject because I think the question involved is a very grave one, and that it ought to be decisively settled, as affecting the future progress and policy of the denomination. The advocates of "Reform" will not wish discouraging views of our common cause, in order to promote what they deem desirable changes. By breaking the spirit—the "morale"—of a public body, you cannot reform it; you can only enervate it, and send it the farther downward. Our cause advances, and must and shall advance—that is the conviction which will enable us to effectuate reforms when we really need them.

These results placed the debate entirely on another footing. It has since proceeded on independent and general grounds. I shall hereafter speak of its main questions; all I have wished to do now, was to settle the initiatory question of the failure of Methodism in our large cities. So far as New-York is concerned, the statistics do settle it. What if the results were different; still, in a city like this—one that is largely foreign, that includes a community of Jews alone larger than the whole Jewish population of Palestine itself, and into which thousands of emigrants are pouring weekly—in a city like this, discouraging results would not affect much the general question. Yet the results are otherwise. I think Methodism will be found not only to have stemmed well the degenerating and overwhelming flood that pours upon and sweeps through the metropolis, but that it has done so as well as any other evangelical denomination here. I have not the statistics of other sects, during the above periods, but I have not a moment's fear of the comparison. The only statistics of the kind that I have seen relate to Presbyterianism, of which the *New-York Observer* gives the following account:—

"By the census of 1830, the population of the city was 202,589; by that of 1840, it was 312,719; and by that of 1850, it was 515,507. Consequently, computing by the average of the increase between 1840 and 1850, the population at the present time is 596,625. There is, however, good reason to believe that it exceeds 600,000. Now, from the above data, it appears that in 1837 there was one Presbyterian Church to every 8,225 souls, and one member to every 27 souls; and that in 1854 there is one church to every 17,548 souls, and one member to every 54 souls. Thus we find that the relative numerical force of the membership has diminished just one-half in 17 years, and that the strength of the Churches has diminished, numerically, more than one-half."

I rejoice not in this showing—I lament it; but it speaks significantly to our brethren respecting the efficiency of ecclesiastical systems. Your strength, men of God, lies not there! Ecclesiastical peculiarities are not the locks that now-a-days make the prevailing Samson. They are becoming of less and less interest daily, in the enlightened world—a fact favorable alike

to the conservative and the reformer. The more vital interests of personal piety—of missions, education, religious intelligence by the diffusion of religious literature—these and kindred attributes constitute our main strength—these are the directions in which we need “reforming.” Economical changes have their importance—he is a fool who sees not the fact and provides not for it; but not more so than he who makes them the fundamental condition of life or death to a great denomination. They come in the progress of these other great improvements; they come thus inevitably, yet generally peaceably. But when they take precedence—when they are exalted into main questions—they produce confusion and disaster. Methodism must modify itself, and more, perhaps, than is generally supposed—it inevitably will do so as time may justify—but let none of its loyal children fear that the house will fall about their ears, because this door or that window might, seemingly, be better placed. While the people below can pour in through the one, and the light from above in through the other, let us sing our household hymns of thankfulness, and take our leisure to make repairs.

I believe, in the absence, however, of confirmatory statistics, that the above results apply to our cities generally. Methodism has not only left far in the rear the ancient Popery of Baltimore, but leads, I think, all its Protestantism. Contrasting the date of Millerism and the present year, it would, doubtless, show to disadvantage there as elsewhere; but, eliminating this false element from the calculation, I am sure it must correspond with the results at New-York. A Baltimore correspondent of the *Christian Advocate* says:—“We have now in this city, including white and colored, English and German, forty churches and chapels, with thirty-one effective itinerant preachers, besides our much-loved Bishop Waugh and two presiding elders. If you add to this between sixty and seventy local preachers, you have the ministerial personnel of the Methodist Episcopal Church.” This, as its ministerial corps, speaks well, certainly, for its local strength.

A statement has recently appeared in the *Buffalo Christian Advocate*, showing that though Methodism was at first tardy in its progress in that important city, yet it has rapidly advanced during late years, and now ranks second among Protestant denominations in the number of its churches, our Presbyterian brethren alone taking precedence of it.

Boston readers will bear me testimony that my conclusions are confirmed in the strongest manner in the eastern metropolis. I have had intimate personal relations with Boston Methodism for more than twenty years—I have seen it transformed within that period in almost all its external conditions. In 1833 it had but two chapels, besides “Father Taylor’s” Bethel and “Father Snowden’s” little meeting-house for colored people; it began its “colonizing” movements in 1834, at Church-street; it now has nine churches in the city, besides those which have since been erected in portions of the vicinity, which may be considered the outskirts of the city itself—the places of residence for men doing business in the city. All its city accommodations for worship have been

erected or renovated within that period, and made incomparably superior to its old chapels. Besides new structures in the immediate city, it has since that date established one in East Boston, one in South Boston, two in Chelsea, two in Roxbury, and one in Charlestown, Cambridge, Dedham, respectively. It has now the best Methodist chapels in the United States; and meanwhile its financial and social position has been equally revolutionized.

The conclusion of the whole matter seems, then, to be about this, viz.:—

First. That owing to the peculiar conditions of our great city populations—their rapid growth, influx of foreigners, &c.—the proportion of irreligious citizens has grown rapidly within a few years.

Second. That this evil affects all evangelical Churches in common, and therefore is not attributable to anything peculiar to any one of them.

Third. That Methodism has sustained itself as well, perhaps better, than sister sects against it.

I speak with much confidence on the subject, and as much thankfulness, for what favorable aspects it bears; but I have not the presumption to say that I *must be correct* in spite of brethren who have differed from me. I think I am, however, and present these views for correction if they need it. Let the question of the adaptation of our present economy to cities be settled by a thorough examination of facts. The result cannot fail to teach us important lessons. Meanwhile the moral condition of large cities in this country, and the inefficiency of all denominations in meeting their wants, are the real questions—not the special adaptations of any one ecclesiastical economy. The evil is a common and a crying one. Our large cities are unquestionably and fearfully degenerating. The Churches, to aggrandize themselves by costly edifices and genteel sites, are deserting more and more the localities which most need them, and into which Christ and his apostles would have most urgently carried their message of mercy. Some hurried and extemporized provisions of “colportage” and “city missions” have been made as a substitute; but invaluable as these are, they are but poor apologies for the voluntary extradition of the Churches and their regular ministrations. No less than twenty-two of the churches in the lower wards of New-York city have been sold out, and their societies transferred “up-town.” Only three Methodist churches remain within a district bounded by Canal, Center, Walker, Bowery, and Catharine-streets; and our mutual friend, Dr. Bond, has recently announced, “with absolute dismay,” that two of these contemplate a removal. It is a fact, that the portion of this great city which once contained nearly all its churches, is now being deserted by nearly all of them, while its population is actually becoming larger than ever it was before. I repeat: the old lower wards, now being deserted by the Churches, have absolutely more population now than they had when they were the seats of most of these absconding Churches. A personal friend, whose opportunities qualify him to estimate the facts correctly, has made a local investigation of these wards, and presents me

with the following statements. Are they not appalling?

"Look in with me for a few moments on the seven lower wards in this city, lying south of Canal and Division-streets, even if you only listen to a more than three-fold tale. We are told that, within a few years, fourteen or sixteen [twenty-two] once strong and flourishing churches have been removed from within their bounds, and yet their population has, in the mean time, increased more than 39,000. Those wards now contain 59,000 children, of whom 28,000 are between the ages of five and fifteen. Not more than 4,000 children are now in all the Sunday schools in those wards, leaving 22,000 still unprovided for; and most of these are in all the moral degradation and ignorance, and more than all the *guilt*, of heathenism.

"We have seen children twelve years old that did not know they had a soul; had never heard of a Saviour; and had never heard of the blessedness of heaven, or the miseries of hell.

"If you look into the First Ward of this city, you will see, in a population of 24,000, only one place where God is publicly worshiped, either by Protestants or Catholics, and that is at a mission station, in a private dwelling. Of 6,300 children in that ward, 3,300 are of suitable age to attend Sabbath schools; but not more than 300 are now in attendance, leaving over 3,000 still untaught in that ward alone.

"But we will pass along further up town, and look at the Seventh Ward, bounded by Catharine and Division-streets, and comprising a large share of intelligence, wealth, and piety; and yet in a population of 40,000, they have not church accommodations for more than 6,000, leaving 34,000 unprovided for.

"The ward contains 15,400 children, 7,500 of whom are between the ages of five and fifteen. Not more than 2,000 of them are now in any or all of the Sabbath schools of the ward, leaving 5,500 children to be looked after and instructed in that one ward. Let us go still further up town. The Eleventh Ward occupies a small corner of our city—not much more than 3,000 feet long by 2,000 broad, lying east of Avenue B, and between Hvington and Fourteenth-streets; and yet more than 56,000 souls are crowded into that small space, and almost 50,000 more than all their places of religious worship, both Protestant and Catholic, can accommodate.

"More than 1,000 persons, on an average, inhabit every full-sized block in the ward, with an average of 380 children, 180 of whom are between five and fifteen, and ought to be in some good Sunday school. In that ward there are 2,391 dwellings, and consequently the average population in each dwelling is a fraction over twenty-three persons. This is the most densely-populated ward in New-York, except the first. The Ninth Ward contains the smallest number of persons in each

dwelling of any ward in the city, being an average of less than eleven persons. The Sixth Ward averages twenty-two.

"The Eleventh Ward, of which we speak, contains 21,000 children, 10,500 of whom are of suitable age for Sabbath schools, while not more than 3,500 are in all the schools, leaving 7,000 destitute.

This ward is bounded on the west by the Seventeenth Ward, running up to the Bowery, and containing just about an equal population, with about 1,000 more children in Sabbath schools.

"Both wards have a population of 112,000, with 42,000 children, 21,000 of whom are between the ages of five and fifteen, and about 8,000 are in Sunday schools, leaving 13,000 destitute; and yet they are within fifteen to thirty minutes' walk of the residences of the members of most of our strongest Churches. Did time permit, we might go through every ward in this city, and everywhere view the moral desolations; but this will suffice."

I know not how far our other cities can parallel these frightful facts; but it must be manifest to all observers that the great American cities are rapidly going to moral desolation, under the influx of foreigners and the bad policy (not the bad polity) of the Churches. It is not interior ecclesiastical revolutions that we need, but exterior aggressions. Methodism, especially, is responsible in these pressing circumstances; it has virtually assumed, before all its sister Churches, the chief responsibility for the neglected classes. It needs its old city itinerancy to be projected through these wards; its old working local ministry, (of which more hereafter); its old willingness to delve in the moral mire of the world for the hidden gems—neglected souls. It must, of course, provide for its improved social position; it should step into every higher and accessible place; it may need, for other reasons, some ecclesiastical modifications, (of which also more hereafter); but one thing should be understood, and everything else made subordinate to it; namely, that it is still to preach the gospel to the poor. Any effort to divert it from this mission is treason to its providential design, to its history, and to its honor. Yours, &c., A. STEVENS

Editorial Notes and Gleanings.

NEW ARRANGEMENT.—We announced in our last number that we had added to our editorial corps a gentleman of ability, who, besides contributing an original monthly article, will also relieve us largely of the selections and manuscript revisions. The Rev. Dr. Floy, of New-York, will thus assist us hereafter. The arrangement will enable us to double the usual amount of our editorial contributions. The *Critical and Literary Department* of the work will also, hereafter, be more specially elaborated, and the credit which the Magazine has already won for its discriminating Book Notices be thoroughly guarded. *Alice Cary* will contribute a department of monthly domestic reading—a continuation of the entertaining sketches which she has, for some time, furnished us. Besides these stated assistants, we have an increasing list of able contributors, who will more than usually enrich our pages during the ensuing volume. It is,

perhaps, due to ourselves to say, that the expense of the above arrangements, so far as they affect the editorial labors of the work, are provided for by the editor himself. While they relieve him somewhat of a sort of "editorial drudgery," respecting which he has always pleaded his dislike and incompetence, they will much enhance the value of the Magazine.

THE BIBLE THE FIRST-FRUIT OF PRINTING.—Hallam eloquently commemorates this fact. He says, in his "Literature of Europe": "The earliest book, properly so called, is now generally believed to be the Latin Bible, commonly called the Mazarin Bible, which appeared about 1455. It is a very striking circumstance, that the high-minded inventors of this art tried at the very outset so bold a flight as the printing an entire Bible, and executed it with astonishing success. It was Minerva leaping on earth, in

her divine strength and radiant armor, ready at the moment of her nativity to subdue and destroy her enemies. The Mazarin Bible is printed, some copies on vellum, some on paper of choice quality, with strong, black, and tolerably handsome characters. . . . We may see in imagination this venerable and splendid volume leading up to the crowded myriad of its followers, and imploring, as it were, a blessing on the new art, by dedicating its first-fruits to the service of heaven."

OSSIAN.—The London "Notes and Queries" says that the late Bishop of Kingston, Upper Canada, Dr. Macdonald, declared that, to his own knowledge, Mrs. Fraser, of Culbokie, possessed MS. copies of several of Ossian's poems long before they were published by Macpherson. Also, that the said lady lent these to Macpherson, but he never returned them. The old controversy respecting the genuineness of these notable poems has not yet been conclusively settled.

PULPIT PECULIARITIES.—In our late article on Dr. Durbin, we referred to his frequent use of paradoxes and other originalities in the pulpit. The editor of the *Pittsburgh Christian Advocate*, in discussing a dedicatory sermon of the doctor's in that city, says:—

"The speaker every now and then arouses and fixes the attention of his hearers by the enunciation of some startling proposition, to which the hearer cannot, at once, yield assent. The speaker, however, soon connects the proposition with such a number of facts, so ingeniously and logically arranged as to alarm skepticism, and make out, if not a very clear, at least a very plausible case. The proposition, in the mind of the hearer, if not placed in the class of indubitable truths, is allowed to pass, without much questioning, into the region of probabilities, and in its immediate influence carries with it the force of truth; for we are bound to act upon probabilities as if they were truths.

"The subject of the present discourse was, the preaching of the gospel, the ordained means of man's salvation. And the speaker endeavored to show how important is the preaching of the gospel. With this object in view, having proceeded some time in the discussion, he suddenly called the attention of the audience to a proposition he was about to enunciate. He expected some of his young hearers would recollect it when he was in his grave. He then stated in substance, that it was his opinion, none would ever be saved who did not hear the gospel. In other words, that, in order to salvation, one human spirit must act directly on other human spirit, through the message of the gospel. He did not know an instance in which the mere circulation of the Bible or other Christian books among a heathen people had ever led to the founding of a Christian Church. The proposition was further fortified by various Scriptural allusions. He then proceeded to enunciate a second proposition, that an angel immediately from heaven, from the world of light and love, could not preach the gospel to a human being so as to save him. He would be disqualified by the want of human sympathies. But the doctor's next proposition was still more remarkable. It was this—If the great Mediator were now on earth in his glorified state, he would be disqualified for preaching his own gospel! In proof he adduced the history of the conversion of Saul, in which it is related that when Jesus appeared to him by the way, though he communicated to him important information respecting his future mission, he did not tell him what he must do to be saved, but directed him to go into the city of Damascus, where it should be told him. Here Saul remained in a penitent state, but without the knowledge of pardon, till the gospel was preached to him by Ananias."

The editor of the *Advocate* does not approve of these extraordinary positions, but admits that the preacher managed them with much skill and plausibility.

Many of the German papers of this country are the most reprobate publications now emanating from the press of the world. The editor of the *German Reformed Messenger*, who keeps the run of them, describes them as utterly demoralizing. He says that English readers have no conception of their depravity. He alludes not to the papers in the interior of Pennsylvania, many of which are entirely free from objectionable matter; but mainly to those issued in our larger cities, both east and west. Their editors are in every instance foreigners—disappointed revolutionists, ultra-socialists, and frequently Jews, although the latter are unworthy of the name. Were we to pass a judgment upon Germany from the spirit which breathes in these weekly sheets, we should conclude that the whole nation was one entire mass of corruption. And yet such a judgment would be far from the truth. Nine out of every ten of the miserable creatures, who are at the head of the papers referred to, are the scum and offscouring of their father-land—involuntary exiles—in many instances expelled students, who "left their country for their country's good."

HARD TIMES.—The *Newark Mercury* says that two noticeable effects of the hard times, during the past winter, have been: a very marked diminution of the usual number of marriages, and the increase in the number of inventions for which applications are made. Affairs of the heart must give way to calculations of the head, in seasons when rigid economy becomes an imperative necessity.

A SUBLIME SCENE.—The Catholic missionary, Hue, in his *Travels in China and Tartary*, says: "There exists at Lahassa a touching custom, which we were in some sort jealous of finding among infidels. In the evening, as soon as the light declines, the Tibetan men, women and children cease from all business, and assemble in the principal parts of the city, and in the public squares. As soon as the groups are formed, every one sits down and begins slowly to chant his prayers in an under tone, and the religious concert produces an immense and solemn harmony throughout the city, powerfully affecting to the soul. The first time we heard it we could not help making a sorrowful comparison between this pagan town, where all prayer is common, with the cities of Europe."

FIRST BOOK PRINTED IN NEW-ENGLAND.—Stephen Daye appears to have been the original typographer to the Pilgrim Fathers, and figures as "Printer to the College of Cambridge," from 1639 to 1649; thirteen pieces being traceable to him between the above dates, and among the number two editions of the Metrical Psalms. This we learn from Timperley, whose authority was likely Thomas's *History of Printing in America*, two vols. 8vo., 1810. The earliest date claimed for the first impression of the Psalms being 1640, it follows that if there are specimens from Daye's press of 1639, the *Old Psalter* is not the first book printed in America. Mr. Holland, (*Psalmists of Britain*, 1843,) quoting from Mr. Prince, who

revised the old American version in 1757, says that the settlers "early set to work to procure themselves a metrical translation of the Psalms, and other Scripture songs, into their mother tongue," which was executed by the Rev. R. Mather, T. Weld, and T. Eliot, printed by Daye, in 1640, "and had," adds this respectable authority, without any qualification, "the honor of being the first book printed in North America." Independent of the question of priority, the American Psalm-Book is an interesting subject, and its history one which we ought to know something more of. With the many versions the English Nonconformists had to choose from, it appears that this cis-Atlantic one suited their taste; and in confirmation that it was in use among them in Baxter's time, we find that "The Psalms, Hymns, and Spiritual Songs of the Old and New Testament, for the use of New-England," was printed at London, by R. Chiswell, 1694. The original edition of 1640 is so rare a book, that it is said Thomas could find but one copy, and that without the title; and, it is added by Timperley, that a perfect one exists in the Bodleian Library.

Since the above notice, we have met with the following further items from "Trubner's Bibliographical Guide to American Literature," published in London, 1855:—

"In 1640 an American book was published in Cambridge—(it being the first published in what are now the United States)—which was soon after reprinted in England, where it passed through no less than eighteen editions, the last being issued in 1754; thus maintaining a hold on English popularity for one hundred and fourteen years! This was the 'Bay Psalm-Book.' It passed through twenty-two editions in Scotland, where it was extensively known, the last bearing date 1759; and as it was reprinted without the compiler enjoying pecuniary benefit from its sale, we have irrefutable proof that England pirated the first American book, being in reality the original aggressor in this line. This first American work enjoyed a more lasting reputation, and had a wider circulation than any volume since of American origin, having passed in all through seventy editions—a very remarkable number for the age in which it flourished. Wherever American enterprise penetrates, the printing press is found. We have shown that printing was exercised in America in 1639. The first typography executed in Rochester, Kent—the seat of an English bishopric—bears date 1648, or nine years after the art was introduced into the forests of Massachusetts; and the earliest printing done in the great manufacturing city of Manchester was in the year 1732, or nearly one hundred years subsequent to the establishment of a press in America. The art was first practised in Glasgow and Cambridge the same year; at Exeter thirty years later than in the United States; and not in the great commercial city of Liverpool until after the year 1750—one hundred and eleven years later than in the United States, where the population was not far short of twenty-five thousand, nor was a newspaper printed there before May, 1756. New-York, Philadelphia, and Boston, were immensely in advance of her then, (as they are now,) with fewer inhabitants."

INTERVIEW WITH HUMBOLDT.—A very interesting book, entitled "Germany during the Insurrection of 1848," has been published by Nisbet and Co., London. The author relates many personal incidents: among them is the following account of an interview with the scientific sovereign of the age, Humboldt, at Potsdam:—

"The court was here at this time, and the collateral branches of the royal family, none of whom interested us more to see than the gallant Prince Walemar, who looked as if his Indian travels and campaigns had brought him very near indeed to the bourne whence

no traveler returns, for his health seemed to be wretched. But there was another king of men at Potsdam, whom, to have known and visited at his own apartment, might well constitute an epoch in one's existence; and that apartment, even though it belonged to the palace, how Spartan in its simplicity! No luxurious sofa, or tempting *futon* to be seen, inviting the octogenarian Humboldt to repose. We found him seated at a small deal table, on a little upright wicker chair, and a volume was open before him, into which we had the curiosity to peep before our visit was ended, for it looked exceedingly like a well-remembered old friend. And sure enough it turned out no other than 'The Edinburgh,' open at a review of the last-published volume of the 'Cosmos,' and the margin closely filled with comments, in his own neat, small handwriting. It would have been most interesting to hear the reviewer thus reviewed in turn by the master; but we were discreet, and put down the volume as our host re-entered. Truly I felt this high priest of modern science to be sublime, somewhat after the fashion of his own Andes, though he thus seemed to live and move like other mortals, and to be sometimes contained in a little wicker chair. Some ruffians had broken into his room on the night of the 18th, but no injury was done; 'they respected my gray hairs, though they had not heard of the 'Cosmos,' was his own touching observation. That 'one small head' should carry all he knows to fourscore years and beyond, losing nothing by the long way, of all science has been doing and accumulating over the world, is indeed admirable and astonishing. So, too, was it intensely interesting to behold a man who had listened to Pitt and Sheridan the same night, in our own House of Commons, and to get a *rice cake* summary of their speeches! No less strange was it to hear how he had seen the first introduction of Talleyrand to the Directory—the astute, aristocratic aspirant to power, being dressed a *la rouquine*, for the classical and republican fever was then at its culminating point in Paris! He mentioned an interesting anecdote of Metternich, which, as that statesman was now 'fallen, fallen, fallen from his high estate,' it was generous to repeat. Napoleon being exasperated with the tidings of a fresh rising in Germany, threatened he should burn Ratisbon and Munich—'*Il n'y a pas de forêt, il y a une histoire*,' said the Austrian minister. Pity he did not better remember the same Nemesis in his own subsequent career! So, too, to hear 'this old man eloquent' tell of Franklin, whom he had known, and La Fayette, whom he first met at the table of the Great Frederick here, the young Frenchman fresh from his American campaigns, and the veteran monarch questioning him closely about Washington, then peacefully preparing for heaven, at Mount Vernon, and poor unconscious Louis XVI. hunting at Fontainebleau, was altogether most extraordinary: I thought myself in a dream, or that I had 'foregathered' with the shades of the departed in Valhalla."

The crescent has been the symbol of the city of Byzantium from remote antiquity. Its origin was thus: when Philip of Macedon was besieging Byzantium, a flash of light illumined suddenly the northern horizon, and revealed the advancing masses of the Macedonian troops, and so the city was saved from a midnight surprise. In memory of their deliverance the Byzantians stamped a crescent on their coins as a symbol of the portent.

THE NEW POSTAGE LAW.—As everybody is interested in the regulation of postages, we subjoin, from the *National Intelligencer*, a synopsis of the provisions of the amended act of the 3d of March, 1855:—

Under this law, all single letters mailed for any distance not exceeding three thousand miles, are to pay three cents, and for any distance exceeding three thousand miles, ten cents.

Half an ounce in weight will constitute a single letter; and double, treble, and quadruple letters to be charged in the same proportion.

All letters must be prepaid, except such as are to or from a foreign country, or those addressed to officers of the government on official business.

The law took effect on the first of April.

After the first of January next, the postmasters are to affix stamps upon all letters upon which none are placed by the writers.

A registration of valuable letters is required to be made upon the payment of a fee of five cents in addition to the prepaid postage, but government will not be responsible for the loss of any registered letter or packet.

The franking privilege is to remain as heretofore.

Selling postage stamps for a larger sum than their marked value, is to be punished as a misdemeanor.

M. Isidore Geoffroy Saint Hilaire, the French naturalist, and one of the professors of the Jardin des Plantes at Paris, has created some sensation in that city by delivering two lectures on the advisability of eating *horse-flesh*. The horse, he says, is herbivorous; he eats nothing that is deleterious; and his flesh is full of azote; therefore there is no reason why he should not serve for food as well as the sheep and the ox. The old Scandinavians and the Germans, he says, used to eat horse-flesh regularly, and some of their most solemn banquets were on horses they had sacrificed to Odin; the nomad tribes of Northern Asia eat horse-flesh; and at Copenhagen at this very moment the sale of horse-flesh takes place publicly;—therefore he contends that the existing prejudice against it is absurd. He even adds that Baron Larrey, Napoleon's great military surgeon, has recorded that horse-flesh was the very best thing he could give to his wounded soldiers, and that in Egypt he cured a great many sick by feeding them on it. Finally, the learned professor declares that horse-flesh would be found cheap as well as nutritious.

We have repeatedly referred to the losses of Popery in this country. The facts are undeniable; they are seen in the census of the United States, and in the statistics of the Catholic Church itself. Leading Catholic authorities have acknowledged it. As far ago as 1836, in a communication to the Central Council for the Propagation of the Faith, at Lyons, Bishop England wrote:—"If I say, upon the foregoing data, that we ought, if there were no loss, to have five millions of Catholics [in the United States,] and that we have less than one million and a quarter, there must have been a loss of three millions and three-quarters at least; and the persons so lost are found among the various sects to the amount of thrice the number of the Catholic population of the whole country."

The *London Athenæum* contributes to the current anecdotes of Lord Norbury. A gentleman, who practiced wit and professed law, thought that he could overcome the punster on the bench. So on one day, when Lord Norbury was charging a jury, the address was interrupted by the braying of a donkey. "What noise is that?" cried Lord Norbury. "Tis only the echo of the Court, my Lord," answered Counsellor

Ready-tongue. Nothing disconcerted, the judge resumed his address; but soon the barrister had to interpose with technical objections. While putting them, again the donkey brayed. "One at a time, if you please," said the retaliating joker.

HABITS OF FRENCH LITERATI.—M. De Mirecourt, who is writing the history of his literary French cotemporaries, gives some of them the credit of having very eccentric habits. Scribe, he says, rises at five every morning, and works till noon without any interval. Balzac retired to rest every evening at six, rose at midnight, and wrote till nine in the morning, and after breakfasting resumed his pen till three, when a walk of two hours, and dinner at five, brought him again to his bedtime. Alfred de Musset, when asked for "copy" for the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, would say: "Send me fifty francs and a bottle of brandy, or you will have none." The next morning the *proverbe* required would be finished, and the brandy bottle also. Alexander Dumas sits in his shirt-sleeves from morning till night, writing in a remarkably fluent manner, without blot or erasure. As an improvisateur, Méry is only second to Dumas. It is stated that he wrote a play in four days that had a run of one hundred nights.

Grave dissensions exist among the adherents of Popery in Ireland, which may be said to threaten the subversion of the Church of Rome in that country. Mr. Lucas, member of Parliament, of the *Tablet*; Mr. Duffy, member of Parliament, of the *Nation*; Dr. Gray, of the *Freeman's Journal*; and Mr. Moore, the member for Mayo, have got up a considerable confederacy against such of the bishops as are opposed to the interference of the priesthood in political matters; and they go actually so far as not only to shout, "Down with the bishops!" but to get up a cry of "Down with the pope!" should his holiness not give his sanction to the priesthood of Ireland playing the part of political demagogues. In fine, Popery is thoroughly shaken in Ireland, and is falling fast into disorganization, as it is in almost every other part of its domain. It is the "religious scarecrow of the age;" and the world is rapidly learning to appreciate it at its proper insignificance. There is not a step forward in civilization, made by Catholic nations, that does not give Popery a kick backwards. It will, in a century, be left behind on the highway of the nations, to bleach and decay, as the mere skeleton of its former self—a gigantic skeleton, to be sure; but, like the saurian monsters of geology, the evidence to the historian only of an obsolete condition of the world.

MULTUM IN PARVO.—In all the enormous books on homiletics, like Bridges, Sturtevant, &c., there can be found no summary of good sense applicable to preaching, equal to the following brief rules from Dr. L. N. Rice, of St. Louis:—"In language," he says, "be simple; in illustration familiar and striking, that the most unlearned may understand. The learning of a minister should be exhibited in *thoughts*, not in words and phrases. Language and illustrations should be plain to children; the thoughts

such as may fill the most capacious mind. The minister's object should be to secure fixed and interested attention, and to make a deep and lasting impression on the mind. In order to do this: 1. Avoid *common-place remarks* in the introduction. The first sentence uttered should present fresh and valuable thoughts. It is of the utmost importance to set every hearer to thinking within the first five minutes. 2. Get into the subject *quickly*. Avoid everything extraneous in the introduction. The exposition of the text is often the best introduction. 3. Avoid speaking *slowly* and with *hesitation* at the commencement. A slow, hesitating utterance, makes the impression that the preacher does not understand his subject, or that he feels but little interest in it. 4. Avoid a *preaching tone*. The *naturalness* of common conversation is best for the pulpit."

Inquiry has been lately made as to the pattern of the familiar line,

"Like angels' visits, few and far between."

Norton's *Literary Gazette* contains an answer, substantially, as follows: "Blair's Grave" has this stanza, viz.:—

"The good he scorn'd;
Stalk'd off reluctant, like an ill-used ghost,
Not to return; or, if it did, in visits
Like those of angels, short and far between."

Campbell appropriates the simile in the "Pleasures of Hope," with a verbal alteration, which is not an amendment, thus:—

"What though my winged hours of bliss have been,
Like angel visits, few and far between."

The original of both is thought to be in the older "Parting," of Norris, of Bemston, (1657-1711,) thus:—

"How fading are the joys we dote upon!
Like apparitions seen and gone;
But those who soonest take their flight,
Are the most exquisite and strong,
Like angels' visits, short and bright;
Mortality's too weak to bear them long."

THE DEVIL WORSHIPERS.—At a late meeting in London of the Syro-Egyptian Society, Mr. Ainsworth read a very interesting paper on the *Yezidis*, or Devil Worshipers, giving a summary of the most authentic information respecting that curious people. He detailed the geographical distribution of the tribes, and remarked that the residence of their spiritual head, as also their chief place of worship and of pilgrimage, and their chief place of burial, are in the neighborhood of Nineveh. Their villages are distinguished by tombs built in the form of a fluted cone or pyramid, elevated upon a quadrangular base, which rises in steps like the Assyrian and Babylonian temples. Their walls are sometimes hung with the horns of sheep slain in sacrifice. They venerate and sacrifice at certain springs, like the Assyrians of old, the chief being at Shaikh Adi, close to the holy well of the Assyrians at Bavian. The features of the Yezidis have generally a manifest resemblance to those of the Assyrians on the monuments, and, like them, they wear their hair in ringlets. They reverence the Evil Spirit, and invoke Satan, as the chief of the archangels, by the name of Lord. Satan is not, however, with the Yezidis, as with the Parsis, a personification of the evil principle, as in Ahirman; nor have

they Ormuzd, or the good principle, in opposition. They pay particular homage to the figure of a cock, called Malik Taus, or King Cock. This sacred bird, which resembles the Jynxes, or demon-birds of the Assyrians, is supported on a pedestal, like the analogous symbols of a bull's head, ram's head, and cone—the sacred and royal symbols of the Assyrians—sculptured upon the rocks of Bavian, close to where the Malik Taus is so religiously preserved. They also reverence the serpent, the symbol of Hera and Rhea; the lion, a common Assyrian myth; and the ax, the attribute of Baal. They have a temple dedicated to Shaikh Sherus, or "the Sun," to whom, like the Assyrians, they sacrifice oxen or bulls. They bow in adoration before the rising sun, and kiss his first rays when they strike on an object near them. When the holy lamps are lit at their festivals, they pass their hands through the flames, and appoint their eyebrows, or those of their children, or devoutly carry the purified member to their lips. Haji Khalfah describes Shaikh Adi as one of the Mirwanian Khalifs, and says the Yezidis were originally Sufites. Assemanni traces the origin of their name to the Persian Yezid—God. Others identify it with Ized, the evil spirit; and others again with Ized Ferfer, one of the attendants, according to the Parsis, upon the evil spirit. A more commonly received opinion is that they are descendants of Yezid, the son of Mu'awiyah, and the destroyer of the house of Ali. Colonel Rawlinson and Mr. Layard both observe that the name must be sought for elsewhere, as it was used long before the introduction of Muhammadanism. A date of their own—1550—would countenance an identity between Shaikh Adi and Adde, one of the teachers of the Manichean doctrines. Mr. Layard traces their origin to the Chaldeans of the Lower Euphrates. Dr. Grant believed them to be descendants of the lost ten tribes. Baron Haxthausen thinks that they are Gnostic Christians. Mr. Ainsworth argued that the discovery by Mr. Rouet of the remarkable sculptures at Bavian, close to Shaikh Adi, and of holy symbols analogous to the Malik Taus, as well as the reverence paid to the same demon-bird by the ancient Assyrians, with the other analogies of the reverence of holy springs, in the same neighborhood; the worship of the sun and fire—the latter introduced among the Assyrians after the time of Zoroaster—the practice of sacrifices; the reverence paid to other Assyrian symbolic animals and objects; and the physical aspect of the people—the men wearing ringlets, the women adorning themselves with the engraved stones and cylinders of the Assyrians of old—and their preserving their chief place of residence close to Nineveh, their most holy place being in actual juxtaposition to the great national sanctuary of the Assyrians, would tend to establish strong presumptive evidence in favor of an Assyrian origin to these remarkable people.

A beautiful and touching history might be written of the toils, so devoted, so blessed, of the *Moravian Brethren* since the days when, in 1731, the missionaries Dober and Nitschmann embarked to preach Jesus Christ to the poor negroes of St. Thomas's, while Stach and Bohnisch set out for the icebergs of Greenland.

And in such a history, the simplicity, the outward poverty, the Christian renunciation of the men employed in this work would be even more striking than the grandeur of the work itself. According to their last report, they have at present 69 missionary stations in 13 different countries. On these stations there are 297 missionaries, male and female, and 70,612 heathens, either converted or under the religious instruction of the missionaries. These stations are thus distributed: Greenland, 4 stations, 224 missionaries, 2,101 hearers; Labrador, 4 stations, 29 missionaries, 1,330 hearers; North America, 5 stations, 15 missionaries, 491 hearers; Danish India, 8 stations, 27 missionaries, 10,234 hearers; Jamaica, 13 stations, 34 missionaries, 12,800 hearers; Antigua, 7 stations, 22 missionaries, 8,008 hearers; St. Kitt's, 4 stations, 10 missionaries, 3,743 hearers; Barbadoes, 4 stations, 10 missionaries, 3,620 hearers; Tobago, 2 stations, 6 missionaries, 2,128 hearers; Musquito Coast, 1 station, 6 missionaries, 53 hearers; Surinam, 8 stations, 55 missionaries, 18,519 hearers; South Africa, 8 stations, 54 missionaries, 6,595 hearers. All these stations were founded successively, from 1733 to 1854, that is to say, in the space of 120 years, during which this little Moravian Church has never allowed the missionary spirit to abate within her. The last station was established in 1853, among the Chinese of Mongolia; two missionaries set apart for this work are now staying on the Himalaya Mountains, with other of their brethren, so as to learn the language of the country. A large number of these sixty-nine stations completely defray their own expenses, either by the labors of the missionaries, or by the contributions of the new Churches themselves. Hence it is that this immense machinery is kept in motion, with an expenditure of 9,000 thalers, according to the report of this year, and receipts amounting to 8,000 thalers, thus leaving a small deficit. It is not this world's riches that accomplish these labors—the love of Jesus Christ suffices to inspire them.

A letter-writer in the *Evangelist* describes Krummacher as the most talented pulpit-orator he ever heard in any country. He says: "As a general thing, England, Scotland, and the United States, have a greater proportion of eloquent preachers than the Churches on the continent of Europe. But Krummacher unites, perhaps, more natural endowments for an orator than any living man, except it be Kossuth, who, however, is so different from him, as hardly to admit of any comparison. He has a commanding figure, a lion-like mien, a mild and genial eye, a powerful voice, expressive gestulation, absolute command of language, and an inexhaustible imagination. He would have made the best personator of heroic characters, if he had devoted himself to the stage."

CHARACTERISTICS OF ROWLAND HILL.—Dr. Sprague describes this celebrated preacher and humorist by a few apt facts:—

"I went," says the doctor, "and spent an hour or two with him, much to my satisfaction. When he introduced me to Mrs. Hill, who seemed to be a fine, genial old lady, I could not but think of the anecdote of her falling asleep in church, under her husband's preaching, and his calling out to somebody to wake up that man,

lest his snoring should wake up Mrs. Hill. It is said that he used to allude to her pretty often in his preaching, and sometimes in a way that she did not particularly relish. I breakfasted with him once or twice afterward, and always found him full of witticisms and anecdotes, though he never failed to exhibit more or less of evangelical unction. Both he and Matthew Wilks, who was, in some respects, very like him, were regarded as privileged characters, and were allowed to say things with impunity, which would have subjected almost anybody else to severe reprehension. For instance, one morning when I visited him, he came limping into the room, in consequence of a bad corn upon one of his feet; and he said in a half-impudent, and half-jocose manner, 'I suppose you haven't anybody in America who wants to take a good, smart, aching corn. I would not care much if I could clap it on some heretical parson's tongue.' I soon found that he was a great friend to our country, and had the highest expectations of the part she is to bear in bringing about the moral renovation of the world. He said that he always took sides with us, during our Revolution; that he felt that our cause was a righteous one, and never doubted that we should succeed. He expressed the highest admiration of President Edwards, and seemed to think he had rendered more important service to the cause of evangelized truth than almost any other man the world had seen; and added, that if he *must* have a pope, he should like just such a man! Speaking of kings, he said that he had no idea that they had any divine right to play the devil. When I remarked to him that I had been present, a few days before, at a large clerical meeting in London, where an hour or two was spent in drinking toasts, and that I had never witnessed the same thing at any meeting of clergymen in my own country, he replied, 'It is a foolish practice; and I wish you would take it along with you, and bury it in the Atlantic before you get to America.' One morning when I breakfasted with him, he was engaged to preach, at eleven o'clock, some fourteen miles from London; and a lady was to send her carriage for him at nine. But when nine o'clock came no carriage had arrived, and I could see that he was becoming a little impatient. At length he exclaimed, with some degree of spirit, 'Well, she may send the carriage or not, as she pleases; but one thing I know, that if it does not come, I shall not go; for as for taking my poor old sick horse, I will do no such thing, for he has done much more for the cause of Christ than many of our bishops have.' The carriage at length came, and he not only fulfilled his appointment for the morning, but preached, nine miles from London, on his return, at three o'clock in the afternoon; and in London, at Tottenham Court Road Chapel, in the evening. I attended the evening service, and found a thronged house, and the preacher seemed just as vigorous and fresh as if his faculties had not been tasked at all during the day. He told me that, upon an average, he preached about seven times a week, besides having much of his time taken up with public engagements, though he had then reached the age of eighty-three, and had been in the ministry sixty-four years; and when I took my final leave of him, he said, 'Remember me kindly to any of my friends you may meet in America, and tell them that I have not quite done yet.' Much of his conversation, while I was with him, turned upon the subject of civil and religious liberty. It was not long after the terrible struggle of the Greeks; and he seemed to want language in which to convey adequately his sympathy for them, or his abhorrence of the characters of their persecutors. He gave me a copy of his *Village Dialogues*, with a most characteristic inscription by his own hand."

A "MATTER OF FACT" MAN.—When Doctor Bradon was Rector of Eltham, in Kent, (England,) the text he one day took to preach from was, "Who art thou?" After reading the text, he made, as was his custom, a pause for the congregation to reflect upon the words, when a gentleman in military dress, marching very sedately up the middle aisle of the church, supposing it to be a question addressed to him, to the surprise of all present, replied, "I am, sir, an officer of the 17th foot, on a recruiting party here; and having brought my wife and family with me, I wish to be acquainted with the neighboring gentry and clergy."

Book Notices.

Redfield, New-York, has done a valuable service to the "reading public," by issuing the various productions of Richard Chenevix Trench. His "Study of Words," "Lessons in Proverbs," and "Synonyms of the New Testament," have given him a determinate and high rank among those authors who write because they have something to make known—something that has not been made known—or, at least, not as well made known before. His last work, *English, Past and Present*, has been published by the same house in its usual good style. This volume consists of five lectures on the "Composite Nature," the "Gains," the "Diminutions," the "Changes in Meaning," and the "Changes in Spelling" of the English language. Its verbal criticisms are remarkable for their sagacity, its general appreciation of the language is philosophic, and there are not a few passages unique for their originality and suggestiveness. The phonographers will find him a formidable opponent.

We are indebted to the tireless press of *Carter & Brother, New-York*, for the reproduction, in a stout octavo, with liberal type, of an old standard in religious literature, *Fleetwood's History of the Bible*. It traces and illustrates the Biblical narratives from the creation to the incarnation. It is illustrated by maps and other engravings. A very considerable portion of the volume is made up of notes; they are mostly from the old authorities—Poole, Patrick, Stackhouse, Le Clerc, Calmet, &c. Of course the new expositions of Moses, required by geology, and now generally admitted by theologians, are not alluded to. We miss also a good table of contents. Otherwise, this is a capital edition of a capital old work.

Readers who wish a good estimate of the life and opinions of Senator Seward, can find the data for such a judgment very conveniently presented in *Daker's Life of William H. Seward, with Selections from his Works*, issued in a substantial duodecimo, by *Redfield, New-York*. Independently of his characteristic opinions, Senator Seward ranks, by his knowledge of public affairs, his thoroughness on great questions, and his moral dignity, at the head of the actual statesmanship of the country. His style as a writer is, however, somewhat in contrast with this reputation. It is florid—almost sophomoric. The abundant and accurate information of his speeches is their chief excellence. The present biography is quite interesting as a chapter in the late and current political history of the country. The selections are from most of his speeches, orations, forensic arguments, and executive messages.

Rev. Dr. Tyng delivered, during the past winter, a very popular course of lectures to the young people of his parish, on the "History of Ruth, the Moabitess." *Carter & Brothers, New-York*, have issued them in a neat volume, under the title of the *Rich Kinsmen*. It comprises nineteen parts, in which are presented the chief incidents of that beautiful history; these in-

cidents are woven into general discourses of unusual beauty and pertinency. The fervid piety and rich style of the author characterize the volume throughout.

The *American Baptist Publication Society* has added to its juvenile catalogue a very interesting little volume, entitled *Grace and Reward; or, the Grafted Fruit*. This society not only gets up good books, but gets them up in good style—a *nina qua non* with books for children.

Leison & Phinney, New-York, have published Alexander Dumas's *Life of Napoleon*, in French, for the use of colleges and schools. It is accompanied with explanatory notes, conversational exercises, and references to the "New French Method," on the plan of "Fasquelle's Colloquial French Reader." The work is edited by Dr. Fasquelle, of the Michigan University. There could hardly be a better text-book for learners of the language. The narrative of Dumas is itself exceedingly interesting, and the accompaniments, in this volume, for the study of French, are excellent.

Carlton & Phillips, New-York, have issued *A Guide-Book in the Administration of the Discipline of the Methodist Episcopal Church*. It is from the pen of Rev. Bishop Baker. Almost every question respecting the administration of the Methodist economy is here answered; and all the necessary formulas for trials, proceedings of business meetings, annual returns, and even wills for benevolent purposes, are given. And not only these, but nearly every established rule of parliamentary order, is laid down. The book is a complete manual, and will, doubtless, at once become the standard in conference and other Methodist proceedings. It is accompanied with a portrait of the bishop.

The same house has published a duodecimo of three hundred and twenty-nine pages, entitled *The Young Men Advised; or, Illustrations and Confirmations of some of the Chief Historical Facts of the Bible*, by E. O. Haven, D. D., of Michigan University. The title is not a good one, as it will tend to limit the book to young men, whereas it is appropriate to readers of any age, and is precisely of the class of books most needed in this day of skeptical caviling. It contains eighteen chapters, in which are discussed the most important facts of the Biblical record—the Creation, Deluge, Confusion of Tongues, Unity of the Race, Call of Abraham, Sodom and Gomorrah, Prophecies, Miracles, History of Christ, &c. On these and the like topics, history and science are consulted, and their confirmatory testimony given. There are several able standards of this kind in our religious literature, but none in which so much information is given in so small a compass and with such point and power. The only fault we have to find with it is that its condensation is so extreme. This, however, is an admirable defect now-a-days. Dr. Haven's volume should be scattered everywhere among our youth. It is a book to tell on the times.

Rev. Dr. Sprague of Albany has given to the public, through the Boston house of *Gould & Lincoln*, a very entertaining volume of "autographs" and sketches of European character, under the title of *Visits to European Celebrities*. The doctor's visits were in 1828 and 1836—the sketches are therefore somewhat old, but hardly the less interesting for that. Their chief fault is their brevity. Most of the literary, scientific, and religious celebrities of the last quarter of a century, appear rapidly in his pages, and the lovers of such sort of personal information will find the volume a pleasant treat. We give a specimen in our Editorial Notes.

Matthew Henry's Miscellaneous Works have been published by *Carter & Brothers*, in two substantial volumes. They consist of Sermons, Tracts, Catechisms, Communicant's Guide, &c. Matthew Henry is an old classic of our religious literature; he was rich in thought and in grace, and equally so in wit. His sanctified humor glances on almost every page; the readers of his well-known Commentary know how to appreciate it. We commend these sterling volumes to all devout thinkers.

A small but good review of the chief infidel objections to the Bible, has been published by *Higgins & Perkins*, Philadelphia. It is entitled *The Bible Defended*, by Rev. W. H. Brisbane, and examines the scientific, historical, chronological, and other difficulties alleged against the Scriptures. It is especially adapted to meet the wants of Sunday school and Bible class teachers.

The good pastor *Oberlin* has been re-sent out, in a new dress, by *Carter & Brothers*, New-York, under the title of *Memoirs* of him, compiled from authentic sources, chiefly French and German, with a dedication and translations by Rev. L. Halsey. Oberlin has lived on the earth more effectually since his death than before. His *Memoirs* cannot be read without making

the reader a better and a stronger man, and they are even romantically interesting.

Ashton Cottage is the title of another beautiful juvenile volume, from the press of *Carter & Brothers*, New-York. It is "a Sunday tale," designed to illustrate true faith, which it does in a manner at once clear and entertaining.

A Long Look Ahead, &c., is the title of a new volume, of no ordinary merit, by James Mountjoy, from the press of *Derby*, New-York. It is quite superior to our usual native works of the same class; its characters are skillfully delineated, its style good, and its moral tone healthful: its domestic scenes are especially fine.

Rev. Mr. Mattison has issued another and an enlarged edition of his *Spiritual Rapping Unveiled*. He thrashes us, along with some other worthies—but with such flattering courtesy that we cannot, with a good grace, retaliate. His humor and sarcasm is quite relevant against the delusions of the new mania; but we still think, as heretofore, that his solution of the problem is unsatisfactory. The reader will find, in the last *North American Quarterly Review*, an elaborate article, in which the theory we have advocated is fully endorsed. We had hoped that the extravagant popular abuses of this matter had about subsided; but they still seem to prevail, and, it is said, are assuming more extensive and more pernicious importance than ever. Mr. Mattison erroneously ascribes to our own pen an article on the Mesmeric Cure of Diseases in India, which we copied from *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*—one of the very highest popular authorities in science. We stand simply where the learned Arago stood in respect to all these phenomena; he ascribed them, before the French Institute, to some newly observed agency of the nervous system, which, he believed, might lead to scientific results of the utmost importance, if learned men would give it suitable attention. *Derby*, New-York.

Literary Record.

In all the extra-Parisian libraries of France there are eight millions seven hundred and thirty-three thousand four hundred and thirty-nine printed works, and forty-four thousand and seventy manuscripts. There are three hundred and thirty-eight public libraries.

James Montgomery, the poet, left an estate worth from \$40,000 to \$50,000. Southey died worth about \$35,000, and Wordsworth ditto. Rogers is a millionaire.

A new edition of *Borrow's* works is preparing for publication, revised and enlarged by Rev. A. Napier.

Borrow, the Gipsy-lover, is about to publish a continuation of *Lavengro*.

Lepsius has just completed an alphabet containing the sounds and letters of all the languages in the world.

The *London Athenaeum* announces the death of the venerable Rev. Julius Hare, Archdeacon of Lewis, at the age of fifty-nine. He was the joint translator, with Bishop Thirlwall, of Niebuhr's "History of Rome." He also wrote a "Life of John Sterling," which brought down upon him the anger of Mr. Carlyle. His other productions were chiefly ecclesiastical.

The *London Gazette* accuses the *Victoria Regia* of Mr. John Fisk Allen as a plagiarism from Sir William Hooker's book on the subject. The *Gazette* says: "With plagiarism we can hold no terms; and when we find a work, as in the case before us, presented in America as an original scientific memoir, when it is in reality nothing but a mangled reproduction of one published three years before in England, it is only natural that we should feel, if not indignant, a little 'riled.' In 1851, when

the great Victoria water lily of the Central American rivers had been introduced into this country, and cultivated with success at Chatsworth, at Syon, and at Kew, Sir William Hooker, the director of the royal gardens, resolved to publish a memoir of its history, with illustrations of the plant in various stages of flowering, and with dissections, all of the natural size. It required a fasciculus of elephant folio dimensions, and no expense was spared to make the work worthy of its subject. It was not expected to be remunerative either to author, artist, or publisher; but all worked for it *con amore*—and the memoir was in every respect one of original research. A work of similar colossal dimensions, type, and style of illustration, has just been published in Boston, United States, dedicated with great pomp to the president of the Horticultural Society of that city, by a Mr. John Fisk Allen; and the following, from the opening page, is an example of the use made of Sir William Hooker's text." It then proceeds to quote examples.

Dr. Phillimore, recently deceased, was a ripe scholar, being Professor of Civil Law in the University of Oxford. He also held various other high offices. His last work, on the assumption of the title of Archbishop of Westminster by Cardinal Wiseman, attracted much attention, and was considered the ablest exposition of canon law on that subject.

A Parisian correspondent of the *New-York Post* says: "There are lots of Americans here this winter, although report says fewer than usual. Among them are Donald Mitchell, (*le Marvel*), who is working away at his History of Venice, and intends to return home in the spring. I saw *Dumas* the other day. He is living at No. 77 Rue d'Amsterdam, on the very confines of civilization. He is working, as usual, with that energy which induced one of his contemporaries to call him 'one of the forces of nature.' He complains that nobody reads books now, and that he only gets six or seven hundred francs for what used to bring him three or four times as much. *Thackeray* has been here, looking ill and dispirited. He will return to America, I fancy, before very long."

Punch, after several condemnations from the Prussian courts of law, has been prohibited throughout the whole kingdom of Prussia, by an order from the Minister of the Interior, Count Westphalen.

It turns out that a book published in this country, called *Tit for Tat*, in which some virulent abuse is lavished upon England, is the work of an Englishman.

A work of great and singular interest, relating to the events of the last half century, is about to appear from the American press, its contents rendering its publication in France, or even in any of the adjacent nations, impossible. This is the *Memoirs of M. de Maubreuil*, who played so strange a part at the fall of the Emperor Napoleon, and who publicly struck M. de Talleyrand for having disowned him. These volumes are, it is said, to contain an undisguised statement of all the events of the time—events in most of which the author took a part, and all of which he witnessed.

M. de Maubreuil, who has long since changed his name, is, says the Paris correspondent of the *Illustrated News*, about to come to the United States for the purpose of bringing out the work in this country.

Lord Brougham is about to print in the edition of his works, now in course of publication, the whole of the correspondence of George III. with his minister, (Lord North,) on the subject of the American war. The original letters were lent by Lord Glenbervie to George IV., and never returned. The belief is, that "the first gentleman in Europe" destroyed them. Lord Brougham will print them from copies made from the originals by Sir James Mackintosh.

The last catalogue of *Fairfield Seminary*, N. Y., shows a total of students amounting to more than four hundred. The faculty—presided over by Rev. Mr. Van Petten—is unusually numerous and efficient, and the location and terms of the school unusually favorable.

Cardinal Mezzofanti, the son of a Bolognese carpenter, born in 1774, and who died a cardinal at Rome in 1849, spoke fluently seventy-eight languages. He possessed the faculty of *thinking* directly in those languages which he learned. When a schoolboy he used to repeat, after a single reading, a folio page of Chrysostom, which he had never before seen.

Autograph collectors are on the increase. Rev. Dr. Sprague, of Albany, has the best collection in this country. Rev. Dr. Smyth, of Charleston, S. C., E. H. Leffingwell, of New-Haven, Lewis J. Cist, of Cincinnati, Mrs. Z. Allen, of Providence, B. Perley Poore, Mellen Chamberlain, of Chelsea, and Charles H. Moore, of New-York, have also large and valuable collections.

Thackeray proposes a second visit to this country within the twelvemonth.

The oldest living English poet is Rogers, now in his ninetieth year. Hallam, now seventy-four, is their oldest historian. William Croker, now in his seventy-fifth year, is their oldest critic. Lady Morgan, age unmentionable, is their oldest novelist. Westmacott, the sculptor, is their oldest artist.

At a late sale of *manuscripts, autographs, and literary curiosities*, at Messrs. Sotheby and Wilkinson's, London, many interesting articles were presented. A letter of Robert Burns, with the original of the "Cotter's Saturday Night," was sold for more than \$100; another letter of Burns to Dr. Moore, containing his own life, \$65; the autobiography of Robert Burns, in "Small on Ploughs," \$20; Thomas Moore's "Last Rose of Summer" brought \$10; Fielding's assignment of copyright of "Tom Jones," \$10; the manuscript of Sir Walter Scott's "Kenilworth" sold for \$205.

Norton's Gazette reports the death of Dr. Eckermann, the well-known friend and amanuensis of Goethe. The attachment to his great master; the deep and quick intelligence to which we owe his celebrated "Conversations with Goethe;" the active part he took in the editorship of Goethe's works; the integrity of his character; and the honesty of his literary endeavors, are certain to secure him an honorable memory. Eckermann was born in 1792, at

Winsen, near Hanover; but not before 1821-23, after a youth of struggles, was he enabled to pursue his studies at the University of Göttingen. In 1823 he entered Goethe's house; after the death of the poet, in 1832, he lived alternately at Hanover and Weimar. His last years were saddened by bad health and social isolation.

A correspondent of the *Cambridge Chronicle* says: "Complaints prevail about the times, among literary men; and I see it stated by one of my fellow-laborers that a translator of 'Bohn's Classical Library' works twelve hours a day for £80 a year. This must be taken *cum grano salis*. Nor do I place implicit reliance upon precise statements as to what the top sawyers of periodical literature receive for their labors, when it is said that Dickens has £1,500 a year for editing *Household Words*, Douglas Jerrold £20 a week for doing similar service for *Lloyd*, and W. J. Fox £10 for each 'Publicola' letter in the *Dispatch*. I take leave to doubt the literal exactness of these sums."

Redfield announces the "Life of Luther," by the late Archdeacon Hare.

Among the recent or forthcoming issues of the American press, are the following: By Phillips, Sampson, & Co., Boston, "Thomson" in their series of the British Poets; "Japan—as it was and is," by Richard Hildreth; and a surgical volume by Dr. Hayward. Heath & Graves have a work called "Scripture Illustration" in press, from Prof. Hackett, of Newton. Harpers, "Bancroft's Miscellanies;" vols. 2 and 3 of

"Allison's History of Europe" continued; Hue's "Chinese Empire." Putnam, "Irving's Life of Washington," in three volumes. Scribner, "Historical Sketches of the most Eminent Orators and Statesmen of Ancient and Modern times," by D. A. Harsha. Dunnigan & Brother, the "History and Institutes of Ignatius Loyola," from the Italian, by Madame Calderon de la Barca. M. W. Dodd, a new two volume work by Dr. Spring. Ivison & Phinney, a new edition, in two volumes, of the "Memoir and Sermons of Rev. Daniel A. Clark;" also "Miscellanies and Reviews," by Rev. Albert Barnes.

Mr. J. A. Dix, the enterprising publisher of *Household Words*, and Mr. A. T. Edwards, have become the proprietors of "Putnam's Monthly," and have arranged for an entirely new editorial management. It is said that the price paid by the new firm for the Monthly is \$11,000, and that the principal editor is to be Mr. G. W. Curtis.

Bell, of Philadelphia, has issued Bishop Percy's "Reliques of English Poetry," consisting of old heroic ballads, songs, and other pieces of the earlier poets, to which are added many curious and rare productions not inserted in any other edition; together with a copious glossary and notes.

General Jessup is engaged in writing up his personal and political memoirs. It will contain a valuable chapter on the Hartford Convention, and is likely to be one of the most interesting additions that has been made for many years to our historical and political literature.

Arts and Sciences.

A SARCOPHAGUS has been found near Ancient Sidon. It is covered with inscriptions in the old Phœnician tongue, and promises, if deciphered, to furnish ethnologists with a key to another branch of the Semitic languages. If authentic, a more important antiquarian discovery, says the *London Athenæum*, has not been made in the present century.

The oldest tree in Europe is the cypress of Somma, in Lombardy. It is supposed to have been planted in the year of the birth of Christ, and on that account is looked on with reverence by the inhabitants; but an ancient chronicle in Milan is said to prove that it was a tree in the time of Julius Caesar, B. C. 42. It is one hundred and twenty-three feet high, and twenty feet in circumference, at one foot from the ground. Napoleon, when laying down the plan for his great road over Simplon, diverged from a straight line to avoid injuring this tree. Botanists report several venerable trees still thriving, whose structure shows an age older than that of our most ancient chronology.

The Edinburgh people have already raised £1,100 of the £1,500 required for the colossal bronze statue of Professor Wilson, which is to be shortly erected.

The statue which has recently been erected in St. Paul's cathedral, London, to the memory of Bishop Heber, is said to be unsurpassed in beauty of design and excellence of execution. He is kneeling, attired in his robes, with one hand resting on the Bible, as his support, and the other upon his breast. On the pedestal, beautifully done in bas-relief, he is represented in the act of confirming two Indian converts.

Mr. Smith, an English chemist, is said to have discovered a means of transferring the impression of natural objects to glass with minute accuracy.

Discoveries in Language.—At a late meeting of the Asiatic Society, London, a paper of much interest was read from Mr. Hodgson, from his residence among the Tartar populations of the Himalaya mountains. This letter is intended as a brief statement of what the learned philologist is doing in the Tartar languages, an investigation in relation to which he has published some essays in the "Bengal Journal" of January and February, 1853. The writer has obtained thirty new vocabularies from Tibet, Horsok, and Sifan; and by their aid he has completed a comparative analysis of all the languages of this class, reaching nearly over the

whole globe, in which he finds a perfect uniformity of the laws regulating the composition of words and their arrangement, extending over the whole class. The following are some of its results: The old dogma which Horne Tooke fancied he had discovered, that all the numerous words which we generally call particles, such as prepositions and conjunctions, and the syllables and letters which modify root words in the way of derivation, conjugation, and declension, were originally vital words, having definite meanings, is perfectly true of the Tartar tongues, and the fact is found in them in every stage of development. The distinction between monosyllabic and polysyllabic languages is without foundation, polysyllables being merely iterations and accretions of monosyllables; and the languages do, in fact, graduate into each other. The researches of Mr. Hodgson demonstrate the affinity of the Span, Horsok, Tibetan, Indo-Chinese, Himalayan, and Tamulian tongues, by identity of roots, identity of compounds, and, above all, by the absolute uniformity of the laws regulating them. All the Tartar tongues, from America eastward, through the Old World to Oceania, constitute one great family. All the Tamulian languages, and those of the aboriginal tribes of India, are of one class, and that class is Tartar. All derive their vocables from the Northern tongues, either directly, or *via* Indo-China; and the routes, or relative lines of passage, are plainly traceable. A great many Arian vocables, even in Sanscrit, are Tartar, as well in their composite and ordinary state as in their roots. Mr. Hodgson is finally of opinion that the Tartar tongues, taken altogether as a great unity, throw a brilliant light on the state of language in general, as it existed prior to the great triple division into Semitic, Iranian, and Turanian languages.

Age of Oysters.—A London oysterman can tell the age of his flock to a nicety. The age of an oyster is not to be found by looking into its mouth. It bears its years upon its back. Everybody who has handled an oyster-shell must have observed that it seemed as if composed of successive layers or plates overlapping each other. These are technically termed "shoots," and each of them makes a year's growth; so that, by counting them, we can determine at a glance the year when the creature came into the world. Up to the time of its maturity, the shoots are regular and successive; but after that time they become irregular, and are piled one over the other, so that the shell becomes more and more thickened and bulky. Judging from the great thickness to which some oyster-shells have attained, this mollusc is capable, if left to its natural changes unmolested, of attaining a patriarchal longevity.

In the royal bronze foundry of Munich, a statue of Beethoven, by the American sculptor, Crawford—representing the great master more youthful and more jovial than Hahnel's statue on the Münster-platz at Bonn—has been finished, and dispatched for the Music-Hall at Boston, to which it has been presented by an American amateur. At the same establishment a colossal statue of Berzelius, intended for Stockholm, is in the course of progress; and the great equestrian statue of Washington, also by Mr. Craw-

ford, which is to be a part of the intended Washington monument, will be cast in a very short time.

Among the most startling wonders in connection with electricity, is the announcement that M. Bonelli, of Turin, has invented a new electric telegraph, by which trains in motion on a railway are enabled to communicate with each other at all rates of velocity, and, at the same time, with the telegraphic stations on the line; while the latter are, at the same time, able to communicate with the trains. It is added, that M. Bonelli is in possession of a system of telegraphic communication by which wires are entirely dispensed with.

The number of miles of railway now in operation in the world is 40,344, of which 21,528 miles are in the United States; 7,744 in Great Britain; 5,340 in Germany; 2,480 in France; 532 in Belgium; 422 in Russia; 170 in Italy; 75 in Sweden; 42 in Norway; 60 in Spain; 25 in Africa; 100 in India; 1,327 in British North America; 359 in Cuba; 60 in Panama; and 60 in South America.

The French government has dispatched a ship to convey to France the antiquities discovered by their consul at Nineveh. Of these the more remarkable are, a monumental gate, some extremely ancient statues, and various implements in brass and iron. They have already, with extreme difficulty, been brought to the banks of the Tigris, down which they will be conveyed on the usual native rafts.

Pilgrim Monument.—The *Boston Post* says:—"We have had the pleasure of examining a daguerreotype view, taken from a drawing representing a design for the monument proposed to be erected at Plymouth to commemorate the landing of the Pilgrims, offered by Mr. Ham-matt Billings, of this city, and now in the hands of the committee. The principal figure in the design, is a statue of Faith, represented in a standing posture with wings. This is supported by a pedestal, at the corners of which are four sitting figures representing Morality, Law, Education, and Freedom. Beneath these are four *relievers* representing four marked scenes in the Pilgrims' history, viz.: the Departure from Delft Haven; the Signing of the Social Compact; the Landing at Plymouth; and the first Treaty with the Indians. Between the sitting figures are four large panels, designed to be occupied with records from the history of our forefathers, and beneath them four smaller panels which may be occupied with other inscriptions. The whole height of the monument would be one hundred and fifty feet, and the large statue would be seventy feet, thus being elevated eighty feet from the ground. The sitting figures would be each thirty-four feet in height, and the figures in the panels would be eight feet in height. A chamber sixteen feet in diameter, would be placed inside the monument."

George Catlin, the famous Indian portrait painter, traveler, and champion of the red men, has been heard from on the head-quarters of the Amazon, painting the portraits and taking notes of the manners of the uncouth tribes in those regions, lately made so interesting by the reports of Lieutenants Herndon and Gibbon.

